

July

JUN 22 1918

20 Cents

Cosmopolitan



INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE COMPANY

America's Greatest Magazine

2

COSMOPOLITAN

VOL. LXV

JULY, 1918

NO. 2

With Proud Weapons

By Herbert Kaufman

NOTHING sacred to free peoples is safe from that grim, gray tool prying at the ports of France.

We are not crossing sword with sword. Prussia has drawn a jimmy on the world, has turned Ishmael and thug, betrayed all codes and covenants, the Ten Commandments, and the wills of God. She means to leave deserts or governors behind invading armies, to have the fruits of progress or hack the roots: so says Belgium; so says Flanders; so says Serbia.

"Scraps of paper," spies and U-boats; wailing women, enslaved children, and profaned nuns; blighted Syria, barren Armenia, and swindled Russia; shelled cathedrals, poisoned wells, and liquid fire; contempt for sincerity, decency, and mercy proclaim that the Hun has thus far prevailed not because he is the best man on earth but the worst.

Germany permits no shames to thwart her aims. Ruthless unmorality has brought the enemy farther than preparedness and strategy.

We are handicapped by fair play. Principle hampers our strength. We fight with ideals dragging at our arms.

We would betray the very civilization for which we bleed and anguish and stint, should we allow infamy, intrigue, and unfaith to shorten the ordeal of victory.

Democracy needs avenge the right with proud, unsullied weapons, else we debauch tradition and confess to history that truth "stoops to conquer."

Above all, our children must inherit reverence, must worship integrity, must be convinced, by the failure of this master crime, that justice is impregnable.

Then sovereignty will be worth its blood-price.

Conscience assures confidence that we shall state the peace—we bring the Law, and Law is eternal.



"Joan, who leads the soldiers—"

By Mary Carolyn Davies Decoration by W.T. Benda

JOAN, who leads the soldiers, listen to a prayer:
Joan, who heartens fighting men and makes them bold
to dare,

When the word is given, side by side, as soldiers may,
All the rain of hate and hell because you lead the way.

You were once a little maid; in the spring you had
Pleasure in the bashful words of some comely lad.

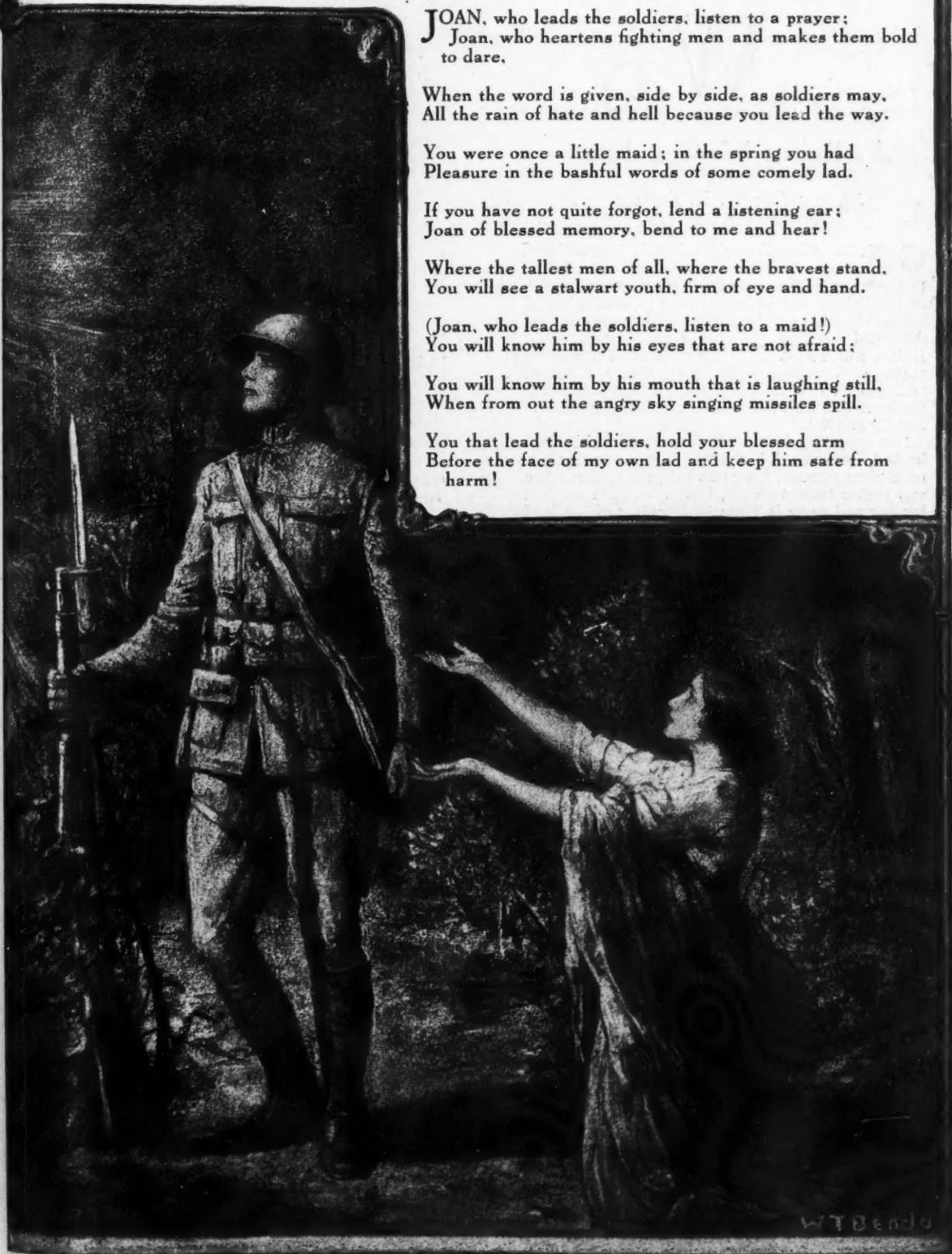
If you have not quite forgot, lend a listening ear;
Joan of blessed memory, bend to me and hear!

Where the tallest men of all, where the bravest stand,
You will see a stalwart youth, firm of eye and hand.

(Joan, who leads the soldiers, listen to a maid!)
You will know him by his eyes that are not afraid:

You will know him by his mouth that is laughing still,
When from out the angry sky singing missiles spill.

You that lead the soldiers, hold your blessed arm
Before the face of my own lad and keep him safe from
harm!



The Moonlit Way

By Robert W. Chambers

Illustrated by W. D. Stevens

GARRET BARRES, a painter, lives in Dragon Court, a studio-building in New York city, attended by two servants—Aristocrates, a negro valet and butler, and Selinda, a Finnish maid. The superintendent of the building is Lawrence Soane, an irresponsible and dissipated Irishman, who has a charming daughter, Dulcie, still a schoolgirl. The child is on a plane of refinement far above that of her father, and Barres, taking pity on her loneliness (her only companions are three cats) makes a friend of her, for which she is profoundly grateful.

One day, early in 1916, Barres meets a girl whom he had encountered just once, under somewhat unusual circumstances, two years before in France. She was then a famous dancer, known as Nihla Quellen, but her real name is Thessalie Dunois, and she is of Alsatian origin. She has risen to prominence under the patronage of Count d'Eblis, a senator of France, who is involved in German plots against his country. D'Eblis wants to marry her, but she does not love him and will not do so. Finally, the traitor accuses her of betraying him and, in fear, she escapes in disguise to New York, where, after a hard struggle, she obtains a position in a school of dancing. D'Eblis sends word to Max Freund, a German agent in America, to get rid of her at the first favorable opportunity.

Barres and Thessalie dine together in a restaurant, where they are closely watched by a one-eyed man. He does not see her again after this, although she came once to Dragon Court when he was out, but did not wait because she perceived that she was followed by the one-eyed man. She went away without leaving her name. The one-eyed man makes the acquaintance of Soane, who tells Dulcie to listen in on telephone-calls for Barres and report if Miss Dunois asks for him. This Dulcie will not do. Soane hears from the one-eyed man that Thessalie has been to the building, and is very angry with the child for not telling him.

VII

OPPORTUNITY KNOCKS

THE tremendous tragedy in Europe, now nearing the end of the second act, had been slowly shaking the drowsy Western world out of its smug slumber of complacency. America was already sitting up in bed, awake, alert, listening.

Plainer and plainer in American ears sounded the mounting surf of that blood-red sea thundering against the frontiers of Democracy; clearer and clearer came the discordant clamor of the barbaric hordes, louder and more menacing the half-crazed blasphemies of their chief, who had given the very name of the "Scourge of God" to one among the degenerate litter he had sired.

Garret Barres had been educated like any American of modern New York type. Harvard, then five years abroad,



"I haven't anybody to paint from," he explained, with amiable indifference, lazily watching the effect of alternate shadow and sunlight on her upturned face

and a return to his native city revealed him as an ambitious, receptive, intelligent young man, deeply interested in himself and his own affairs, theoretically patriotic, a good citizen by intention, an affectionate son and brother, and already a pretty good painter of the saner species.

A modest income of his own enabled him to bide his time and decline pot-boilers. A comparatively young father and an even more youthful mother, both of sporting proclivities, together with a sister of the same tastes, were his preferred companions when he had time to go home to the family roof-tree in northern New York. His lines, indeed, were cast in pleasant places. Beside still waters in green pastures, he could always restore his city-tarnished soul when he desired to retire for a while from the battle-ground of endeavor.

The city, after all, offered him a world-wide battle-field; for Garret Barres was by choice a painter of thoroughbred women, of cosmopolitan men—a younger warrior of the brush imbued with the old traditions of those great English captains of portraiture, who recorded for us the more brilliant human truths of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.

When Barres returned to New York after many years, he found that the aspect of the city had not altered very greatly. The usual dirt, disorder, and municipal confusion still reigned; subways were being dug, but since the memory of man runneth the streets of the metropolis have been dug up, and its market-places and byways have been an abomination.

The only visible excitement, however, was in the war-columns of the newspapers, and, sometimes, around bulletin-boards, where wrangling groups were no uncommon sight, citizens and aliens often coming into verbal collision—sometimes physical—promptly suppressed by bored policemen.

COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE COMPANY

There was a "preparedness" parade; thousands of worthy citizens marched in it, nervously aware, now, that the Great Republic's only mobile military division was on the Mexican border, where also certain guard regiments were likely to be directed to reenforce the regulars—pet regiments from the city, among whose corps of officers and enlisted men everybody had some friend or relative.

Like the first vague premonitions of a nightmare, the first ominous symptoms of depression were slowly possessing hearts already uneasy under two years' burden of rumors unprintable, horrors incredible to those aloof and pursuing the peaceful tenor of their ways.

A growing restlessness, unbelief, the incapacity to understand—selfishness, rapacity, self-righteousness, complacency, cowardice, even stupidity itself were being jolted and shocked into something resembling a glimmer of comprehension as the Hunnish U-boats, made ravenous by the taste of blood, steered into Western shipping-lanes like a vast shoal of sharks.

And always thicker and thicker came the damning tales of rape and murder, of cowardly savagery, brutal vileness, degenerate bestiality—clearer, nearer, distinctly audible, the sigh of a

these were beginning to have their logical effect among a fat and prosperous people, which simply could not bear to be roused from pleasant dreams of brotherhood to face the raw and hellish truth.

"For fifty years," remarked Barres to his neighbor, Esmé Trenor, a painter of somewhat eccentric portraits, "our national characteristic has been a capacity for absorbing bunk and a fixed determination to kid ourselves. There really is a war, Trenor, old top, and we're going to get into it before very long."

Trenor, a tall, tired, exquisitely groomed young man, who once had painted a superficially attractive portrait of a popular débutante and had been overwhelmed with fashionable orders ever since, was the adored of women. "Fancy anybody bothering enough about anything to fight over it!" he said languidly.

"We're going to war, Trenor," repeated Barres, jamming his brushes into a bowl of black soap. "That's my positive conviction."

"Yours is so disturbingly positive a nature," remonstrated the other. "Why ever raise a row? Nothing positive is of any real importance—not even opinions."

Barres, vigorously cleaning his brushes in turpentine and black soap, glanced round at Trenor, and in his quick smile

there glimmered a hint of good-natured malice. For Esmé Trenor was notoriously anything except positive in his painting, always enveloping a lack of technical knowledge with a veil of camouflage. Behind this

pretty veil hid many defects—perhaps even deformities—protected by vague, indefinite shadows and the effrontery of an adroit exploiter of the restless sex.

But Esmé Trenor was both clever and alert. He had not even missed that slight and momentary glimmer of good-humored malice in the pleasant glance of Barres. He tucked a lilac-bordered handkerchief a little deeper into his cuff, glanced at his jeweled wrist-watch, shook

the long ash from his cigarette.

"To be positive in anything," he drawled, "is an effort. Effort entails exertion; exertion is merely a degree

of violence; violence engenders toxins; toxins dull the intellect. *Quod erat*, dear friend. You see?"

"Oh, yes; I see," nodded Barres, always frankly amused at Trenor and his ways.

"Well then, if you see—" Trenor waved a long, bony, overmanicured hand, expelled a ring or two of smoke meditatively; then, in his characteristically languid voice: "To be positive closes the door to further observation and pulls down the window-shades. Nothing remains except to go to bed? Is there anything more uninteresting than to go to



ravaged and expiring civilization trampled to obliteration by the slaving, ferocious swine of the North.

Fires among shipping; fires amid great stores of cotton and grain destined for France or England; explosions of munitions of war ordered by nations of the Entente; the clumsy propaganda or impudent sneers of German and pro-German newspapers; reports of German meddling in Mexico, in South America, in Japan; more sinister news concerning the insolent activities of certain embassies—all

(Copyrighted Magazine) Copyrighted in Great Britain

bed? Is there anything more depressing than to know all about something?"

"You do converse like an ass sometimes," remarked Barres.

"Yes—sometimes. Not now, Barres. I don't desire to know all about anybody or anything. Fancy my knowing all about art, for example!"

"Yes; fancy," repeated Barres, laughing.

"Or about anything specific—a woman, for example." He shrugged wearily.

"If you meet a woman and like her, don't you want to know all there is to know about her?" inquired Barres.

"I should say not," returned the other, with languid contempt. "I don't wish to know anything at all about her."

"Well, we differ about that, old top."

"Religiously. A woman can be only an incidental amusement in one's career. You don't go to a musical comedy twice, do you? And any woman will reveal herself sufficiently in one evening."

"Nice, kindly domestic instincts you have, Trenor."

"I'm merely fastidious," returned the other, dropping

his cigarette out of the open window. He rose, yawned, took his hat, stick, and gloves.

"By," he said languidly. "I'm painting Elsenä Helmund this morning."

Barres said, with good-humored envy:

"I've neither commission nor sitter. If I had, you bet I'd not stand there yawning at my luck."

"It is you who have the luck, not I," drawled Trenor. "I give a portion of my spiritual and material self with every brushstroke, while you remain at liberty to flourish and grow fat in idleness. I perish as I create; my life exhausts itself to feed my art. What you call my good luck is my martyrdom. You see, dear friend, how fortunate you are?"

"I see," grinned Barres. "But will your spiritual nature stand such a cruel drain? Aren't you afraid your morality may totter?"

"Morality," mused Esmé, going, "that is one of those early-Gothic terms now obsolete, I believe." He sauntered out with his hat and gloves and stick, still murmuring, "Morality—Gothic—very Gothic—"

Barres, still amused, sorted his wet brushes, dried them carefully one by one on a hand-

ful of cotton-waste, and laid them in a neat row across the soapstone top of his palette-table.

"Hang it!" he muttered cheerfully. "I could paint like a streak this morning if I had the chance—"

He walked over to the window and glanced down into the court. Several more hyacinths were now in blossom there. The Prophet dozed majestically, curled up on an Italian garden-seat. Beside him sprawled the snow-white Houri, stretched out full-length in the sun, her wonderful blue eyes following the irrational gambols of the tortoise-shell cat, Strindberg, who had gone loco, as usual, and who was tearing up and down trees, prancing sideways with flattened ears and crooked tail, in terror at things invisible, or digging furiously toward China amid the hyacinths.

Dulcie Soane came out into the court presently and expostulated with Strindberg, who suffered himself to be removed from the hyacinth-bed, only to make a hysterical charge on his mistress's ankles.

"Stop it, you crazy thing!" insisted Dulcie, administering a gentle slap which sent the cat scampering across the lawn, where the eccentric course of a dead leaf, blown



Barres was usually inclined to ramble along conversationally in his

by the April wind, instantly occupied its entire intellectual vacuum.

Barres, leaning on the window-sill, said, without raising his voice:

"Hello, Dulcie! How are you, after our party?"

The child looked up, smiled shyly her response through the pale glory of the April sunshine.

"What are you doing to-day?" he inquired, with casual but friendly interest.

"Nothing."

"Isn't there any school?"

"It's Saturday."

"That's so. Well, if you're doing nothing, you're just as busy as I am."

"Why don't you paint pictures?" ventured the girl diffidently.

"Because I haven't any orders. Isn't that sad?"

"Yes—but you could paint a picture just to please yourself, couldn't you?"

"I haven't anybody to paint from," he explained, with amiable indifference, lazily watching the effect of alternate shadow and sunlight on her upturned face.

"Couldn't you find—somebody?" Her heart had suddenly begun to beat very fast.

Barres laughed.

"Would you like to have your portrait painted?"

She could hardly find voice to reply,

"Will you—let me?"

The slim young figure down there in the April sunshine had now arrested his professional attention. With detached interest, he inspected her for a few moments; then:

"You'd make an interesting study, Dulcie. What do you say?"

"Do—do you mean that you want me?"

"Why—yes! Would you like to pose for me? It's pin-money, anyway. Would you like to try it?"

"Y-yes."

"Are you quite sure? It's hard work."

"Quite—sure," she stammered. The little flushed face was lifted very earnestly to his now, almost beseechingly.

"I am quite sure," she repeated breathlessly.

"So you'd really like to pose for me?" he insisted, in smiling surprise at the girl's visible excitement. Then he added abruptly, "I've half a mind to give you a job as my private model."

Through the rosy confusion of her face, her gray eyes were fixed on him with a wistful intensity, almost painful.

For into her empty heart and starved mind had suddenly flashed a dazzling revelation. Opportunity was knocking at her door. Her chance had come.

Perhaps it had been inherited from her mother—God knows—this deep, deep hunger for things beautiful, this passionate longing for light and knowledge.

Mere contact with such a man as Barres had already made endurable a solitary servitude which had been subtly destroying her child's spirit and slowly dulling the hunger in her famished mind. And now to aid him—to feel that he was using her—was to arise from her rags of ignorance and emerge upright into the light which filled that wonder-house wherein he dwelt, and on the dark threshold of which her lonely little soul had crouched so long in silence.

She gazed up at Barres from the sunny garden with her naked soul in her eyes. Which confused, perplexed, and embarrassed him.

"Come on up," he said briefly; "I'll tell your father over the phone."

She entered without



pleasant, detached way while at work, particularly if work went well

a sound, closed the door which he had left open for her, advanced across the thick-meshed rug. She still wore her blue-gingham apron; her bobbed hair, full of ruddy lights, intensified the whiteness of her throat. In her arms she cradled The Prophet, who stared solemnly at Barres out of depthless green eyes.

"Upon my word," thought Barres to himself, "I believe I have found a model and an uncommon one."

Dulcie, watching his expression, smiled slightly and stroked The Prophet.

"I'll paint you that way—don't stir!" said the young fellow pleasantly. "Just stand where you are, Dulcie. You're quite all right as you are." He lifted a half-length canvas, placed it on his heavy easel, and clamped it. "I feel exactly like painting," he continued, busy with his brushes and colors. "I'm full of it to-day. It's in me. It's got to come out." He finished setting his palette, gathered up a handful of brushes. "I won't bother to draw you except with a brush—"

He looked across at her, remained looking, the pleasantly detached expression of his features gradually changing to curiosity, to the severity of increasing interest, to concentrated and silent absorption.

"Dulcie," he presently concluded, "you are so unusually interesting and paintable that you make me think very seriously. And I'm hanged if I'm going to waste you by slapping a technically adequate sketch of you onto this nice new canvas. No! No! You're worth more than that!"

He began to pace the place to and fro, thinking very hard, glancing round at her from moment to moment, where she stood obediently immovable on the blue-meshed rug, clasping The Prophet to her breast.

"Do you want to become my private model?" he demanded abruptly. "I mean seriously. Do you?"

"Yes."

"Do you understand what it means?"

"Yes."

"Sometimes you'll be required to wear few clothes. Sometimes none. Did you know that?"

"Yes. Mr. Westmore asked me once."

"You didn't care to?"

"Not for him."

"You don't mind doing it for me?"

"I'll do anything you ask me," she said, trying to smile and shivering with excitement.

"All right. It's a bargain. You're my model, Dulcie. When do you graduate from school?"

"In June."

"Two months. Well—all right. Until then, it will be a half-day through the week, and all day Saturdays and Sundays, if I require you. You'll have a weekly salary."

He smiled and mentioned the figure, and the girl blushed vividly. She had, it appeared, expected nothing.

"Why, Dulcie," he exclaimed, immensely amused, "you didn't intend to come here and give me all your time for nothing, did you?"

"Yes."

"But why on earth should you do such a thing for me?" She found no words to explain why. "Nonsense," he continued; "you're a business woman now. Your father will have to find somebody to cook for him and sit at the desk when he's out at Grogan's. Don't worry; I'll fix it with him—By the way, Dulcie, supposing you sit down."

She found a chair and took The Prophet onto her lap.

"Now, this will be very convenient for me," he went on, inspecting her with increasing satisfaction. "If I ever have any orders—any sitters—you can have a vacation, of course. Otherwise, I'll always have an interesting model at hand—I've got chests full of wonderful costumes—genuine ones—" He fell silent, his eyes studying her. Already he was planning half a dozen pictures. There was about her that indefinable something which, when a painter discovers it, interests him and rouses his intense artistic curiosity.

"You know," he said musingly, "you are something more than pretty, Dulcie. I could put you in eighteenth-century clothes and you'd look logical. Yes, and in seventeenth-century clothes, too. I could do some things amusing with you in Oriental garments. A young Herodias—Calypso—Theodora. She was a child, too, you know. There's a portrait with bobbed hair—a young girl by Van Dyck—You know you are quite stimulating to me, Dulcie. You excite a painter's imagination. It's rather odd," he added naively, "that I never discovered you before; and I've known you over two years."

He had seated himself on the sofa while discoursing. Now he got up, touched a bell twice. The Finnish maid, Selinda, with her high cheek-bones, frosty blue eyes, and colorless hair, appeared in cap and apron.

"Selinda," he said, "take Miss Dulcie into my room. In a long, leather Turkish box on the third shelf of my clothes-closet is a silk-and-gold costume and a lot of jade jewelry. Please put her into it."

So Dulcie Soane went away with her cat in her arms, beside the neat and frosty-eyed Selinda; and Barres opened a portfolio of engravings, where were gathered the lovely aristocrats of Van Dyck and Rubens and Gainsborough and his contemporaries—a charmingly mixed company, separated by centuries and frontiers, yet all characterized by a common *something*—some inexplicable similarity, which Barres recognized without defining.

"It's rather amusing," he murmured, "but that kid Dulcie seems to remind me of these people—somehow or other. One scarcely looks for qualities in the child of an Irish janitor. I wonder who her mother was."

When he looked up again, Dulcie was standing there on the thick rug. On her naked feet were jade bracelets, jade-set rings on her little toes, a cascade of jade and gold falling over her bosom to the straight, narrow breadth of peacock hue which fell to her ankles. And on her childish head, clasping the ruddy bobbed hair, glittered the jade-encrusted diadem of a fairy princess of Cathay.

The Prophet, gathered close to her breast, stared back at Barres with eyes that dimmed the splendid jade about him.

"That settles it," he said, the tint of excitement rising in his cheeks. "I have discovered a model and a wonder! And right here is where I paint my winter Academy—right here and right now! And I call it 'The Prophets.' Climb up on that model-stand and squat there cross-legged, and stare at me—straight at me—the way your cat stares! There you are. That's right! Don't move. Stay put or I'll come over and bowstring you—you little miracle!"

"Do—you mean me?" faltered Dulcie.

"You bet, sweetness! Do you know how beautiful you are? Well, never mind—" He had begun already to draw with a wet brush, and now he relapsed into absorbed silence.

The Prophet watched him steadily. The studio became intensely still.

VIII

DULCIE ANSWERS

THE studio door-bell rang while Barres was at breakfast one morning late in May. Aristocrates answered the door, but shut it again immediately and walked out into the kitchenette without any explanation.

Selinda removed the breakfast-cover and fetched the newspaper. Later, Aristocrates, having washed his master's brushes, brought them into the studio mincingly, upon a silver service-salver.

"No letters?" inquired Barres, glancing up over the morning paper and laying aside his cigarette.

"No letters, suh. No co'espondence in any shape, fo'm, or manner, suh."

"Anybody to see me?" inquired Barres, always amused at Aristocrates' flights of verbiage.



ILLUSTRATION BY W. D. FRYER

The harp began a little minor prelude—something Irish and not very modern. Then Dulcie's pure, untrained voice stole winningly through the picked harp-strings' hesitation

The Moonlit Way

"Nobody, suh, excusin' a persistless 'viduality iniquin' fo' you, suh."

"What 'persistless individuality' was that?"

"A ve'y or-nary human objec', suh, pahshially afflicted with one bad eye."

"That one-eyed man? He's been here several times, hasn't he? Why does he come?"

"Fo' commercial puhposes, suh."

"Oh, a pedler?"

"He mentions a desiah, suh, to dispose, commercially, of vahious impo'ted materials requiahed by ahtists."

"Didn't you show him the sign in the hall, 'No pedlers allowed'?"

"Yaas, suh."

"What did he say?"

"I would not demean myse'f to repeat what this human objec' said, suh."

"And what did you do then?"

"Mistuh Barres, suh, I totally igno'hed that man," replied Aristocrates languidly.

"Quite right. But you tell Soane to enforce the rule against pedlers. Every day there are two or three of them ringing at the studio, trying to sell colors, laces, or fake Oriental rugs. It annoys me. Selinda can't hear the bell and I have to leave my work and open the door. Tell that 'persistless' one-eyed man to keep away. Tell Soane to bounce him next time he enters Dragon Court. Do you understand?"

"Yaas, suh. But Soane, suh, he's a mighty friendly Irish. He's spo'tin' 'round Grogan's nights, 'longa this here one-eyed 'viduality. Yaas, suh; I done seen 'em co-gatherin' on vahious occasionalities."

"Oho!" commented Barres. "It's graft, is it? This one-eyed pedler meets Soane at Grogan's and bribes him with a few drinks to let him peddle colors in Dragon Court. That's the Irish of it, Aristocrates. I began to suspect something like that. All right. I'll speak to Soane myself. Leave the studio door open; it's warm in here."

The month of May was now turning somewhat sultry as it melted into June. Every pivot-pane in the big studio window had been swung wide open. The sun had already clothed every courtyard tree with dense and tender foliage; hyacinths and tulips were gone, and Soane's subscription geraniums blazed in their place like beds of coals heaped up on the grass-plot of Dragon Court.

But blue sky, sunshine of approaching summer, gentle winds, and freshening rains brought only restlessness to New Yorkers that month of May.

Like the first two years of the war, the present year seemed strange, unreal; its vernal breezes brought no balm, its blue skies no content. The early-summer sunlight seemed almost uncanny in a world where, beyond the sea, millions of men at arms swayed ceaselessly under sun and moon alike, interlocked in one gigantic death-grip—a horrible and blood-drenched human chain of butchery stretching half around the earth.

Into every Western human eye had come strange and subtle shadows which did not depart with moments of forgetful mirth, intervals of self-absorption, hours filled with familiar interests—the passions, hopes, perplexities of those years which were now no more.

Those years of yesterdays! A vast and depthless cleft already divided them from to-day. They seemed as remote as dusty centuries—those days of an ordered and tranquil world—those days of little obvious faiths unshattered—

even those days of little wars, of petty local strifes, of an almost universal calm and peace and trust in brotherhood and in the obligations of civilization.

Familiar yesterday had vanished, its creeds forgotten. It was already decades away, and fading like a legend in the ever-increasing glare of the red and present moment.

And the month of May seemed strange, and its soft skies and sun seemed out of place in a world full of dying—a world heavy with death—a Western world aloof from the raging hell beyond the seas, yet already tense under the distant



threat of three continents in flames—and all aquiver before the deathly menace of that horde of blood-crazed demons still at large, still unsubdued, still ranging the ruins of the planet which they had so insanely set on fire.

Through the open studio door came Dulcie Soane. The Prophet followed at her slender heels, gently waving an urbane tail.

After his first smiling greeting—he always rose, advanced, and took her hand with that pleasant appearance of formality so adored by femininity, youthful

or mature—he resumed his seat and continued to write his letters.

These finished, he stamped them, rang for Aristocrates, picked up his palette and brushes, and pulled out the easel upon which was the canvas for the morning.

Dulcie, still in the hands of Selinda, had not yet emerged. The Prophet sat upright on the carved table, motionless as a cat of ebony with green-jeweled eyes.

"Well, old sport," said Barres, stepping across the rug to caress the cat; "you and your pretty mistress begin to look very interesting on my canvas."

tionally in his pleasant, detached way while at work, particularly if work went well.

"Where were we yesterday, Dulcie? Oh, yes; we were talking about the Victorian era and its art; and we decided that it was not the barren desert that the ultramoderns would have us believe. That's what we decided, wasn't it?"

"You decided," she said.

"So did you, Dulcie. It was a unanimous decision. Because we both concluded that the Victorians were full of that sweet, clean sanity which alone endures. You recollect how our decision started?"

"Yes; it was about my new pleasure in Tennyson, Browning, Morris, Arnold, and Swinburne."

"Exactly. Victorian poets, if sometimes a trifle stilted and self-conscious, wrote nobly; makers of Victorian prose displayed qualities of breadth, imagination, vision, and a technical cultivation unsurpassed. The musical compositions of that era were melodious and sometimes truly inspired, never brutal, never vulgar, never degenerate. And the Victorian sculptors and painters—at first perhaps austere pedantic—became, as they should be, recorders of the times and customs of thought, bringing the end of the reign of a great queen to an admirable renaissance."

Dulcie's gray eyes never left his. And if she did not quite understand every word, already the dawning familiarity with his vocabulary and a general comprehension of his modes of self-expansion permitted her to follow him.

"A great queen, a great reign, a great people," he rambled on, painting away all the while. "And if, in that era, architecture declined toward its lowest level of stupidity, and if taste in furniture and in the plastic, decorative, and textile arts was steadily sinking toward its lowest ebb, and if Mrs. Grundy trudged the empire, paramount, dull, and smugly ferocious, while all snobbery saluted her and the humble groveled before her dusty brogans, yet, Dulcie, it was a great era."

"It was great, because its faith had not been radically impaired; it was sane, because Germany had not yet inoculated the human race with its porcine political vulgarities, its bestial degeneracy in art. And if, perhaps, the sentimental in British art and literature predominated, thank God it had not yet been tainted with the stark ugliness, the swinish nakedness, the ferocious leer of things Teutonic!" He continued to paint in silence for a while. Presently The Prophet yawned on Dulcie's knees, displaying a pink cavern.

"Better rest," he said, nodding smilingly at Dulcie. She released the cat, who stretched, arched his back, yawned again gravely, and stalked away over the velvety Eastern carpet. Dulcie got up lithely and followed him on little jade-encrusted, naked feet.

A box of bonbons lay on the sofa; she picked up Rossetti's poems, turned the leaves with jewel-laden fingers, while, with the other hand, she groped for a bonbon, her gray eyes riveted on the pages before her.

During these intervals between poses, it was the young man's custom to make chalk-sketches of the girl, recording swiftly any unstudied attitude, any unconscious phase of youthful grace that interested him. (Continued on page 131)



It had been the happiest day of her life. It had dawned the loneliest, but under the magic of this man's kindness, the day was ending like a day in paradise

The Prophet received the blandishments with dignified gratitude. A discreet and feathery purring filled the room as Barres stroked the jet-black, silky fur.

"Fine cat, you are," commented the young man, turning as Dulcie entered.

She laid a slim hand on his extended arm and sprang lightly to the model-stand. And the next moment she was seated—a slim, gemmed thing, glimmering with imperial jade from top to toe.

Barres laid The Prophet in her arms, stepped back while Dulcie arranged the docile cat, then retreated to his canvas.

"All right, sweetness?"

"All right," replied the child happily. And the morning séance was on.

Barres was usually inclined to ramble along conversa-

THERE was a great noise and racket but no scandal in Honolulu's Chinatown. Those within hearing-distance merely shrugged their shoulders and smiled tolerantly at the disturbance as an affair of accustomed usualness.

"What is it?" asked Chin Mo, down with a sharp pleurisy, of his wife, who had paused for a second at the open window to listen.

"Only Ah Kim," was her reply. "His mother is beating him again."

The fracas was taking place in the garden, in back of the living-rooms that were in back of the store that fronted on the street with the proud sign above:

AH KIM COMPANY
GENERAL MERCHANDISE

The garden was a miniature domain, twenty feet square, that, somehow, cunningly seduced the eye into a sense and seeming of illimitable vastness. There were forests of dwarf pines and oaks, centuries old yet two or three feet in height, and imported at enormous care and expense. A tiny bridge, a pace across, arched over a miniature river that flowed with rapids and cataracts from a miniature lake stocked with myriad-finned, orange-miracled goldfish, that in proportion to the lake and landscape were whales. On every side, the many windows of the several-storied shack-buildings looked down. In the center of the garden, on the narrow graveled walk close beside the lake, Ah Kim was noisily receiving his beating.

No Chinese lad of tender and beatable years was Ah Kim. His was the store of Ah Kim Company, and his was the achievement of building it up through the long years from the shoe-string of savings of a contract coolie laborer to a bank-account in four figures and a credit that was gilt-edged.

An even half-century of summers and winters had passed over his head, and, in the passing, fattened him comfortably and smugly. Short of stature, his full front was as rotund as a watermelon seed. His face was moon-faced. His garb was dignified and silken, and his black-silk skull-cap with the red button atop, now, alas! fallen on the ground, was the skull-cap worn by the successful and dignified merchants of his race.

But his appearance, in this moment of the present, was anything but dignified. Dodging and ducking under a

The Tears

By Jack

Illustrated by

rain of blows from a bamboo cane, he was crouched over in a half-doubled posture. When he was rapped on the knuckles and elbows, with which he shielded his face and head, his wincings were genuine and involuntary. From the many surrounding windows, the neighborhood looked down with placid enjoyment.

And she who wielded the stick so shrewdly from long practise—seventy-four years old, she looked every minute of her time. Her thin legs were incased in straight-lined trousers of linen, stiff-textured and shiny black. Her scraggly gray hair was drawn unrelentingly and flatly back from a narrow, unrelenting forehead. Eyebrows she had none, having long since shed them. Her eyes, of pinhole tininess, were blackest black. She was shockingly cadaverous. Her shriveled forearm, exposed by the loose sleeve, possessed no more of muscle than several taut bowstrings stretched across meager bone under yellow, parchmentlike skin. Along this mummy arm, jade bracelets shot up and down, and clashed with every blow.

"Ah!" she cried out, rhythmically accenting her blows in series of three to each shrill observation. "I forbade you to talk to Li Faa. To-day, you stopped on the street with her. Not an hour ago. Half an hour by the clock you talked— What is that you say?"

"It was the thrice-accursed telephone," Ah Kim muttered, while she suspended the stick to catch what he said. "Mrs. Chang Lucy told you. I know she did. I saw her see me. I shall have the telephone taken out. It is of the devil."

"It is a device of all the devils," Mrs. Tai Fu agreed, taking a fresh grip on the stick. "Yet shall the telephone remain. I like to talk with Mrs. Chang Lucy over the telephone."

"She has the eyes of ten thousand cats," quoth Ah Kim, ducking and receiving the stick stinging on his knuckles. "And the tongues of ten thousand toads," he supplemented, ere his next duck.

"She is an impudent-faced and evil-mannered hussy," Mrs. Tai Fu accented.

"Mrs. Chang Lucy was ever that," Ah Kim murmured, like the dutiful son he was.

"I speak of Li Faa," his mother corrected, with stick-emphasis. "She is only half-Chinese, as you know. Her mother was a shameless *kanaka*. She wears skirts like the degraded *haole* (white) women—also corsets,

as I have seen for myself. Where are her children? Yet has she buried two husbands."

"The one was drowned, the



"It was the thrice-accursed telephone," Ah Kim muttered, while she suspended the stick to catch what he said. "Mrs. Chang

of Ah Kim

London

other kicked by a horse," Ah Kim qualified.

G. Patrick Nelson "A year of her, unworthy son of a noble father, and you would gladly be going out to get drowned or be

kicked by a horse."

Subdued chucklings and laughter from the window-audience applauded her point.

"You buried two husbands yourself, revered mother," Ah Kim was stung to retort.

"I had the good taste not to marry a third. Besides, my two husbands died honorably in their beds. They were not kicked by horses or drowned at sea. What business is it of our neighbors that you should inform them I have had two husbands, or ten, or none? You have made a scandal of me before all our neighbors, and for that I shall now give you a real beating."

Ah Kim endured the staccato rain of blows, and said, when his mother paused, breathless and weary,

"Always have I insisted and pleaded, honorable mother, that you beat me in the house, with the windows and doors closed tight, and not in the open street or the garden behind the house."

"You have called this unthinkable Li Faa the 'Silvery Moon-Blossom,'" Mrs. Tai Fu rejoined, quite illogically and femininely, but with utmost success in so far as she deflected her son from continuance of the thrust he had so swiftly driven home.

"Mrs. Chang Lucy told you," he charged.

"I was told over the telephone," his mother evaded. "I do not know all voices that speak to me over that contrivance of all the devils."

Strangely, Ah Kim made no effort to run away from his mother, which he could easily have done. She, on the other hand, found

fresh cause for more stick-blows.

"Ah, stubborn one! Why do you not cry? Mule that shameth its ancestors! Never have I made you cry. From the time you were a little boy, I have never made you cry. Answer me. Why do you not cry?"

Weak and breathless from



Lucy told you. I know she did. I saw her see me. I shall have the telephone taken out. It is of the devil"

BY WILLARD L. GROWALL, EXECUTIVE

The Tears of Ah Kim

her exertions, she dropped the stick and panted and shook as if with a nervous palsy.

"I do not know, except that it is my way," Ah Kim replied, gazing solicitously at his mother. "I shall bring you a chair now, and you will sit down and rest and feel better."

But she flung away from him with a snort, and tottered agedly across the garden into the house. Meanwhile, recovering his skull-cap and smoothing his disordered attire, Ah Kim rubbed his hurts and gazed after her with eyes of devotion. He even smiled, and almost might it appear that he had enjoyed the beating.

Ah Kim had been so beaten ever since he was a boy, when he lived on the high banks of the eleventh cataract of the Yangtse River. Here his father had been born and toiled all his days from young manhood as a towing coolie. When he died, Ah Kim, in his own young manhood, took up the same honorable profession. Farther back than all remembered annals of the family had the males of it been towing coolies. At the time of Christ, his direct ancestors had been doing the same thing, meeting the precisely similarly modeled junks below the white water at the foot of the cañon, bending the half-mile of rope to each junk, and, according to size, tailing on from a hundred to two hundred coolies of them, and by sheer two-legged man-power, bowed forward and down till their hands touched the ground and their faces were sometimes within a foot of it, dragging the junk up through the white water to the head of the cañon.

Apparently, down all the intervening centuries, the payment of the trade had not picked up. His father, his father's father, and himself, Ah Kim, had received the same invariable remuneration—per junk one-fourteenth of a cent, at the rate he had since learned money was valued in Hawaii. On long, lucky summer days, when the waters were easy, the junks many, the hours of daylight sixteen, sixteen hours of such heroic toil would earn over a cent. But in a whole year a towing coolie did not earn more than a dollar and a half. People could and did live on such an income. There were women servants who received a yearly wage of a dollar. The net-makers of Ti Wi earned between a dollar and two dollars a year. They lived on such wages, or, at least, they did not die on them. But for the towing coolies there were pickings which were what made the profession honorable and the gild a close and hereditary corporation, or labor-union. One junk in five that was dragged up through the rapids or lowered down was wrecked. One junk in every ten was a total loss. The coolies of the towing gild knew the freaks and whims of the currents, and grappled and raked and netted a wet harvest from the river. They of the gild were looked up to by lesser coolies, for they could afford to drink brick tea and eat number-four rice every day.

And Ah Kim had been contented and proud, until, one bitter spring day of driving sleet and hail, he dragged ashore a drowning Cantonese sailor. It was this wanderer, thawing out by his fire, who first named the magic name, "Hawaii," to him. He had himself never been to that laborer's paradise, said the sailor; but many Chinese had gone there from Canton, and he had heard the talk of their letters written back. In Hawaii was never frost or famine. The very pigs, never fed, were ever fat of the generous offal disdained by man. A Cantonese or Yangtse family could live on the waste of an Hawaiian coolie. And wages! In gold dollars, ten a month, or, in trade dollars, twenty a month was what the contract Chinese coolie received from the white-devil sugar kings. In a year, the coolie received the prodigious sum of two hundred and forty trade dollars—more than a hundred times what a coolie, toiling ten times as hard, received on the eleventh cataract of the Yangtse. In short, all things considered, a Hawaiian coolie was one hundred times better off, and, when the amount of labor was estimated, a thousand times better off. In addition was the wonderful climate.

When Ah Kim was twenty-four, despite his mother's pleadings and beatings, he resigned from the ancient and

honorable gild of the eleventh-cataract towing coolies, left his mother to go into a boss coolie's household as a servant for a dollar a year and an annual dress to cost not less than thirty cents, and himself departed down the Yangtse to the great sea. Many were his adventures and severe his toils and hardships ere, as a salt-sea junk sailor, he won to Canton. When he was twenty-six, he signed five years of his life and labor away to the Hawaiian sugar kings and departed, one of eight hundred contract coolies, for that far island-land, on a festering steamer run by a crazy captain and drunken officers and rejected of Lloyds.

Honorable among laborers had Ah Kim's rating been as a towing coolie. In Hawaii, receiving a hundred times more pay, he found himself looked down upon as the lowest of the low—a plantation coolie, than which could be nothing lower. But a coolie whose ancestors had towed junks up the eleventh cataract of the Yangtse since before the birth of Christ inevitably inherits one character in large degree—namely, the character of patience. This patience was Ah Kim's. At the end of five years, his compulsory servitude over, thin as ever in body, in bank-account he lacked just ten trade dollars of possessing a thousand trade dollars.

On this sum he could have gone back to the Yangtse and retired for life, a really wealthy man. He would have possessed a larger sum had he not, on occasion, conservatively played che-fa and fan-tan, and had he not, for a twelve-month, toiled among the centipedes and scorpions of the stifling cane fields in the semidream of a continuous opium debauch. Why he had not toiled the whole five years under the spell of opium was the expensiveness of the habit. He had had no moral scruples. The drug had cost too much.

But Ah Kim did not return to China. He had observed the business life of Hawaii and developed a vaulting ambition. For six months, in order to learn business and English at the bottom, he clerked in the plantation store. At the end of this time, he knew more about that particular store than did ever plantation manager know about any plantation store. When he resigned his position, he was receiving forty gold a month, or eighty trade, and he was beginning to put on flesh. Also, his attitude toward mere contract coolies had become distinctively aristocratic. The manager offered to raise him to sixty gold, which, by the year, would constitute a fabulous fourteen hundred and forty trade, or seven hundred times his annual earning on the Yangtse as a two-legged horse at one-fourteenth of a cent per junk.

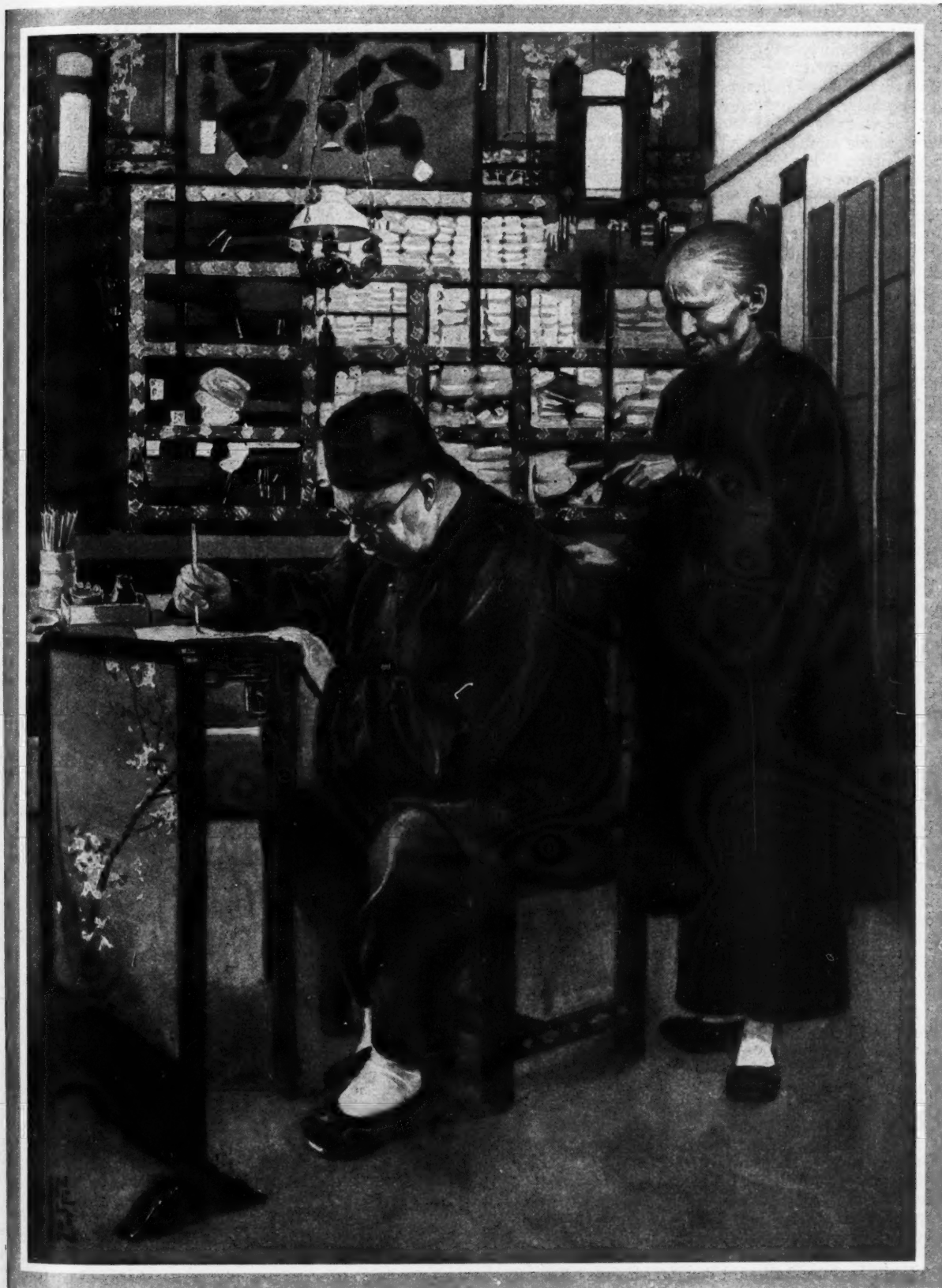
Instead of accepting, Ah Kim departed to Honolulu and, in the big general merchandise store of Fong & Chow Fong, began at the bottom for fifteen gold per month. He worked a year and a half and resigned when he was thirty-three, despite the seventy-five gold per month his Chinese employers were paying him. Then it was that he put up his own sign:

AH KIM COMPANY GENERAL MERCHANDISE

Also, better fed, there was about his less meager figure a foreshadowing of the melon-seed rotundity that was to attach to him in future years.

With the years he prospered increasingly, so that, when he was thirty-six, the promise of his figure was fulfilling rapidly, and, himself a member of the exclusive and powerful Hai Gum Tong and of the Chinese Merchants' Association, he was accustomed to sitting as host at dinners that cost him as much as thirty years of towing on the eleventh cataract would have earned him. Two things he missed—a wife, and his mother, to lay the stick on him as of yore.

When he was thirty-seven, he consulted his bank-balance. It stood him three thousand gold. For twenty-five hundred down and an easy mortgage, he could buy the three-story shack-building and the ground in fee simple on which it stood. But to do this left only five hundred for a wife. Fu Yee Po had a marriageable, properly small-footed daughter whom he was willing to import from China and sell to him for eight hundred gold plus the costs of importation.



DRAWN BY G. PATRICK NELSON

"Paint," said she, "the ideograph of 'to marry'." He obeyed, painting the symbolic hieroglyphic with the deft artistry of his race and training

The Tears of Ah Kim

Further, Fu Yee Po was even willing to take five hundred down and the remainder on note at six per cent.

Ah Kim, thirty-seven years of age, fat and a bachelor, really did want a wife, especially a small-footed wife; for, China-born and -reared, the immemorial small-footed female had been deeply impressed into his fantasy of Woman. But more, even more, and far more than a small-footed wife did he want his mother and his mother's delectable beatings. So he declined Fu Yee Po's easy terms, and at much less cost imported his own mother from servant in a boss coolie's house at a yearly wage of a dollar and a thirty-cent dress to be mistress of his Honolulu three-story shack-building, with two household servants, three clerks, and a porter of all work under her, to say nothing of ten thousand dollars' worth of dress-goods on the shelves that ranged from the cheapest cotton crêpes to the most expensive hand-embroidered silks. For be it known that, even in that early day, Ah Kim's emporium was beginning to cater to the tourist trade from the States.

For thirteen years Ah Kim had lived tolerably happily with his mother, and by her been methodically beaten for causes just or unjust, real or fancied; and at the end of it all he knew as strongly as ever the ache of his heart and head for a wife, and of his loins for sons to live after him and carry on the dynasty of Ah Kim Company. Such the dream that has ever vexed men from those early ones who first usurped a hunting-right, monopolized a sand-bar for a fish-trap, or stormed a village and put the males thereof to the sword. Kings, millionaires, and Chinese merchants of Honolulu have this in common, despite that they may praise God for having made them differently and in self-likable images.

And the ideal of woman that Ah Kim at fifty ached for had changed from his ideal at thirty-seven. No small-footed wife did he want now, but a free, natural, outstepping, normal-footed woman that, somehow, appeared to him in his day-dreams and haunted his night visions in the form of Li Faa, the Silvery Moon-Blossom. What if she were twice-widowed, the daughter of a *kanaka* mother, the wearer of white-devil skirts and corsets and high-heeled slippers? He wanted her. It seemed it was written that she should be joint ancestor with him of the line that would continue the ownership and management through the generations of Ah Kim Company, General Merchandise.

"I will have no half-*paké* daughter-in-law," his mother often reiterated to Ah Kim, "*paké*" being the Hawaiian word for "Chinese." "All *paké* must my daughter-in-law be, even as you, my son, and as I, your mother. And she must wear trousers, my son, as all the women of our family before her. No woman in she-devil skirts and corsets can

pay due reverence to our ancestors. Corsets and reverence do not go together. Such a one is this shameless Li Faa. She is impudent and independent, and will be neither obedient to her husband nor her husband's mother. This brazen-faced Li Faa would believe herself the source of life



Mrs. Tai Fu did her best, which was notably weak, until she observed what made her drop the stick in amazement. Ah Kim was crying

and the first ancestor, recognizing no ancestors before her. She laughs at our joss-sticks and paper prayers and family gods, as I have been well told—"

"Mrs. Chang Lucy," Ah Kim groaned.

"Not alone Mrs. Chang Lucy, O son! I have inquired. At least a dozen have heard her say of our joss-house that

it is all monkey foolishness. The words are hers—she, who eats raw fish, raw squid, and baked dog. Ours is the foolishness of monkeys. Yet would she marry you, a monkey, because of your store that is a palace and of the wealth that makes you a great man. And she would put shame, on me and on your father before you, long honorably dead.”

And there was no discussing the matter. As things were, Ah Kim knew his mother was right. Not for nothing had Li Faa been born forty years before of a Chinese father renegade to all tradition, and of a *kanaka* mother whose immediate forebears had broken the tabus, cast down their own Polynesian gods,

charm away ill luck or pray one to death. Li Faa would never come into Ah Kim's house, as he thoroughly knew, and kow-tow to his mother and be slave to her in the immemorial Chinese way. Li Faa, from the Chinese angle, was a new woman, a feminist, who rode horseback astride, disported, immodestly-garbed, at Waikiki on the surf-boards, and at more than one *luau* (feast) had been known to dance the *hula* with the worst and in excess of the worst, to the scandalous delight of all.

Ah Kim himself, a generation younger than his mother, had been bitten by the acid of modernity. The old order held, in so far as he still felt in his subtlest crypts of being, the dusty hand of the past resting on him, residing in him; yet he subscribed to heavy policies of fire and life insurance, acted as treasurer for the local Chinese revolutionists that were for turning the Celestial Empire into a republic, contributed to the funds of the Hawaii-born Chinese baseball nine that excelled the Yankee nines at their own game, talked theosophy with Katso Suguri, the Japanese Buddhist and silk importer, fell for police graft, played and paid insidious share in the democratic politics of annexed Hawaii, and was thinking of buying an automobile. Ah Kim never dared bare himself to himself and thresh out and winnow out how much of the old he had ceased to believe in. His mother was of the old, yet he revered her and was happy under her bamboo stick. Li Faa, the Silvery Moon-Blossom, was of the new, yet he could never be quite completely happy without her.

For he loved Li Faa. Moon-faced, rotund as a watermelon seed, canny business man, wise with half a century of living—nevertheless, Ah Kim became an artist when he thought of her. He thought of her in poems of names, as woman transmuted into flower-terms of beauty and philosophic abstractions of achievement and easement. She was, to him, and alone to him of all men in the world, his Plum-Blossom, his Tranquillity of Woman, his Flower of Serenity, his Moon-Lily, and his Perfect Rest. And as he murmured these love-endearments of namings, it seemed to him that in them were the ripples of running waters, the tinklings of silver wind-bells, and the scents of the oleander and the jessamine. She was his poem of Woman, a lyric delight, a three dimensions of flesh and spirit delicious, a fate and a good fortune written, ere the first man and woman were, by the gods whose whim had been to make all men and women for sorrow and for joy.

But his mother put into his hand the ink-brush and placed under it, on the table, the writing-tablet.

“Paint,” said she, “the ideograph of ‘to marry.’”

He obeyed, painting the symbolic hieroglyphic with the deft artistry of his race and training.

“Resolve it,” commanded his mother.

Ah Kim looked at her, curious, willing to please, unaware of the drift of her intent.

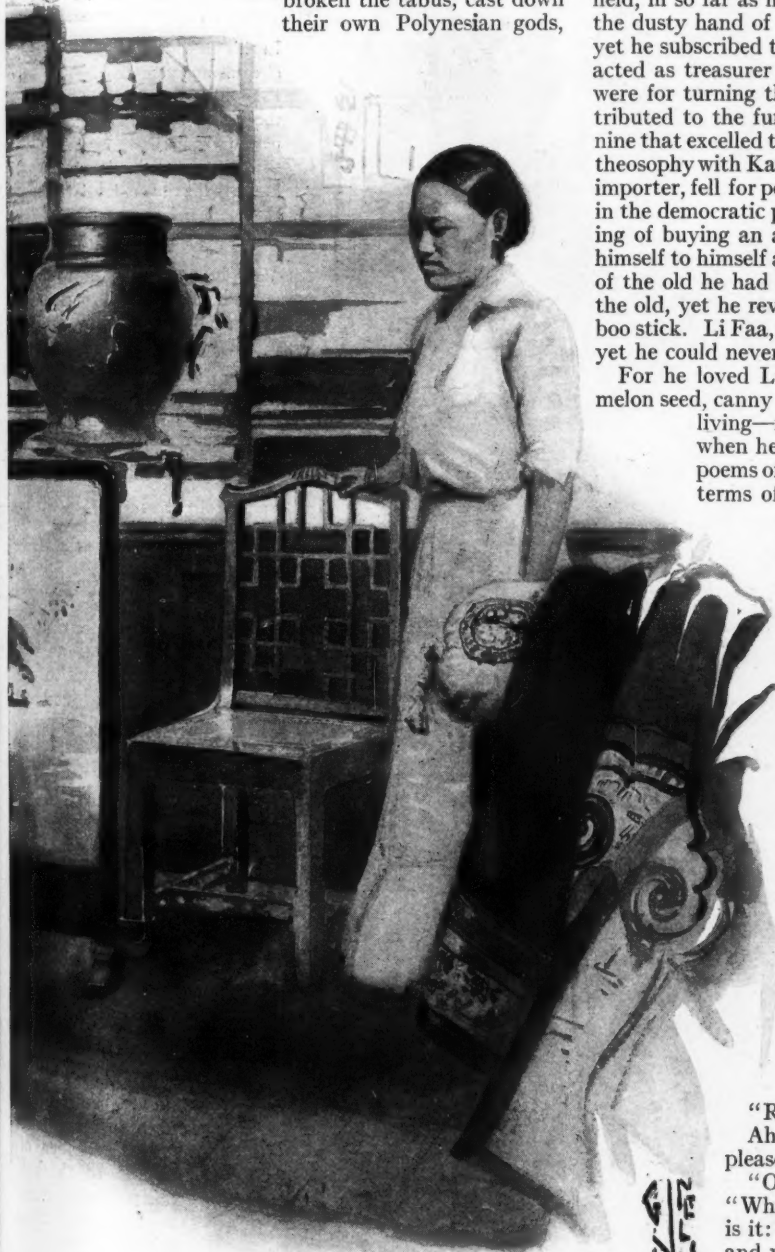
“Of what is it composed?” she persisted.

“What are the three originals, the sum of which is it: to marry, marriage, the coming-together and wedding of a man and a woman? Paint them, paint them apart, the three originals unrelated, so that we may know how the wise men of old wisely built up the ideograph of ‘to marry.’”

And Ah Kim, obeying and painting, saw that what he had painted was three picture-signs—the picture-signs of a hand, an ear, and a woman.

“Name them,” said his mother; and he named them.

“It is true,” said she. “It is a great (Continued on page 136)



and weak-heartedly listened to the preaching about the remote and unimageable god of the Christian missionaries. Li Faa, educated, who could read and write English and Hawaiian and a fair measure of Chinese, claimed to believe in nothing, although, in her secret heart, she feared the *kahunas* (Hawaiian witch-doctors), who, she was certain, could

The Opening Doors

In this instalment of her life-story, circumstances under which she "Passion" is one of the curious chapters the author's own account of the annoyances that inevitably followed life up to the time of love's blossom—of her marriage, removal to the

country home. So John was presented, and proved a very handsome young man and a wonderful dancer.

Dancing and music always stirred my muse to action; so the morning after that ball I wrote some verses called "A Dirge," beginning,

Death and a dirge at midnight,
Yet never a soul in the house
Heard anything more than the throb
and beat
Of a beautiful waltz of Strauss.

The verses proceeded to relate that a girl's heart broke, and she died as she floated about in her partner's arms to the waltz-music, because she knew he loved another. When John called the following evening, I read him the verses and said,

"I had to utilize you and the music to pay for the slippers I danced through last evening."

John replied, "Then you are just a broker, Miss Ella, and we fellows are the stock you manipulate."

The verses brought me three dollars and bought new slippers—and led a number of people to think I had passed through a great sorrow of the affections.

"The Waltz-Quadrille," one of the most popular of my early poems, was similarly conceived. I had promised the quadrille at a commencement ball at Madison

Ella Wheeler Wilcox, 1902

I BELONGED in Milwaukee for a season to the O. B. J. Club. It was a select company of young people, who organized with the one object—oh be joyful. Dancing was its chief method of expression. Hattie, my especial chum at that time, lived in what seemed to me a palatial home. She was a graduate of two colleges, a fine musician as well, and brilliant in recitation, often giving public recitals. Her particular admirer, that year, had a friend, John, who was in Milwaukee for a few weeks on business. John lived in the South and was engaged to be married to a very lovely young widow. So Hattie told me; but John was a fine dancer and he had been invited to the O. B. J. Club as a guest. Hattie wanted me to accept him as an escort to the ball, which took place on the night of my arrival at her house from my

Ella Wheeler Wilcox, shortly after her marriage



*A New Chapter of an
Autobiography*

The World and I

By Ella Wheeler Wilcox

Mrs. Wilcox describes the sensational and somewhat unpleasant attained world-wide celebrity. The reception accorded "Poems of ters of American literary history, and it is most interesting to have battle that raged between her friends and adverse critics. Having pleof Fame. Mrs. Wilcox has something to say of the joy as well as low such initiation, and she continues the narrative of her private ing, the romantic story of which, together with the circumstances East, and early years of wifehood, will be told in the next issue.

University to a man on the eve of a journey who was unable to find me when the number was called. Although I did not have the pleasure of a dance with him, I wrote the verses and sent him a copy of them, saying,

This is the way I should have felt had I been in love with you, and had I danced the waltz-quadrille with you just before your departure from Madison:

The band was playing a waltz-quadrille;
I felt as light as a wind-blown feather,
As we floated away, at the caller's will,
Through the intricate, mazy dance together.
Like mimic armies our lines were meeting,
Slowly advancing, and then retreating,
All decked in their bright array;
And back and forth to the music's
rhyme
We moved together, and all
the time
I knew you
were go-
ing away.

The fold of
your strong
arm sent a
thrill
From heart to
brain as we
gently glided
Like leaves on the
waves of that
waltz-quadrille;
Parted, met, and again
divided—
You drifting one way, and
I another—
Then suddenly turning and
facing each other;
Then off in the blithe chassee;
Then airily back to our places
swaying,
While every beat of the music
seemed saying
That you were going away.

I said to my heart, "Let us take our fill
Of mirth and music and love and
laughter;
For it all must end with this waltz-
quadrille.
And life will be never the same life after."
Oh, that the caller might go on calling;
Oh, that the music might go on falling
Like a shower of silver spray,
While we whirl on to the vast Forever,
Where no hearts break and no ties sever,
And no one goes away!

A clamor, a crash, and the band was still—



Ella Wheeler, 1883. She wore
this dress the day she first
met her future husband

*The volume that became a storm-
center of criticism*

'Twas the end of the dream and the end
of the measure.
The last low notes of that waltz-quadrille
Seemed like a dirge o'er the death of
Pleasure.

You said good-night and the spell was over—
Too warm for a friend and too cold for a lover
There was nothing else to say.
But the lights looked dim and the dancers weary,
And the music was sad and the hall was dreary
After you went away.

During one of my visits in Milwaukee the next year, I

had my first experience with the occult world. I had been reared in a home where a question-mark always was used after any statement made by people or books regarding the future life. Yet, from the hour I could think, I always thought with reverence and love of God, the Great Creator of this wonderful universe. Faith was born in my soul, and, as a little child, my belief in prayer and in my guardian angels haloed my world.

I think I could not have been more than nine years old when, sitting one day on the stairs leading from the "front room" to the sleeping-apartments, I heard the grown-ups talking in an agnostic manner about things spiritual. I recollect just how crude and limited their minds seemed to me, and in my heart was such a soft wonderful feeling of faith and knowledge of worlds beyond this world.

I realize now that the family was not atheistical, as that word is understood to-day. It was merely too advanced intellectually to accept the old eternal brimstone idea of hell and the eternal psalm-singing idea of heaven; it refused to accept the story of the recent formation of the earth, knowing science had proof of its vast antiquity. Unfortunately, the larger and far more reverent religion of the present day, which is in perfect accord with science and reveals heaven to us as a most beautiful place if we so build it while here, was not then talked of or understood generally. So the Wheeler family was regarded as heretical by the church people. My father and two brothers were strictly moral men and possessed a fine sense of honor in money matters. My eldest brother sacrificed his personal ambitions and aims to devote his early youth to aiding the family through very hard times. His whole youth was one of service and sacrifice for others. I remember one Christmas, money being very close indeed, when this brother rode seven miles horseback on a bitter day to get two little books for the Christmas of my brother and myself, so that our day should not be wholly blank. With such characteristics, it was difficult for my parents and brothers to believe that some of the orthodox, churchgoing men and women of their acquaintance, who evaded debts, ignored duty, and fell from morality easily, were nevertheless to be "saved" through their periodical "repentance" and

return to faith of the Church, while they, who were trying to live the Sermon on the Mount, were to be lost. Very much vital force and many words were wasted by them all in discussing these subjects with minds not sufficiently awakened or brains sufficiently developed to comprehend any idea not cut and dried for them by some supposed authority.

I used to dread these arguments, and always when anything really bordering on irreverence was uttered, it hurt me like a blow. In after-years, I understood why this was. Being an old soul myself, reincarnated many more times than any other member of my family, I knew the truth of spiritual things not revealed to them. I could not formulate what I knew, but I felt myself the spiritual parent of my elders, and I longed to help them to clearer sight.

In later life, my mother grew to accept my belief in guardian angels and in prayer, seeing the wonderful way in which my own prayers were answered, and how I was protected and helped by the invisible forces about me. Of course, anything which related to spiritualism or communication with those who were gone from earth met with the loudest ridicule from the whole family. Nevertheless, my mother used to relate strange dreams and forewarnings which came to her. But, with the same independence which marked all my thoughts, I held my own ideas on these matters, and always hoped for an opportunity to investigate.

It came during the visit to Milwaukee mentioned above. I had become involved in one of the transitory romances which lent illusion to my otherwise commonplace life—only, this romance seemed to threaten a more serious phase, as the man was bent on marriage.

While I liked his very earnest love-making and felt flattered by his attention, as he was a "city beau," I did not want to end my girlhood by marriage. Older friends assured me he was desirable, and that I had received a "good offer" and ought not to refuse it. Still I demurred. Life was to me a book I had just begun to read, and it seemed to me the hand of marriage would close it. Yet I was loath to give up the attentions of my "city beau." In this state of mind, I one day donned the garments of a friend who was in deep mourning, rented a bright-red wig from a costumer, and proceeded to a psychic lady who was



Ella Wheeler Wilcox, 1889

I was a country girl not widely known in Milwaukee, but I felt I wanted to be absolutely incognito, and so disguised myself in the weeds of my friend.

After that experience, I naturally made other explorations into the world of occultism, with all kinds of results. I learned that one psychic (or medium, they were called in those days) in twenty who made a business of occultism possessed real powers in that line, and that the other nineteen mistook the ability to read the thoughts of people for second sight. "Telepathy" is a word much in use now-days, and that in itself is a very wonderful thing. It does

HA'S PLAYS?

Shakespeare was the author of the plays. His name is established by the evidence of those who read his works and knew him well. The authority of Lord South-
Shakespeare, who on one thousand rounds, was also well ac-
quainted may be himself a writer of Shakespeare, a scholar, and Shakespeare, a judgment, and had a question, as to the subject. He and says, a interesting, as the
the are
the are
the are

POETRY OF THE PERIOD.

Altitude.

Laugh, and the world laughs with you;
Weep, and you weep alone.
For the sad old earth must borrow its mirth,
But has trouble enough of its own.
Fear, and the hills will answer;
Sigh, it is lost on the air.
The echoes bound to a joyful sound,
But shrink from voicing care.
Rejoice, and men will seek you;
Grieve, and they turn and go.
They want full measures of all your pleasure,
But they do not need your woe.
Be glad, and your friends are many;
Be sad, and you lose them all.
There are none to decline your nectared wine,
But alone you must drink life's gall.
Fest, and your halls are crowded;
Fast, and the world goes by.
Succeed and give, and it helps you live,
But no man can take your life.
There is room in the house of pleasure
For a large and lordly train,
But one by one we must all die on
Through the narrow miles of pain.

CURIO

On
vintin
an en
to Be
thee:
them:
I have
is Bo
The
Jap
sur
work
cont
Two
boas
with

A black and white portrait photograph of a young woman with dark, wavy hair, looking slightly to the left. The photo is mounted on a page with a decorative border.

Ella Wheeler at the time she wrote "Solitude"

in our midst. Until my very recent investigations in this realm of the invisible, which will be dealt with later, there was only one other period of my life when I gave the subject serious attention. That was after the death of my baby boy. I think I must have visited one hundred clairvoyants, mediums, and psychics of various types, in many cities and states. Always, during the years following my loss, I went into the presence of these sensitives with one dominating thought and desire—to be convinced that other children were coming to bless my life. Here was where I eventually learned my lesson of the power of thought-forms. Every psychic I visited, with one exception, foretold the birth of children to me.

The very

dates of birth were often given, and the sex of the children.

So powerful was my desire, it made a picture which the mediums mistook for the spirit child to come. One of the women, a trance medium, was an absolute seer. She said no other child would come to me in this incarnation, that my only child was in the spirit world, and then she proceeded to outline my future; and now, after more than a quarter of a century, I am able to say that every event she foresaw has transpired—events which seemed impossible of becoming realities at the time she foretold them.

These experiences made me realize the folly and danger which lie in this investigation of invisible realms for the people who are merely curious and have no foundation-knowledge of occult matters. The hysterical and jealous woman who goes to a medium to learn whether her lover or husband is true to her will, of course, know that her worst fears are well founded; for her intense, jealous thoughts



Judge A. B. Braley, who frequently was Ella Wheeler's host on her visits to Milwaukee



"Maurine" was the first important book by Ella Wheeler

will make a form visible to the eyes of the psychic; so the psychic is not a fraud but a self-deceived mind-reader.

Once afterward the real psychic came across my path. This was not a professional but a woman of wealth and social position who, since early childhood, had been pursued by psychical phenomena and who was able to produce messages on slates which were held in full sight of the sitter and never opened by her. Owing to the objections of her husband, the lady had not used her powers for twelve years until, at my apartment in a New York hotel, she consented to try to obtain a message for me. I procured two slates from children in the hotel, but there were no slate-pencils available.

"Let us try sheets of paper," I said; "with an atom of lead-pencil between them."

"I never tried that," she said, "but we can experiment."

She insisted that I make all the preparations; so I placed a sheet of hotel-paper from my desk between two slates and with it the tiny broken end from a lead-pencil—an atom impossible to hold between thumb and finger. I strapped the slates with an elastic band, and the lady held two sides while I held the others. They were spas-



Ella Wheeler Wilcox, 1889

modically jerked about in our hands, but I clung to them. The room was brilliantly lighted. After some three or four minutes, three taps came on the slates. My caller, who had just asked me what work I was doing that winter, remarked that the taps indicated a message.

"You open the slates," she said. "I do not want to touch them."

So I opened them, and there, in a delicate, spiderlike scrawl, were these words legibly written:

God gives a part of Himself to you with each new work, and my own dear boy, Rob, makes you my daughter.

MARIA WILCOX, MOTHER.

My husband lost his mother when he was but seven years old, and she died, as she had lived, in a little Connecticut town. Her name was Maria Wilcox. I never saw her, of course, and she was but a vague memory to my husband. That this absolute stranger from another state who had never met my husband should be able to produce this message filled with tender motherly pride impressed me with a sense of awe and reverence for God's marvelous universe. I believed then, and I believe now, that, in some manner impossible for the finite mind to explain, the curtain of infinity had swung aside for a moment, and the lovely spirit that had been the mother of a rare son had sent a word of greeting to me. I felt so satisfied and at peace that I did not for many years make any further attempts to communicate with worlds beyond. I had my message without money and without price, and with no possibility of collusion or fraud. I was satisfied to rest on that conviction.

Several other messages were written for me on the slate that same evening, and one was signed "Shama Baba." Asked who he was, the answer came:

Shama Baba is your near guide. He is one of a band which dominates you. Do you not feel how much we have for you to do?

My husband, who was an earnest student of matters spiritual, felt great interest in this message. Ever afterward he spoke of Shama Baba as a real personality in my life. If I was disappointed in any aim or desire, Robert would say, "Ella, Shama Baba is back of this; it must be for the best." Not two weeks before the sudden illness which ended his earth-life, he made this same remark to me.

In the late 'Seventies and early 'Eighties, there was much talk in the Western and in some of the Eastern newspapers of the "Milwaukee School of Poetry." My name was used as its leader, though never at any time in my life have I wished to be regarded as a leader in anything. To work out my own life-problems and find my own way through earth's interesting but puzzling mazes have seemed to me quite enough responsibility without attempting to lead others. In this "school of poetry" the

editors named Carlotta Perry, Hattie Tyng Griswold, Sarah D. Hobart, Estella Aiken, Fanny Driscoll, Charles Noble Gregory, and Grace Wells, besides other lesser stars. All of these writers were well known throughout the West, and several of them had attained recognition in the East.

Now, there was a brilliant clergyman in Milwaukee at that time, a man in his late sixties, who had surprised his congregation by marrying a handsome young school-teacher in her middle twenties. The lady was very ambi-



Hattie, Ella Wheeler's intimate friend in Milwaukee and a member of the O. B. J. Club



Ella Wheeler, 1880

tious to make a shining place for herself socially—not among the purely fashionable but among the intellectuals. She desired to establish a *salon* and to become the Madame de Staël of Milwaukee. Her husband was recognized as one of the leaders of thought—progressive religious thought of the day—and he seemed to many people a composite Henry Ward Beecher and Ralph Waldo Emerson of the West. He possessed a handsome home, and the best minds of Milwaukee gave him homage. His young wife felt her newly acquired high position to be one of pleasurable responsibility, and she aimed to supplement her husband's intellectual supremacy by her own mental graces. Unfortunately, she lacked the subtle (Continued on page 123)

Love Laughs

Henry Calverly buys a ring

By Samuel Merwin

Illustrated by Howard Chandler Christy

A SQUAT locomotive, bell ringing, dense clouds of black smoke pouring from the flaring smoke-stack, came rumbling and clanking in between the platforms and stopped just beyond the old red-brick depot. The crowd of ladies converged swiftly toward the steps of the four dingy yellow cars that made up traditionally the one-ten train. These ladies were bound for the shops, the matinées (it was a Wednesday, and October), the lectures, and concerts of Chicago.

Henry Calverly, 3d avoided the press by swinging his slimly athletic person aboard the smoker. He stepped within, and, for a moment, stood sniffing the thick blend of coal-gas and poor tobacco, then turned back and made his way against the incoming current of men. Bad air on a train made him car-sick. He stood considering the matter, clinging to a sooty brake-wheel while the train started. Then he plunged at the door of the car next behind, in among an enormous number of dressed-up, chattering ladies. Apparently they filled the car; he couldn't, from the door, see one vacant seat. Well, nothing for it but to run the gantlet. And not without a faintly stirring sense of conspicuousness that was at once pleasing and confusing, he started down the aisle, clutching at seat-backs for support.

It was an interesting moment in the life of Henry. He was twenty; and twenty is neither youth nor manhood.

He was in love with the most attractive, indeed the most popular "new" girl that had appeared in Sunbury for as many summers as a very young man could remember. His love was, at least in some degree, returned; the secret thought that he and Cicely Hamlin had arrived at an "understanding" burned bewilderingly in his breast. If it was not yet to be thought of as an engagement, that was because he couldn't quite board and clothe himself on the wage he was drawing at the moment, let alone buy a diamond ring and prepare actively for housekeeping (there, now, was a thrilling, incredible word, "housekeeping"!). In the later middle 'Nineties, young men of Henry's plane of life were not marrying at twenty on twelve dollars a week. Besides, an engagement could only come through the permission of Cicely's curiously formidable, even emphatic aunt, and the mere thought of asking pointblank for



"Calverly, if Mr. Galbraith would stop reading for a minute—"
"I won't. Don't interrupt me!" "I would introduce him." Galbraith! The name

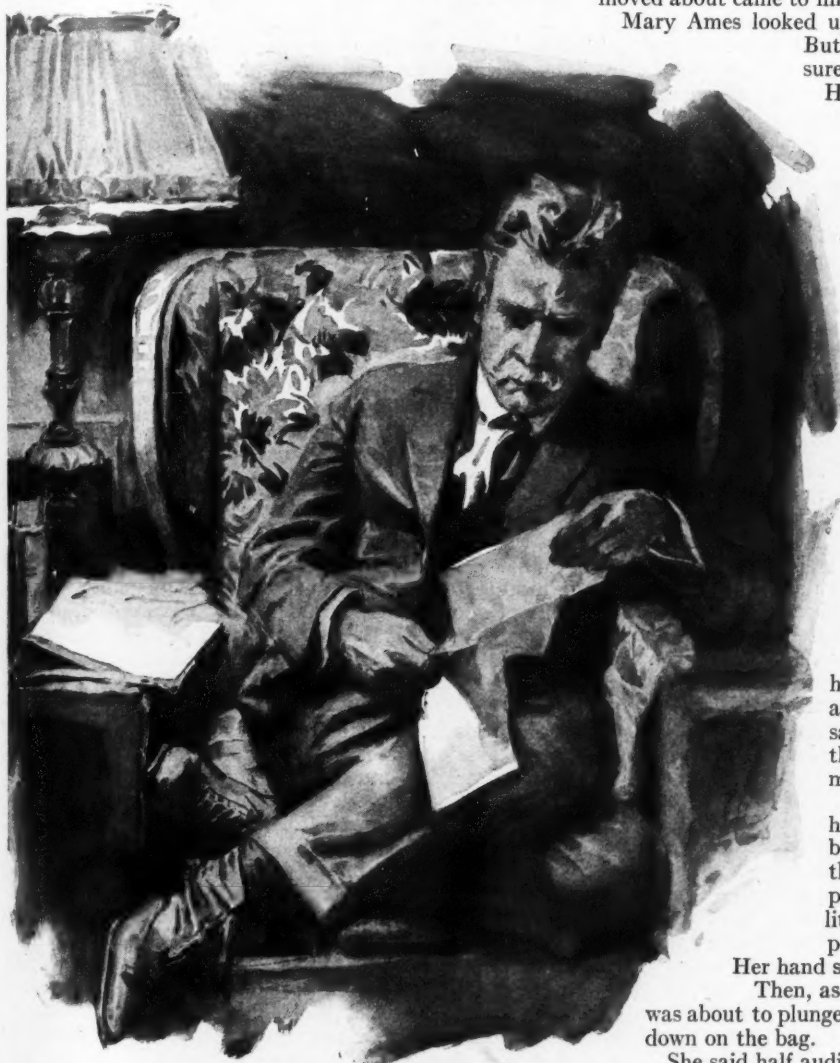
brought color to Henry's cheeks. Not— It couldn't be!

this permission caused Henry's eyes to assume the expression of a faithful but misunderstood coach-dog.

In partnership with Humphrey Weaver he had purchased the *Sunbury Weekly Gleaner*. Within the fortnight, this property had engulfed the last thousand dollars of the little legacy Henry's mother had left him. And already the fact was finding points of ingress into his blindly eager mind that a country weekly is of rather more use as an adjunct of local political power (that was how old Boice used the *Weekly Voice of Sunbury*) than as a means of acquiring sudden wealth.

And, for a final touch of bewilderment, Henry was, at this time, living through a distinct and apparently growing success. His nervous, brilliant little stories of village life, lately a regular feature in the *Gleaner*, were read not only in Sunbury and South Sunbury but far up and down the lake shore as well. They had been mentioned in the Chicago papers. Not a day but what people spoke of them—on the street, in the post-office or Stanley's restaurant. on

trains. He liked this, of course; but he never knew how to take it. He ended, usually, by mumbling and blushing and turning hurriedly away. Sometimes it irritated him. And deeper confusion claimed him. Only a few months back, gossiping Sunbury had included him among the older men that were involved in the Mamie Wilcox scandal.



ward, talking to the women in front. These latter, on close inspection—he had paused midway—proved to be Mrs. B. L. Ames and her daughter Mary. This was awkward. He could hardly, as he felt, drop into the seat just behind them. Besides, who was the girl in the other half of that seat? The hat was unfamiliar; yet something in the way it moved about came to him as ghosts come.

Mary Ames looked up. Her cool eyes rested on him.

But she didn't bow or smile. He wasn't sure that she even inclined her head.

His blush became a flush. It seemed now that he couldn't retreat. Not after that. He must face that girl. Walk coolly by. He couldn't take that seat, of course; but to walk deliberately by and on into the car behind would help a little. At least, in his feelings; and these were what mattered. Who *was* the girl under that unfamiliar hat?

He moved on, straight toward the enemy. Dignity, he felt, was the thing. Yes; you had to be dignified. Though it was a little hard to carry with the car lurching like this. He wished his face wouldn't burn so.

The girl beneath that hat raised her head and exhibited the blue eyes and the pleasantly, even prettily freckled face of Martha Caldwell!

Henry stood, in a sense fascinated, staring down. He had put

Martha out of his life forever. But here she was! He saw her now with an unexpected detachment. He even saw that she was prettier. The smile that was just fading when their eyes met had a touch of radiance in it.

Beside Martha, on the unoccupied half of the seat, lay her shopping-bag. In a preoccupied manner, as the smile died, she reached out to pick it up and make room. But the little action, which had begun impersonally, brought up memories.

Her hand stopped abruptly; her color rose.

Then, as Henry, very red, lips compressed, was about to plunge on along the aisle, the hand came down on the bag.

She said half audibly—it was a question, "Sit here?"

Henry was gripping the seat-corner just back of Mrs. Ames' shoulder—a rigid shoulder. Mary had turned stiffly round. He couldn't stop his whirling mind long enough to decide anything. Why hadn't he gone straight by? What could they talk about? Unless they were to talk low, confidentially, Mary and her mother would hear most of it. And they couldn't talk confidentially. Not very well.

He took the seat. What *could* they say?

But the surprising fact stood out that Martha was a nice girl, a likable girl. Even if she had believed the stories about him. Even if—No; it hadn't seemed like Martha.

Henry was staring at Mrs. Ames' tortoise-shell comb. Martha was looking out the window, tapping on the sill with a white-gloved hand.

A moment of the old sense of proprietorship over Martha came upon him.

"Silly," he remarked, muttering it rather crossly, "wearing white gloves into Chicago. Be black in ten minutes. Women folks haven't got much sense."

Martha gave this remark the silence it deserved. She

Unjustly, it is true; but he had lived for years in the Wilcox boarding-house, alone there after his mother's death, and had once unquestionably taken Mamie on a tandem to Hoffman's Garden, up the shore—Mamie in bloomers, drinking beer, a tough, cheap little girl. He had been seen, of course. By Martha Caldwell, of all girls! And her new admirer, that rich bachelor, James B. Merchant, Jr. Martha had been his girl for three years. Lately she had been cutting him. And the Ames family had cut him. And others—He thought of this always, winced when people gushed over him. At times, his bewilderment was pain.

And so, while the touch of self-consciousness that was, to an older eye, humorously evident in his bearing, that fairly cried out in the cane and mustache, was, after all, a part of the actual Henry—an item, indeed, of his less attractive side—the facts that had of late intensified the self-consciousness must, I think, touch our sympathies. They had, for a time, called him bad. They were calling him conceited now. He was neither.

Near the farther end of the car there was a vacant half-seat. A girl occupied the other half. She was leaning for-

dropped her eyes, studied the shopping-bag. Then, very quietly, she said this:

"Henry—it hasn't been very easy—but I *have* wanted to tell you about your stories——"

"What about 'em?" he asked, ungraciously enough. And he dug with his cane at the grimy green plush of the seat-back before him.

"Oh, they're so good, Henry! I didn't know—I didn't realize—just everybody's talking about them! *Everybody!* You've no idea! It's been splendid of you to—you know, to answer people like that way." I don't think Martha meant to touch on the one most difficult topic. They both reddened again. After a longer pause, she tried it again. "I just *love* reading them myself. And I wish you could hear the things Jim—Mr. Merchant—says." She was actually dragging him in! "He's really a judge. You've no idea, Henry! He met Kipling at a tea in New York. He knows lots of people like—you know, editors and publishers, people like that. And he crossed the ocean once with Richard Harding Davis. He says you're doing a very remarkable thing—original note. Sunbury is going to be proud of you. He wouldn't let anything—you know, personal—influence his judgment. He's very fair-minded."

Henry dug and dug at the plush.

She was pulling at her left glove. What on earth— She had it off!

"I want you to know, Henry. Such a wonderful thing has happened to me. See!" On her third finger glittered a diamond in a circlet of gold. "He wanted to give me a cluster, Henry. I wouldn't let him. I just didn't want him to be too extravagant. I love this stone. I picked it out myself. At Welding's. And then he wished it on. And, Henry, I'm so happy! I can't bear to think that you and I—anybody—you know—" Henry was critically, moodily, appraising the diamond. "Can't we be friends?"

"Sure we can! Of course!"

"I just can't tell you how wonderful it is! I want everybody else to be happy."

"I'm happy!" he announced explosively, between set teeth.

She thought this over.

"I've heard a little talk, of course. I've been interested, too. Yes, I *have*. Cicely's a perfectly dandy girl. And she's—you know—that way. Knows so much about books and things. I didn't realize—that you were—you know, really—well—engaged?"

There was a long pause. Henry dug and dug with his stick. Finally, he said huskily,

"Yes; we're engaged."

"What was that, Henry?"

"I said, 'Yes; we're engaged.'"

"O-o-oh, Henry! I'm so glad!"

"Don't say anything about it, Martha."

"Oh, of *course* not! You've no idea how nice people are being to me. They're giving me a party to-night, down on the South Side. We're coming back to-morrow."

Mr. Merchant met her in the Chicago station. Henry had excused himself before Mrs. Ames and Mary got up. He would have hurried off into the grimy city, but the crowd held him back. Martha saw him, and dragged the rich and important man of her choice toward him.

Henry thought him very old, and not particularly good-looking. He was a stocky, sandy-complexioned man, dressed now, as always in brown, even to a brown hat. He looked strong enough—Henry knew that he played polo and that sort of thing—but gossip put him at thirty-eight. He certainly couldn't be under thirty-five. Henry wondered how Martha could—

Then he found himself taking the man's hand and listening to more of the familiar praise. But, on this occasion, it had, he felt, a condescension, a touch of patronage that irritated him.

"I'd like to talk with you, Calverly. There's a chance that—I'll tell you—I may be able to arrange it this eve-

ning. They're not letting me come to the party. Got to do something. I'll try it. Come around to my place between eight and half-past and I'll explain more fully. There's a college classmate of mine in town that can help us, maybe. You'll do that? Good! I'll expect you."

He was gone. Slowly, moodily, Henry wandered through the station and up the long stairway to the street.

He felt deeply uncomfortable. It wasn't this Mr. Merchant, though he wished he had known how to show his resentment of the man's offhand manner. But he hadn't known; he wouldn't again; before age and experience he was helpless. No; his trouble lay deeper. He shouldn't have told Martha that he was engaged. Why had he done such a thing? It was so unnecessary. It wasn't true. It was a rather dreadful break.

He paused on the Wells Street bridge, hung over the dirty wooden railing, watched a tug come through the opaque, sluggish water, pouring out its inevitable black smoke—a great rolling cloud of it—that set him coughing. He perversely welcomed it. It suited his mood.

Cicely expected him in the evening. He would have to drop in on his way to Mr. Merchant's. Could he tell her what he had done? Dared he tell her?

Martha and the Ames'es would be gone overnight. That was something. And people didn't get up early after parties. At least, girls didn't. It would be afternoon before they would reappear in Sunbury. Say twenty-four hours. But immediately after that, certainly by evening, all Sunbury would have the news that the popular Cicely Hamlin was engaged. To young Henry Calverly.

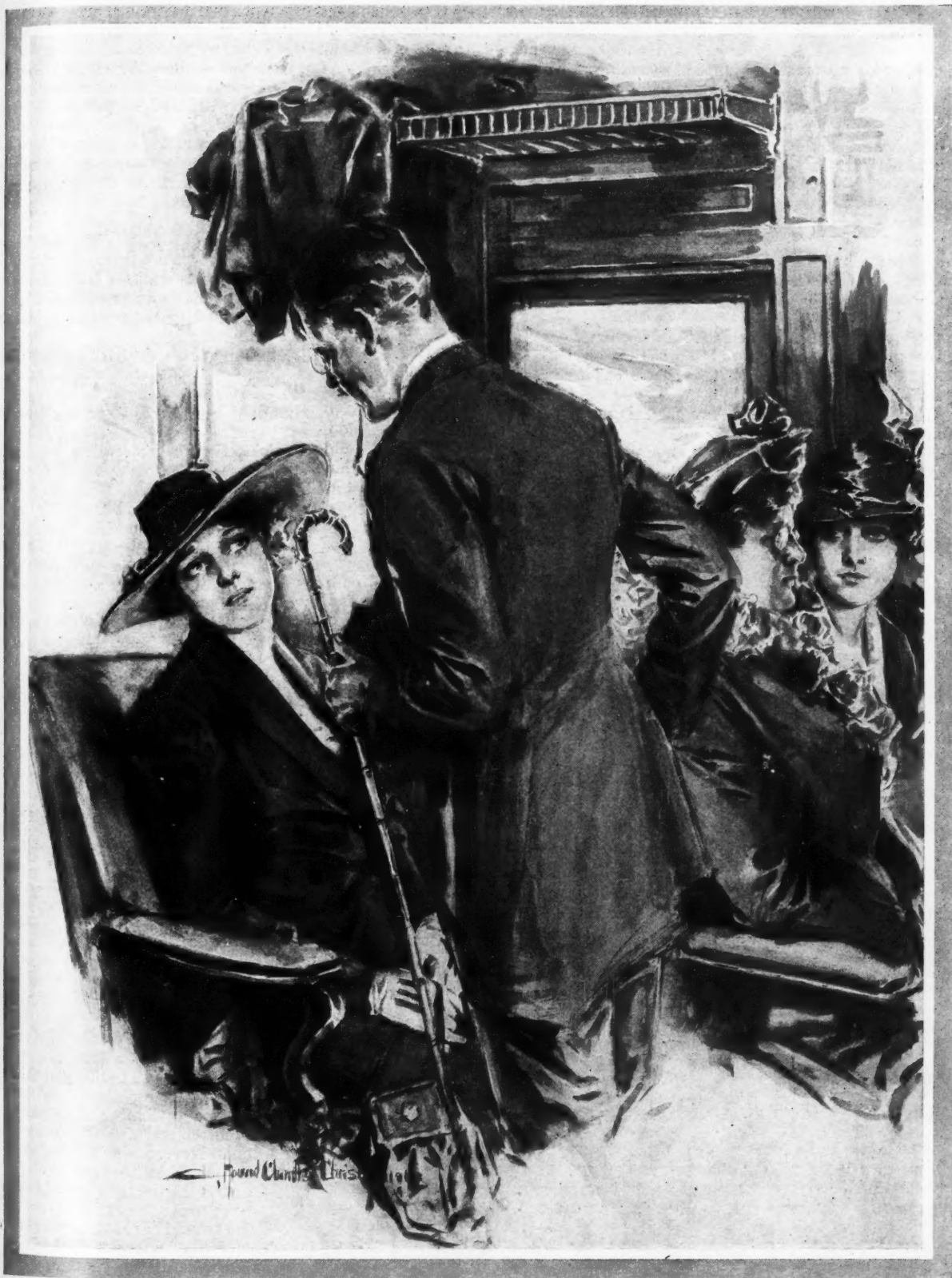
He stared fixedly at the water. He wondered what made him do these things, lose control of his tongue. It wasn't his first offense, nor, surely, his last. An unnerving suggestion—that last! He asked himself how bad a man had to feel before jumping down there and ending it all. It happened often enough. You saw it in the papers.

Welding's jewelry store occupied the best corner on the proper side of State Street. In its long series of show-windows, resting on velvet of appropriate colors, backed by mirrors, were bracelets, locketts, rings, necklaces, "dog-collars" of matched pearls, diamond tiaras, watches, chests of silverware, silver bowls, cups, and ornaments, articles in cut glass, statuettes of ebony, bronze, and jade, and here and there, in careless little heaps, scattered handfuls of unmounted gems—rubies, emeralds, yellow, white, and blue diamonds, and rich-colored semiprecious stones.

But all this without overemphasis. There were no built-up, glittering pyramids, no placards, no price-tags even. There was instead, despite the luxury of the display, a restraint, as if it were more a concession to the traditions of sound shopkeeping than an appeal for custom. For Welding's was known, had been known through a long generation, from Pittsburgh to Omaha. Welding's was a Chicago institution, playing its inevitable part at every well-arranged wedding as in every properly equipped dining-room. You couldn't give anyone you really cared about a present of jewelry in other than a Welding box. Not if you were doing the thing right. Oh, you *could*, perhaps—

Before the section of the window that was devoted to rings stood Henry.

About him pressed the throng of early-afternoon shoppers—sharp-faced women, brisk business men, pretty girls in pretty clothes, messenger-boys, loiterers, and the considerable element of foreign-appearing, rather shabby men and women, boys, and girls that was always an item in the Chicago scene. Out in the wide street, the traffic, a tangle of it (this was before the days of intelligent traffic-regulation anywhere in America) rolled and rattled and thundered by—carriages, hacks, delivery-wagons, two-horse and three-horse trucks, and trains of cable-cars, each with its flat wheel or two that pounded rhythmically as it rolled. And out of the traffic—out of the huge, hivelike stores and office-buildings, out of the very air, as breezes blew over



DRAWN BY HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY

She said half audibly—it was a question, "Sit here?" Henry was gripping the seat-corner just back of Mrs. Ames' shoulder—a rigid shoulder. Mary had turned stiffly round. He couldn't stop his whirling mind long enough to decide anything.

Why hadn't he gone straight by? What could they talk about? Unless they were to talk low, confidentially.

Mary and her mother would hear most of it. And they couldn't talk confidentially. Not very well

from other equally busy streets, came a noise that was a blend of noises, a steady roar—the nervous hum of the city.

But of all this Henry saw, heard nothing; he merely pulled at his mustache and tapped his cane against his knee.

Finally brows knit, lips compressed, eyes nervously intent, he marched resolutely into Welding's.

"Look at some rings," he said to a distraught salesman. He indicated sternly a solitaire that looked, he thought, about like Martha's. "How much is that?"

"That? Not a bad stone. Let me see—oh, three hundred dollars."

Henry, huskily, in a dazed hush of the spirit, repeated the words.

"Three—hundred—dollars!" The salesman tapped with manicured fingers on the show-case. "Have you—have you—have you?"—the salesman raised his eyebrows—"any others?"

"Oh, yes; we have others." He drew out a tray from the wall behind him. "I can show fairly good stones as low as sixty or eighty dollars. Here's one that's really very good at a hundred."

There was a long silence. The glistening finger nails fell to tapping again.

"This one, you say, is—one hundred?"

"One hundred."

Another silence. Then:

"Thank you. I—I was just sorta looking around."

The salesman began replacing the trays.

Henry moved away, slowly, irresolutely, at first, then, as he passed out the door, with increasing speed. He caught the two-fourteen for Sunbury by chasing it the length of the platform. Henry could do the hundred under twelve seconds at any time with all his clothes on. He could do it under eleven on a track.

By a quarter to three he was walking swiftly, with dignity, up Simpson Street. He turned in at the doorway beside Hemple's meat market and ran up the long stairway to the offices above. The legend on tin:

THE SUNBURY WEEKLY GLEANER
BY WEAVER & CALVERLY

that was tacked up here and there between the treads and on the door at the top strengthened his determination as he ran.

Humphrey Weaver strolled in from the composing-room.

"Seen those people already, Hen?"

"I—you see—well, no. I'm going right back in. On the three-eight."

"Going back?" But—"

"It's this way, Hump: I—it'll seem sorta sudden, I know—you see, I want to get an engagement ring. There's one that would do all right, I think, for—well, a hundred dollars—and I was wondering—"

Humphrey stared at him, grinned.

"So you've gone and done it! You don't say! You are a bit rapid, Hen. The lady must have been on the train."

"No—not quite—you see—"

"Got to be done right now, eh? All in a rush?"

"Well, Hump—"

"Wait a minute! Let me collect my scattered faculties. If you've got to this point, it's no good trying to reason with you."

"But, Hump—I'll be reasonable—"

"Yes, I know. Now, listen: This appears to come under the general head of emergencies. We're not in such bad shape as we were a month back. There's a little advertising revenue coming in. And—"

"Yes; I thought—"

"And you've certainly sunk enough in this old property—"

"No more than you, Hump—"

"Just wait, will you? I don't see but what we've got to stand back of you. Perhaps we'd better enter it as a loan from the business to you until I can think up a better excuse. Or, no; I'll tell you—call it a salary advance. Well, something. I'll work it out. Never you mind now. And if you're going to stop at the bank and catch the three-eight, you'll have to step along."

It would have interested a student of psychophysics, I think, to slip a clinical thermometer in under Henry's tongue as he sat, erect, staring, with nervously twitching hands and feet, on the three-eight train.

Cicely's aunt, Madame Watt, had bought the old Dexter Smith place on Hazel Avenue in May. Thither



"How on earth could you expect to take care of a girl who's been brought up as Cicely has?"

Henry hurried after bolting a supper at Stanley's restaurant and managing to evade Humphrey's amused questions when he heard them. It was early—barely half-past seven. The Watt household had dinner (not supper) at seven. They would hardly be through. He couldn't help that. He had waited as long as he could.

He rang the bell. The butler showed him in. He sat on the piano-stool in the spacious, high-ceilinged parlor, where he had waited often before.

To-night, it looked like a strange room. He told himself that it was absurd to feel so nervous. He and Cicely understood each other well enough. She cared for him. She had said so—more than once.

Of course, the little matter of facing Madame Watt—though, after all, what could she do?

He tried to control the tingling of his nerves.

"I must relax," he thought.

With this object, he moved over to the heavily upholstered sofa and settled himself luxuriously on it, stretched out his legs, thrust his hands into his pockets.

But there was an extraordinary pressure in his temples—a pounding.

He snatched a hand from one pocket and felt hurriedly in another to see if the precious little box was there, the box with the magical name embossed on the cover: *Welding's*.

He reflected exultantly, "I never bought anything there before." Then: "She's a long time. They must be at the table still." He sat up, listened. But the dining-room in the Dexter Smith house was far back behind another room that Henry thought of as the "back parlor." The walls were thick. There were heavy hangings and vast areas of soft carpet. You couldn't hear. "Gee," his thoughts raced on; "think of owning all this! Wonder how people ever get so much money. Wonder how it would seem."

He caught himself twisting his neck nervously within his collar. And his hands were clenched.

"Gotta relax," he told himself again.

Then he felt for the little box. This time, he transferred it to a trousers pocket, held it tight in his hand there.

A door opened and closed. There was a distant rustling.

Henry, paler, sprang to his feet.

"I must be cool," he thought. "Think before I speak. Everything depends on my steadiness now."

But the step was not Cicely's. She was slim and light. This was a solid tread.

He gripped the little box more tightly. He was meeting with a curious difficulty in breathing.

Then, in the doorway, appeared the large person, the hooked nose, the determined mouth, the piercing, hawk-like eyes of Madame Watt.

"How d'do, Henry?" she said, in her deep voice. "Sit down. I want to talk to you. About Cicely. I'm going to tell you frankly—I like you, Henry; I believe you're going to amount to something one of these days—but I had no idea—now I want you to take this in the spirit I

say it in—I had no idea things were going along so fast between Cicely and you. I've trusted you. I've let you two play together all you liked. And I won't say I'd stand in the way. A few years from now—"

"A few years!"

"Now, Henry, I'm not going to have you getting all stirred up. Let's admit that you're fond of Cicely. You are, aren't you? Yes? Well, now we'll try to look at it sensibly. How old are you?"

"I'm twenty, but—"

"When will you be twenty-one?"

"Next month. You see—"

"Now tell me—try to think this out clearly—how on earth could you expect to take care of a girl who's been brought up as Cicely has? Even if she were old enough to know her own mind, which I can't believe she is."

"Oh, but she does!"

"Fudge, Henry! She couldn't. What experience has she had? Never mind that, though. Tell me, what is your income now. You'll admit I have a right to ask."

"Twelve a week; but—"

"And what prospects have you? Be practical now. How far do you expect to rise on the *Gleaner*?"

"Not very high; but our circulation—"

"What earthly difference can a little more or less circulation make when it's a country weekly? No, Henry—believe me—I have a great deal of confidence in you—I mean that you'll keep on growing up and forming character—but this sort of thing cannot—simply cannot—go on now. Why, Henry, you haven't even begun your man's life yet! Very likely you'll write. It may be that you're a genius. But that makes it all the more of a problem. Can't you see—"

"Yes, of course; but—"

"No; you listen to me. I asked Cicely to-day why you were coming so often. I wasn't at all satisfied with her answers to my questions. And when I forced her to admit that she has been as good as engaged to you—"

"But we aren't engaged! It's only an understanding."

"Understanding! Pah! Don't excite me, Henry. I want to

straighten this out just as pleasantly as I can. I am fond of you, Henry. But I never dreamed— Tell me, you and that young Weaver own the *Gleaner*, I think."

"Yes'm; we own it. But—"

"Just what does that mean? That you have paid money—actual money—for it?"

"Yes'm. It's cost us about four thousand."

"Four thousand! Hm."

"And then Charlie Waterhouse—he's town treasurer—he sued me for libel—ten thousand dollars"—Henry seemed a thought proud of this—"and I had to give him two thousand to settle. It was something in one of my stories—the one called 'Sinbad the Treasurer.' Mr. Davis—he's my lawyer—he said Charlie had a case; but—"

"Wait a minute, Henry! Where did you get that money?"



Then, a hand on the railing, she hesitated and slowly turned her head

It's—let me see—about four thousand dollars—your share——"

"Yes'm; four thousand. It was my mother's. She left it to me; but——"

"I see. Your mother's estate. How much is left of it—outside what you lost in this suit and the two thousand you've invested in the paper?"

"Nothing; but——"

"Nothing?" Now, Henry—no; don't speak. I want you to listen to me for a few minutes. And I want you to take seriously to heart what I'm going to say. First, about this paper, the *Gleaner*. It's a serious question whether you'll ever get your two thousand dollars back. If you ever *have* to sell out, you won't get anything like it. If you were older, and if you were by nature a business man—which you aren't—you might manage, by the hardest kind of work, to build it up to where you could get twenty or thirty dollars a week out of it instead of twelve. But you'll never do it. You aren't fitted for it. You're another sort of boy by nature. And I'm sorry to say I firmly believe this money, or the most of it, is certain to go after the other two thousand that Mr. Charlie Waterhouse got. But even considering that you boys *could* make the paper pay for itself, Cicely couldn't be the wife of a struggling little country editor. I wouldn't listen to that for a minute. No; my advice to you, Henry, is to take your losses as philosophically as you can, call it experience, and go to work as a writer. It'll take you years——"

"Years!" But——"

"Yes; to establish yourself. A success in a country town isn't a New York success. Remember that. No; it's a long road you're going to travel. After you've got somewhere, when you've become a man, when you've found yourself, with some real prospects—it isn't that I'd expect you to be rich, Henry, but I'd *have* to be assured that you were a going concern—why, then you might come to me again. But not now. I want you to go now——"

"Without seeing Cicely?"

"Certainly. Above all things. I want you to go, and promise that you won't try to see her. To-morrow she goes away for a long visit."

"For—a—long——" But she'd see other men, and—oh——"

"Exactly. I mean that she shall. Best way in the world to find out whether you two are calves or lovers. One way or the other, we'll prove it. And now you must go. Remember you have my best wishes. I hope you'll find the road one of these days and make a go of it."

A moment more, and the front door had closed on him.

He stood before the house, staring up through the maple leaves at the starry sky, struggling, for the moment vainly toward sanity. It was like the end of the world. It was unthinkable! It was awful!

But, after waiting a while, he went to Mr. Merchant's. There was nothing else to do.

Mr. Merchant himself opened the door to Henry. He lived in one of the earliest of the apartment-buildings that later were to work a deep change in the home life of Sunbury.

"How are you, Calverly?" he said, in his offhand, superior way. Then, in a lower and distinctly less superior tone, almost friendly indeed, he added: "Got a bit of a surprise for you. Come in."

The living-room was lighted by a single standing lamp with a red shade. Beneath it, curled up like a boy, in a cretonne-covered wing-chair, his shock of yellow hair mussed where his fingers had been, his heavy yellow mustache bushing out under a straight nose and pale cheeks,



"No, Henry: I mean, hadn't you better wish it on?" "Oh, yes," said he: "funny I didn't think of that." Madame Watt turned a page, rustling the paper

his old gray suit sadly wrinkled, sat a stranger reading from a pile of newspaper clippings.

Henry paused in the door. The man looked up so quickly that Henry started, and fixed on him eyes that while they were a rather pale blue yet had an uncanny fire in them.

The man frowned as he cried gruffly:

"Oh, come in! Needn't be afraid of me!" And coolly read on.

Henry stepped just inside the door. Turned mutely to his host. What a queer man! Had he had it within him at the moment to resent anything, he would have stiffened. But he was crushed to begin with.

The newspaper clippings had a faintly familiar look. From across the room he thought it the type and paper of the *Gleaner*. His stories, doubtless. Mr. Merchant was making the man read them. Well, what of it? What was the good, if they made him so cross?

"Calverly, if Mr. Galbraith would stop reading for a minute—"

"I won't. Don't interrupt me!"

"I would introduce him."

Galbraith! The name brought color to Henry's cheek. Not— It couldn't be!

"But whether you care to know it or not, this is Mr. Calverly, the author of——"

"So I gathered. Keep still!"

Then the extraordinary gentleman, muttering angrily, gathered up the clippings and went abruptly off down the hall, apparently to one of the bedrooms.

"That—that isn't *the* Mr. Galbraith?" asked Henry, in a voice tinged with awe.

"That's who it is! The creator of the modern magazine. We'll have to wait till he's finished now, or he'll eat us alive."

Henry tried to think. This sputtery little man! He was famous, and he wasn't even dignified. Henry would have expected a frock coat or, at least, a manner of businesslike calm.

Mr. Merchant was talking good-humoredly. Henry heard part of it. He even answered questions now and then. But all the time he was trying—trying—to think. He thrust his hands into his pockets. One hand closed on the little box. He winced, closed his eyes, fought desperately for some sort of a mental footing.

"Calverly, what's the matter with you? You look ill. Let me get you a drink."

And Henry heard his own voice saying weakly:

"Oh, no, thank you. I never take anything. I just don't feel very well. It's been a—hard day."

"Lie down on the sofa, then. Rest a little while. For I'm afraid you've got a bit of excitement coming."

Henry did this.

Shortly the great little Mr. Galbraith returned. He came straight to Henry, stood over him, glared—angrily, Henry thought, with a fluttering of his wits—down at him.

It seemed to Henry that it would be politer to sit up. He did this, but the editor caught his shoulder and pushed him down again.

"No," he cried; "stay as you were! If you're tired, rest. Nothing so important—nothing! If I had learned that one small lesson twenty years ago, I'd be sole owner of my business to-day. Rest—that's the thing! And the stomach. Two-thirds of our troubles are swallowed down our throats. What do you eat?"

"I—I don't know—I—"

"For breakfast, say—what did you eat this morning for breakfast?"

"Well, I had an orange and some oatmeal and——"

"Wait! Stop right there! Wrong at the beginning. I don't doubt you had cream on the oatmeal?"

"Well—milk, sort of."

"Exactly! Orange and milk! Now, really—think that over—orange and milk! Isn't that asking a lot of your stomach, right at the beginning of the day?"

Mr. Merchant broke in here.

"Galbraith, for heaven's sake, don't bulldoze him."

"But this is important. It's health. We've got to look out for that. Right from the start. Here, Calverly—how old are you?"

(Continued on page 113)



Camilla

A Novel of Divorce

By Elizabeth Robins

Author of "My Little Sister," etc.

Illustrated by Alonzo Kimball

CAMILLA TRENHOLME, an American divorcee living in London, is going to marry Michael Nancarrow, a member of a conservative English family. On account of her status, there is considerable prejudice against her on the part of Michael's mother, but on better acquaintance the old lady is won over by Camilla's personality and withdraws her objection to the match. Because of what she considers the humiliating conditions placed upon the remarriage of a divorced person in England, Camilla decides to have the wedding in her own country and returns. Nancarrow is to follow shortly.

On the voyage, Mrs. Trenholme reviews her whole life. She was born Camilla Charlton, the youngest of three children, the others being Julia (Mrs. Plumstead Atherley) and Lucy (Mrs. Cushing). Camilla was a delicate child and was taken South every winter by her mother to her grandfather Charlton's home in Florida. Here her nearest friends were the Sambourne children. At the age of twelve, Camilla is sent to a New York boarding-school where Mary Sambourne is. Mary has a handsome boy cousin, Leroy Trenholme, the only son of a very rich father, who, known only by his photographs, is the idol of the school—and of Camilla especially. When Leroy runs away with an actress, she is almost broken-hearted. But this affair blows over, and Leroy goes to the Spanish-American war of 1898, where he is wounded. Four more years pass, in the course of which Camilla's mother dies, and she devotes herself to her father. Then she meets Leroy at the Sambournes in New York. A whirlwind courtship sweeps her off her feet, and in a short time they are married. This event is a blow to the plans of Linda Ballard, who has been doing her best to capture Leroy for herself, but she loses no time in dragging to the altar Captain Luther Carey, of the American army, without, apparently giving that gentleman much opportunity to resist.

From the first, the married life of Camilla and Leroy takes the course that often follows the mating of two people of



How was Leroy taking it?

Camilla didn't dare lift her eyes

widely different experiences. The young wife does not properly assimilate and adjust herself to the amount of worldly knowledge and practise into which she is suddenly initiated. Her idea that Leroy must be exclusively hers is disturbed by his behavior toward other women, to whose flirting proclivities he readily responds. He accuses her of jealousy, and her unconquerable innocence irritates him.

A trip to Europe after they had been married three years does not help matters. Returning with them on the steamer is Ogden Marriott, a diplomatist and a man with a large knowledge of human nature, in whom Camilla finds a helpful friend.

Leroy renews his devotion to Mrs. Carey (whose husband is now in Panama). She has also ensnared Michael Nancarrow, whom she had met in England and who has come to America on business. Mr. Sambourne opens Camilla's eyes to the state of affairs between her husband and Linda Carey. It makes her miserable, and Marriott advises that she and Leroy go for a time to her grandfather's place in Florida, which is now hers. Leroy, moved by her plea and evident unhappiness, agrees to the plan.

XXVIII

HILLTOP

OTHER people, looking back upon those days, and even Camilla herself at another time, would recall quite other aspects of that various and never-to-be-forgotten experience. But for her now, it all resolved itself into three or four outstanding happenings—great headlands above an ocean of mist. A mist, golden at first, gradually thickening, darkening to night.

Soon after the Trenholmes' return from Europe, grandfather Charlton, a hale old pine-knot of a man at eighty-eight, had died an hour after a fall from his horse. Or, no; to do the colonel bare justice, the horse had done the falling. People who die in Florida are very speedily committed to their sandy bed. Not even his son could reach Florida before Colonel Charlton had been laid in a coffin made from cedar grown on the place and buried beside his wife.

Grandfather Charlton had telegraphed Camilla on her wedding-day:

Bring him here when you like. This place is to be yours—my ultimate wedding gift. Bless you. JOHN CALHOUN CHARLTON.

He had kept his word.

As they drove up the last stretch of gentle incline in the dusk, she felt a great longing to find the leather-brown old man in his white coat waiting there beyond the bonfire-welcome that blazed outside the enclosure.

"Howdy, uncle Pax?" she called to the dark figure holding the gate wide. "You're very grand with two beacons!"

"One fur each o' yo', Miss C'milla." There was a fresh reminder of Colonel Charlton in the way the old colored man touched his hat.

The breeze that seldom forsook the hilltop was still making that sound of surf in the great live-oaks. And beyond those moss-hung giants, faint in the dusk, a far-spreading roof over lighted windows. And all the air

quicken, exquisite, with the scent of pine. No matter how long she might be away from it, for her this, above all places on the earth, was home.

Could she make it his home, too?

It might be difficult, because this dear Florida was the antithesis of the world Leroy knew best. Difficult, moreover, because you had to get him, like a balky horse, past the unkempt, neglected-looking outsidings of things to the beauty and delight that lay behind.

He admitted the climate was glorious beyond all telling. "To have within a day and a half of the sleet and slush of New York such air, such sunshine!" He turned up his face the next morning and drank it in like a bumper of wine.

Another piece of luck was that Leroy approved the horses. "The old boy seems to have known a good piece of horse-flesh when he saw it," was his satisfactory if not too respectful reference to the late colonel's stables.

Oh, those rides in the woods—with Roy laughing, larking, behaving like a boy! "There's something about these Florida woods—" Yes; he was understanding.

One after another, Camilla's misgivings faded. The most serious of them, from the domestic point of view, she had already faced in New York.

"Grandfather would never let us, but now we *could* take down our servants. Or get others."

"I thought there were servants there."

"If you didn't mind—they aren't like the servants you're accustomed to, and they mayn't be able to do things very properly. But they *are* so nice! And I think they'd feel it if we let other people take care of us."

"Not for the world! We'll have uncle Pax and daddy Wash'n'ton," he said, assembling, in his prompt way, odds and ends he'd heard. "And aunt Keziah, and Feeble Ann"—he hesitated—"Must we have Feeble Ann?"

"Why not? Didn't I tell you her name's really Phoebe Ann; only, they thought my mother said 'Feeble' at the christening. The baby was going to die, they thought. Feeble Ann's the strongest of them all. But the name goes on. Everything goes on in Florida."

The last of her misgivings fled as she saw how easily and instantly Leroy "took to" these old-time colored people. With the exception of uncle Pax, who was a person apart, the darkies, big and little, touched in Leroy some chord of humor and irresponsible gaiety that instantly responded. Their hidden melancholy, which the superficial observer so seldom guesses at—that, too, he was quick to divine and sympathize with.

As for uncle Pax, with his grave good nature and his amiable wisdom, Leroy adored him and his children of all ages and sizes, and his deerhounds ditto. Especially the wonderful Luce, who was a great character in the Hilltop annals, and never far from Paxton's heels. Leroy would come back from a talk down in the barn or out in the field where they were hoeing or what not, chuckling with delight over some speech or story.

"Lord, you can get good service if you've a mind to pay for it—you can't get *that*!"

(HARRISMAN MAGAZINE) COPYRIGHTED IN GREAT BRITAIN

An odd thing in Camilla's eyes was that Leroy, who was severe enough in private upon the waste and shiftlessness about the place, couldn't be induced to share her concern for the ruin of the woods.

"Oh, sympathize a little with the poor trees!"

No. People had to have turpentine; to turpentine the pines was to use them.

"It's using them to let them be. That's to use them longest."

He couldn't or he wouldn't see it—not yet. He would in time. Oh, he must! Meanwhile, she counted her acres of round timber jealously. If uncle Pax was along, there were great tree-talks. He was the most wonderful woodman in the world. He told stories of saving the trees from the turpentine-men, and of saving them from fire. You fought forest-fires in Florida with sand. He told, with his gentle, far-away look, how Miss C'milla she "done help me save a heap o' trees. When she wasn't no mo'n knee high to a woodchuck, if dat chile heah somebuddy been droppin' fire in our woods, she'd come a-flyin' down, an' fillin' her dress as full o' sand as she could carry. An' run roun' throwin' it out at de flame."

"Yes; I put out a whole heap o' fires, didn't I?"

"Sho' did."



"I wish you liked me," Linda said plaintively. "I do so need somebody to talk to"

"There's one I saved!" She reined in her horse and looked at what had once been a fine big tree too near the Charlton line to have escaped boxing. So it had caught fire, as the boxed tree will, and it was deeply scarred and blackened on one side still. Yet it soared to heaven, and feathered out in green plumes against the sky. "Dear, brave tree!"

"Now, *why*," Roy demanded, "all that for a tree?"

"Oh, well; if you'd seen it flaming—fire eating at its heart— But, anyhow, there's a kind of steadfastness about a pine tree. Reassuring, don't you think?"

He couldn't see it yet. How could you expect anybody to have a feeling for pines when he had none for cedars? On that glorious all-day ride with old Mr. Swan for guide, Roy heard indifferently the dreadful story of how Florida was robbed of her richest inheritance.

"When I was a boy"—grandfather Charlton's old friend held his reins high, and looked out across the prairie—"two of the most characteristic things in the Florida landscape were the green-and-scarlet parakeets and the cedars."

"What happened to 'em?" Leroy asked absently.

"What happened?" Every fool with a gun took a shot at the birds, and the cedars went through the sawmills. Man I knew made a hundred and fifty thousand out of cedar right here in this township. Now, in the whole of this great state—and we're a sparse population—there ain't enough cedar to bury us in."

Whereupon the incorrigible Roy,

"Why do you want to be buried in cedar?"

"Why do we *want*—" Mr. Swan gave up this Northerner.

Camilla explained patiently. A white person had to be buried in cedar. At least, that used to be the view. Cedar is supposed to last longer in the ground than any other wood.

Grandfather's old friend, somewhat mollified, told, not without significance, of some Northerner coming down here a little while ago and wanting to buy cedar to make a bookcase.

"He was told there wasn't a stick to be had. He knew better. He'd seen some splendid cedar in an old cracker's barn over by Minden's. Mr. Trenholme wouldn't believe me if I told him how much the Northerner offered those poor people. Think they'd sell? 'Keepin' it for cawfins,' was every blessed thing he could get out of 'em."

"Is this one of your abandoned phosphate pits?" Leroy was waiting to ask, still staring at the hollow under the bank.

"This, sir," said the colonel's friend, "is where they get the stone from."

"Thought you didn't have any stone here."

"I don't know any but this," the Floridian said, and he described the true but incredible method of quarrying. When you got a little way below the surface, this hard, white stone was softer than pine wood. You could saw it. On exposure to air, it hardened. Mr. Swan knew a chimney made of it, that had stood for forty years.

Camilla saw that already in his mind Leroy was turning the stone to account.

"Who owns it? Would he sell or lease?"

Riding back with her, bathed in such sunset pomp and splendor as, according to Camilla, only Florida knows, Leroy was eagerly developing his scheme for exploiting the Trafford quarry.

"All you need to do is to build something with it—something striking," he said, with his modern sense of the uses of advertisement. "Something everybody'd see and talk about. Then they'd all want to go and do likewise."

"Something everybody could see? That would be a tower on the highest point of Charlton Hill."

"A sun-tower," said Leroy, turning round to her and taking the sunset on his face. "A temple to the god of this land. A tower to the sun!"

Oh, the charm was working!



"Well, nobody else will think of anything: I suppose I have to," she ripped and tore the knife-plaited

"Look, Roy, at the blue herons!" They made a Japanese pattern flying across the graying scarlet. But Roy was absorbed in his tower.

"We'll start things this winter"—he turned round again in his saddle—"and every year we'll come down here and make things hum."

It was dusk long before they began to climb the hill.

"Don't try to see," Camilla urged. "The horses will take us."

They went straighter than men's roads, but it was pitch dark by the time they got home. All that last stretch of the dark woods they had talked about the sun-tower.

"But we haven't decided about the inside," he said, as he lifted her down from her horse. "What shall the inside of your tower be like?"

Oh, to have a room, very high up, the highest room in the

tower—she held her breath and then brought it out—"lined with cedar! I should feel like a princess!"

"You shall feel like a princess. And live in a cedar-lined sun-tower." He put his arm round her. They went like that, past the live-oak copse, and through the farm gate. Out of the velvet blackness, two giant eyes glared at them. Worse, in that instant, for not being at giant's height. Dragon's eyes, they reared up hardly three feet from the ground.

"God bless my soul, whose automobile's that?" As they neared the house, from out of the darkness aunt Keziah materialized near a wedge of light shining from the far window.

"Dat's Misto Sambourne's kyar," she said. They all three stood still a moment. Aunt Keziah was the first to find her tongue. "I reckon dey gwine t' be wantin' some supper?" She wouldn't have put the question in the old days, but folks with autymobills—you never knew where'd they be next.

"Oh, yes," Camilla said, fully wakened from her dream; "I reckon so. Can you manage?"

"Reckon I gotta."

"Reckon *we* gotta, too," said Camilla, as they went toward the door.

"Hang the Sambournes!" remarked Leroy, himself hanging behind.

"Darling!" She went back and pressed his arm.

As before on less provocation, so now again, "Why do they come here?" she thought. There was all the rest of the world for the Sambournes.

At supper, they patronized Florida. Camilla remembered the tone. But it had been more guarded in grandfather's presence.

Unhappily, Roy told them about the tower. How they laughed! Roy told even about the cedar-lined room.

"You'll have to get it from Chicago, then," Mr. Sambourne said.

Indeed, she wouldn't.

"But you must. The little that's left in Florida all goes North."

What! She'd have to send two thousand miles for cedar grown in Florida swamps and sweetened in Florida sun? "How should I know it was real?"

Leroy laughed, too, though he stuck to his promise. He'd get it for her, and it should be the "real Florida article—pedigree cedar." But the sun-tower had grown dark.

It was after the Sambournes came that Florida fell to being a place for cosmopolitans to smile at. Worse than that. The enemy which Camilla had all the while subconsciously dreaded—except perhaps the peerless day they found the quarry—the unseen enemy breathed a chill into the air. Roy's high spirits faltered. At first intermittently—then altogether gone, except—so strangely to Camilla's sense—except when the Sambournes were there. Or when Leroy and she were at the Sambourne place. Camilla knew now the full extent of that fear which had lurked in the background—prophetic fear of what was happening now, hour by hour, under her eyes. Leroy made no attempt to conceal it—his face proclaimed it. A creeping weariness. It culminated after the only rain they had.

"But two days of it, by George!" He gloomed.

"Are you well, dear?"

"No!" he snapped. "Got the plague. Or I guess it's the black death."

He had been all day like that.

For herself, she had always loved the rain. All day now she hated it—actively, passionately. Toward sunset, the weather cleared. She went out on the veranda to watch the clouds roll back. Oh, it would soon be better! As she was going in to tell Leroy, a rainbow shone out, spanning a



She had got it started now. Yards on yards, fell off her silk petticoat

great sweep of clearing sky. It was a thing to take the breath, for the froth of white blossom was faintly colored with prismatic violet. Before that miracle, cares and agitations fell away. Over the rain-washed world a mocking-bird was calling. She, too.

"Leroy, the rain's stopped!"

"Too late."

But he did presently get up from the sofa where he was lounging and stroll down toward the wood-house. How that sound of the woodman's sure stroke took her back to old days! Uncle Pax was a great man with maul and 'wadge' and ax. Now he practised chiefly in the wood-house. Often a little talk with him had been known to enliven Leroy more than anything else down here. Camilla knew the precise moment when he had reached the door. The rhythmic fall of steel on pine had ceased. Now it began again, but with pauses. Leroy and Pax. She went in and brought out a wicker chair. Then another for Leroy. He was a long while. Surely Paxton must have gone to supper. The light was failing with subtropic suddenness. There was, truly, a great mournfulness in the Florida gloaming. That sound coming up from the lake! Why had she always this feeling about the frogs? There were far worse things down there in the water. Did the enormous and enormously old grandfather alligator live there still? The lake! That was an idea. She'd get Leroy to take her out one day in the boat. He'd have liked to fish, too, if only the Sambournes hadn't laughed the idea out of court. "Charlton Lake! More of a marsh now," was what they'd said. The old man had allowed the water-hyacinths to choke it.

It wasn't true that Charlton Lake was more of a swamp. Other people went rowing there. Fished there, too. You could see them from the top of the house—and, for no reason at all, Camilla suddenly felt that she must cry. It was all the fault of those frogs, tuning up while the dusk was stealing on. She mustn't—she *mustn't* let it come—the old flooding melancholy, the uncommunicable dread! She sat up very straight and forced herself to mark the curious musicalness of the changes of note and time in the frog chorus. It was silly to think it the saddest sound in all the world. It was really like sleigh-bells at full speed—a shower and shake of small ringing sounds.

Then, nearer by, the tiny "ping" of night insects striking the wire screens. That meant Keziah was lighting the lamps. Faintly, down by the spring, a whippoorwill. Then, in the opposite direction, something raucous, alien, ugly. The hooter of an automobile! She stood up. Oh, those Sambournes! The car had stopped. Leroy must have heard them coming and gone to meet them.

She went indoors to tell Keziah. She sat down in the kitchen and talked awhile. And awhile sat silent. Then up and through the latticed way into the house. Yes; they were in the sitting-room. In the act of going forward to give her hand, Camilla stopped. She stood there, staring.

"Well, I've heard a lot," said a humorous, drawling voice, "about Southern hospitality. But this is *almost* more than I can bear."

And Camilla was apologizing and shaking hands with Linda. "I wasn't expecting—"

Leroy had laughed. Brisk, full of nonsense and gaiety! When she had pulled herself together, Camilla watched him covertly. To all his natural vigor and grace, some accession had come. He walked with a lighter foot. Was it because he had an audience? Did everybody, consciously or unconsciously, need an audience? She, Camilla, needed hers. But, then, hers was Leroy.

It went on for three days—Linda at the Charlton place from morning till night. They all three rode; those two walked; they laughed—oh, how they laughed! Camilla's ears ached with it. Her eyes ached. If Leroy went twenty paces from Linda's side, she would throw out a look like a lariat. It lassoed Roy. It brought him to the ground, entangled, helpless—*hers!*

It wasn't to be borne. Ogden Marriott would say it

oughtn't to be borne. But about this, one didn't need advice. One's own heart was counselor and judge.

Linda must go. Or we must go.

Camilla made up her mind to speak to Leroy that night. After the Sambourne automobile had taken Linda away, Camilla would tell him. Simply that, much as she had wanted to come, far, far more she wanted to go. "Why? Because Linda makes me unhappy. We were happy here at first—*weren't we?* But it's spoiled now. Let us go."

But that very day saw the initiation of Linda's new phase. She began to take a great deal of trouble with Mrs. Leroy. Stopped the car on her way by the tower road and went through bog up to the knees to gather an armful of yellow jessamine. "I heard you say you liked it." She came down after she had changed her shoes and stockings, thanking profusely "for lending me your things, though they are decidedly small. I've gone about with the idea that I had nice feet. Small, too—but I tried on all your shoes. The sandals just barely save the situation."

Leroy was waiting for Linda. Linda slipped her arm through Camilla's and carried her off to the north porch.

These attentions embarrassed her hostess.

"I wish you liked me," Linda said plaintively. "I do so need somebody to talk to."

"Don't you talk to Roy?"

Linda blinked and then laughed out.

"You *are* quaint! Of course I can and *do* talk to Roy about lots of things. I can't talk to him about Michael Nancarrow."

And it was Michael Nancarrow about whom, more than anything in the world, Linda longed to talk. She told endless stories about him. She drew high-colored pictures of Nancarrow's place in the English hierarchy.

"You just ought to see the way those women in Leicestershire run after him! And men like him just as much. There's one trouble," she said, sticking out Camilla's sandals and staring at them gravely, "just one trouble with Michael. He hasn't got any imagination. No Englishman has. He adores me. But he thinks, because I'm married, it's no use."

"And is it?"

"My dear child!"—she dropped her sandaled feet and sat up—"of course it is! I hadn't known Michael three days before I wrote to Lu that I wanted a divorce. But Lu doesn't. Refused pointblank. So selfish of Lu! Of course I wasn't going to stand being dictated to like that."

Camilla stared.

"I should think a husband *might* dictate that another man wasn't to have his wife."

"Mine mayn't!" She stuck out the sandals again and laughed. "Don't go imagining Lu will break his heart!" And then a free-hand sketch of the manner in which young engineers in the tropics ameliorate the rigors of their existence. "Now, *Michael*"—always she went back to Michael—"he's one of those self-contained people—you'd hardly suspect him of being so dreadfully in love."

No; Camilla agreed she hadn't suspected it.

"That's the English way. Terribly afraid of showing their deeper emotions. But I understand him, the darling! Yes; I've started things. Given my lawyer his instructions. And—swear you won't tell—not a word to *anybody*—I've got Mrs. Sambourne to invite Michael to pay them a visit."

"Is he coming?"

"Well, I should just pretty nearly think he *was* coming! Jumped half-way to the moon when he heard I was to be here."

"Oh, yes."

"So just do what you can to help me over these days. I don't know how to live till he comes."

The next day, after flirting outrageously with Roy—quarreling, cajoling, setting all his nerves twanging—Linda jumped up, seized Camilla round the waist and waltzed her to the far end of the veranda.



DRAWN BY ALBERTO LINDVALL

She didn't ask him what he meant. She had come to a point of not expecting to understand what anybody meant. She sat there under the magnolia and looked at the fern-fringed brook and away, through the opening uncle Pax had cut in the tangle, down to Charlton Lake.

"I shall remember this," he said, "when I've gone away"

"I'm out of my mind with joy. I had *such* a letter from Michael this morning!"

Another time, when Camilla's equanimity showed signs of wear, Linda displayed a ring. An antique, very beautiful.

"It belonged to Michael's grandmother. Wasn't it *sweet* of him to want me to have it?"

And then the day when Linda didn't come, a boy on horseback brought a note to each of the Trenholmes.

What she said to Leroy, Camilla never knew. The line to her was simply, in enormous letters, two words:

HE'S COME!

XXIX

THE CAVE

It was all a blur of vague unhappiness.

No wonder Camilla didn't see Nancarrow clearly. He was just a part of the trouble whose name was Linda.

Even in New York, Leroy had made no secret of the fact that he didn't like the Englishman. But the Englishman didn't know this—or didn't care. Camilla wasn't quite sure which.

Linda played them off, one against the other. Camilla was amazed—as many a woman has been before her—that clever, experienced men of the world didn't see, didn't resent, didn't refuse to play this game. As for Linda, apart from the pleasure she obviously felt in basking in Nancarrow's fascinations, well she knew his use. Now a lure and now a goad to—others. "Englishmen for me!" She sang his praises still Roy saw red.

They were well matched as horsemen. "But which is the better shot?" It was Linda who wanted to know.

They went coon-hunting one moonlight night, and Roy had missed the beggar. The Englishman brought him down. He did it under circumstances admittedly difficult. The darkies talked about the foreign gentleman with awe. "Don't know if the old colonel himself could have done that." "Lawd! He sho' has got an eye, dat gen'l'man——"

"Well, get an eye yourself; and don't get under my feet or you'll get walked over some day."

Was it really Leroy who had spoken like that?

Word was brought up to the house the next day that a gentleman living about twenty miles off had some superfine seasoned cedar which he was willing to sell.

"Oh, don't let us bother about that now," Camilla said hastily.

"Well, I don't know. You might as well have the cedar." The words seemed to set her adrift in mid-ocean on a raft. In spite of her protest, Leroy arranged an excursion for the following day to have a look at this superfine seasoned stuff. They'd take luncheon with them in the motor—the Trenholmes, Linda, and her Englishman.

Her Englishman! Incredible *now* to the Camilla who was going to marry Michael that she could ever have believed

for the millionth part of a second that he belonged to Linda.

Linda herself must have begun to doubt if he were her Englishman. Else, why, that evening before the cedar-hunt, was she playing her last cards so recklessly?



"Roy. I'll ask you now what I was going to ask you

One after another, she let hitherto carefully guarded cats out of bag, and never seemed to care.

To a *sotto-voce* remonstrance of Leroy's, "Was it my fault?" she snapped. "People don't come to me, I suppose, for passports to Florida."

To Nancarrow, she was abject and rude by turns. Either way, she was miserable. She tried nervously to make amends.

Nancarrow seemed willing to overlook her bad manners, and responded, a little carelessly perhaps; still, he did respond to her somewhat crude efforts at reparation.

"Oh, it's all right."

That wasn't enough for Linda. She held out a propitiatory hand, expecting to extort some kindness. After a moment's hesitation, he took the hand and turned it over with a connoisseur look.

"Interesting old ring that is of yours."

Linda, with reviving spirits, looked at Camilla and gave an impudent wink. Then, to Nancarrow:

"Yes—isn't it? You never saw it before, of course."



days and days ago. Let us go away from here."

"No. You didn't use to wear it, did you?"

"No!" she snapped, pulling her hand away. "I couldn't very well wear it before it was given to me."

The whole business was too bewildering. Camilla walked away and left them. When she got to the gate leading to the Spring Wood, she looked back and saw Nancarrow strolling that way. He had seen her. It would seem rude not to wait.

They went together past thickets of flowering plum down the path—the little track, rather—that sloped gently to the spring. There in a hollow of the tangle—moss-hung live-

oak, wild vine, and magnolia—the half-hidden spring-house. A dim, cool peace, crossed suddenly by a flicker of scarlet.

"What's that?" he asked.

"A pair of cardinals. They're always here these days." He called them "a nice kind of visitor." And if Mrs. Trenholme and he were to sit there by the crooked magnolia, mightn't the cardinals come back? His last chance to see them.

She didn't ask him what he meant. She had come to a point of not expecting to understand what anybody meant.

She sat there under the magnolia and looked at the fern-fringed brook and away, through the opening uncle Pax had cut in the tangle, down to Charlton Lake.

"I shall remember this," he said, "when I've gone away."

She turned slowly. It was too good to be true.

"You don't mean——"

"Yes; I mean I'm going to-morrow or next day."

She looked at him with hope in her eyes.

"And you'll take Linda?"

"Take! Why should I?"

"Oh, I beg your pardon," she said, aghast at her clumsiness. "And I beg hers."

"There's no need to say anything about it," he assured her. "In fact, I haven't. Not yet."

"Very well," she assented heavily, and, as though he had asked that of her; "I won't speak about it either." As they were going through the gate, "You didn't mean that Linda doesn't know?"

"I shall tell her to-night."

The moment Camilla saw them the next morning, "He's told her," she said to herself.

Uncle Pax was brought along ostensibly to pass a woodman's opinion on the cedar. Really because his feelings had been hurt by Roy's snubbing of him on the coon-hunt. Camilla had explained and soothed, and brought him along on the box beside the Sambourne chauffeur—with the express permission of the Sambournes, who declined an all-day excursion but willingly lent the car.

The hours went by, little marked by Camilla. All that she could recall afterward of the first half of the expedition was that the cedar the poor people had hoarded with pious intent, and which they were now pitifully anxious to sell, wasn't worth buying. Of the luncheon-hour in the car, nothing came back except that fleeting glimpse of an ill-omened gannet.

"Pity we didn't bring a gun!" Roy said, narrowing his eyes.

"You mean," Linda amended, "a pity Mr. Nancarrow didn't." And that didn't make things pleasanter.

For once in her life, Camilla tried to save a situation.

"I tell you what we might do, Roy. After all, I'd rather grow cedar than buy it. And this is just the sort of place you'd find a baby cedar in, isn't it, uncle Pax?"

Heaven be praised, she was out of that horrible car! They all seemed pleased to stretch their legs. They scattered like children out of school.

"Don' yo' go too fur, Miss C'milla," Pax came hurrying after her. "Don' y' go down in no holla, Miss C'milla. If yo' see a holla with a gum tree growin' out uv it and some rubbidge round, doan go near dat."

"No, uncle Pax; I won't."

"Why shouldn't she?" Leroy stopped to ask.

"Dere is a mighty scary kind o' cave-place not fur off."

"Oh, yes," Camilla called back; "that cave grandfather found."

They asked Pax about it.

(Continued on page 150)

My Son

By Roland Pertwee

Illustrated by Gerald Leake

I WAS never a man who believed in a lot of sentimental rubbish, and, to the best of my belief, I have ordered my life accordingly. Perhaps it would be truer and more to the point to say I have ordered the lives of those round me over whose destinies I have control in a spirit of firm and rational common sense. Yet, here again I may be giving a wrong impression, for I am no employer of labor or master of men on the grand scale. Neither am I the father of a large and what is called a "rising" family. I have a family, it is true, of one—a son. So, after all this preamble, my sway boils itself down to the control of a single issue, for an honest man must always discount his wife as coming under his jurisdiction:

There is no senior or junior partner in real marriage. Of that I am confident, and, although a man who likes to have his own way, I have yet breadth of mind sufficient to realize that one is not the only person entitled to claim that indulgence.

But in the matter of upbringing a son there is a difference. To the best of my ability, I have tried to stand for my boy as an example of how a man should behave. I have always striven to show him the value of reticence and of taking the knocks in life without raising a wail over them.

The principle of keeping a stiff lower lip I started to inculcate over the first cut knee, occasioned by the first serious cropper on the gravel path outside our house.

"That's a terrible noise for a man to make, Dicky," I said reproachfully.

"B-but it t-turts s-so, dad-dy," he wailed.

"The more reason to be brave about it."

"I—d-don' wan' to be b-brave—I w-wan' to cry." And he started afresh.

"Nothing in this world is the better by being cried about, old son. We must take what comes along with a grin, and then you'll find——"

But just at that moment his mother appeared.

"It would have been more to the point to have sponged his knees with some hot water," she said, and, gathering him up in her arms, she carried him, howling with renewed vigor, toward the bathroom.

"It's all wrong," I told her later. "You undermined the lesson I had started."

"There was gravel in his knees under the skin; there may have been tetanus germs, too—and you wasted five minutes just talking."



Gathering him up in her arms, she carried him, howling with renewed vigor, toward the bathroom

"That's absurd," I answered. "Ridiculous. Whoever heard of a child coming to any harm from a fall?"

Women have a knack of putting a man in the wrong. It is part of their nature, I suppose. Just to prove how obviously at fault she had been, I dropped in to the doctor after lunch and told him the silly suggestion. Of course he pooh-poohed the whole idea.

As I was leaving, he laughed and said,

"So you're posing as the Spartan father—what?"

"Why should you laugh at that?" I queried.

He looked at me whimsically.

"One remembers things," he answered. "I cannot help bringing to mind the morning that boy was born."

"Anything that occurs with a doctor is in confidence—" I began hotly.

"Am I breaking one?"

"Even reference to such a thing. I—I had had very little sleep. And——"

"Why excuse yourself? God knows it was natural enough. There are times with all of us——"

"I must be going."



"All right." He smiled. "And you needn't worry yourself about those tetanus germs."
"I'm not worrying—it was my wife."

"Oh, quite. Yet—er—it was you who came to see me—not she. Afternoon."

• II

"Of course the boy must go to a boarding-school—vital part of his education—knock the nonsense out of him—learn to stand on his own feet."

"Yet awhile?"

"I never suggested 'yet awhile'—but we must look ahead—face essentials. A boy who doesn't go to a boarding-school—"

"I know," said my wife, "and I want him to go. I want him to do all the right things at the right time. I should hate to think of Dicky not going to a boarding-school. When shall we send him?"

"Oh, well—sometime or another—not yet. Be absurd to send him yet awhile—little chap like that."

Years after, I heard my wife saying, "I kept Dicky at home a year longer than my husband intended."

"How?" said her friend.

But I didn't catch the answer. I have often wondered

what it was, for we were in perfect agreement about the time he should be sent to Rathmoral; but, somehow, I never found an opening to put the question. For six weeks before Richard's first term, I spent a good deal of time with the boy, and I venture to believe the time was not ill spent.

"It's your first battle," I told him, "and you must enter it light-heartedly. All those curls must come off, y'know."

"Yes, dads."

"You'd better get used to calling me 'pater,' otherwise chaps will be chaffing you."

"Yes, dads."

"Make a start, then—get used to picking up ideas readily, and don't fidget with that door-handle."

"Yes, dads."

"Pater."

"Yes, pater."

"Nothing leads to a boy having a bad time quicker than sentimentalities—know what I mean?"

"Blubbing."

"That sort of thing—and being too soft in his ways. Want to be as manly as you can, put your hands in your pockets, wear your cap as if it meant something."

"Yes, dads—pater."

"When the day comes for you to be off, don't make a fuss—bad for everyone, fussing. Give your mother a kiss; shake hands with me. Slap on your hat and get away like a gentleman."

He looked such a little chap standing by the door, twiddling with the handle, I hadn't the heart to scold him when he replied, "Yes, dads."

"Away you go, then," said I, and he capered off to the garden.

I do not believe for a moment I imagined my words would take root; it was more on general principles I spoke them, and when everything happened just as I had set it forth, I confess to experiencing the queerest sensations.

He went through his paces like an actor in a play, with a careful observance of every detail. In one essential only did he vary the program from my setting, and that was to slap on his hat, a very detestable bowler prescribed in the equipment-table from Rathmoral, prior to kissing his mother farewell and shaking hands with me. Then he bustled out to witness the iron-bound wooden chest containing his belongings being carried to the cab.

I happened to catch my wife's eye, and she said,

"My little boy is quite, quite dead, and only the man remains."

"Nonsense!" I replied. "He's a very fine little gentleman." And I followed him out into the hall. I found him there breathing jerkily through his nose, and his mouth screwed up as though he had swallowed a nasty physic.

"That was first-rate," I said.

"W-was it, pater?"

I smacked him on the back.

"Just right." The man with the box had his back toward us. "I'm proud of you, and—and you can give me a kiss if you like, Dicky."

After all, it made it easier for the boy.

III

I VENTURE to state affirmatively that no young officer in the new army looked better in his uniform than my son. To be biased is no failing of mine, and if one of the many friends whom Richard brought to the house during the months of his training had appeared a better specimen of manhood than he, I would not hesitate to say so. It may have been tactless of me to express the view in the presence of other families who also had their sons serving with the

colors, but, after all, there is no great harm in observing indisputable facts.

So many parents lose perspective where their children are concerned, and sometimes it has been my misfortune to endure for hours the adulations of this or that father or mother upon the respective merits of their soldier son. They seem to forget that the photograph, so prominently displayed in all the reception-rooms, is silently disputing the authenticity of half they are saying. Personally, I don't believe in all this elaborate exhibition—for my own part, I carry a photograph of Richard in my note-case, where it is not forcing itself upon the attention of all observers. Sometimes, in sheer self-defense, I have been obliged to take it out and show it to people when they are becoming too extravagant in acclaiming their own wares.

The result has generally been satisfactory, and doubly so when I have been persuaded to say a few words about the boy.

When one has passed the age for fighting, it is good to reflect you can enter a name worthy to take up the challenge. Yes; I'm proud of Richard. He has turned out in all senses the lad I should wish him to be—good-hearted, straight-limbed, keen, humorous, and not a scrap of sentimental rot anywhere in his composition.

No one deplores this war more than I do, but, as I've said a good many times I'm afraid it's giving us backbone—grit. We shall arise none the worse but better—those that are left of us.

Curious how women approach things. From the moment Richard joined up, her manner toward him underwent a complete change. It seemed as though she slipped back to the old nursery-days—gentleness, worrying about his underclothes, and cakes and all manner of time-forgotten odds and ends. I spoke to her about it once or twice—silly to coddle a fellow. But she seemed to ignore my words.

"It pleases me," she said, "and it can't matter."

"Mustn't let the young devil get too big an idea of himself—that's all. These are hard times, and we must approach 'em severely."

Richard was in training less than a score of miles from where we lived, so we saw him pretty constantly, and during those visits I gave him to understand pretty clearly that his colonel was not the only O. C. who held him to account.

"I may not be a soldier, but I'll take jolly good care that my son is; and you'll kindly remove those abominable boots from the mantelpiece while I'm talking."

At which the young devil would laugh, and compliment me on my orderly-room manner.

"But I'm not there now, dad," he would add—a name that he had slipped back into the use of.

I suppose on an average he dropped in to dinner about once a fortnight. His visits were always unheralded, except for whatever particular form of noise he elected to create on the door-step. On these occasions, I made a point of opening the door to him myself and subduing his exuberance.

"It's all very well in camp or barracks, but you must consider your mother's feelings. A certain amount of reserve, my dear boy—"

Then, one night, just as my wife and I were taking our places at table, we heard a more than usually deafening hullabaloo outside.

"You really must toe the line, my boy," said I, as he burst into the hall.

"Parade—dis-miss!" he roared. Then, "Chuck it, pater, you silly old field-marshal—you know you like it!" And up went his voice again to shout, "Mums!"

"You aren't fit to hold a commission," I rated, as I followed him to the dining-room. "There, look at your mother! You've scared her quite white with all the noise." Which was no less than the truth.

But the boy seemed to ignore the obvious fact, and kissed her so roughly that I corrected him heartily.

"What about a bottle of the old Jolly Roger?" he said, swinging round on me.

"Certainly not," I replied. "We don't want to make things worse."

But his mother interrupted with,



He pivoted slowly on the piano-stool and began, "D'you

"Let's have a bottle, dear, just to-night. I think it would do me good."

And up went Richard's parade-ground voice in a yell of, "Orderly!"

"I will not allow you to address the servants in that manner."

The old man servant didn't seem to mind, however, and answered the call with a smiling countenance.

"Bottle of the best," said Richard.

"In this house I give orders," said I.

"Make it a magnum," amended Richard.

And old Charles went out, still smiling.

"You are behaving very badly, Richard, and I cannot understand it. I think, mother, if you were to say a few words—" But she just stretched out her hand and patted the boy gently on the arm.

"You're a good old sort, aren't you, mums?"
 "It's all very well," I grumbled, "but if you feel no obligation to respect your parents, at least remember the uniform you wear demands a certain standard of behavior."
 The boy's eyes rested on mine humorously.
 "I'm sticking to the old standard, dad—the one you gave me," he answered.

some one had just spread the picnic-cloth, when suddenly I——

"I forbid you to bring up these details."

"'Bring up' is good," applauded Richard.

After dinner, he sat at the piano and hammered out rag-time tunes with an execrable touch inimitably his own. Then, with a few inept chords, he changed the tune to an

old nursery-air, a little song, if I think right, that his mother taught in the back years when there was no war and people lived happily ever afterward. I happened to look up from my paper, and tears were standing in her eyes.

"Don't play that infernal thing, Richard; we are not in the nursery now," said I.

He stopped and gave a short laugh.

"No, by Jove! It came back to me, that's all—like other things." He pivoted slowly on the piano-stool and began, "D'you remember, dad, just before I went to Rathmoral——"

But, fearing fresh disclosures, I replied:

"No; and don't intend to try. Draw up a chair and smoke your cigarette quietly."

For a moment, he showed signs of obedience, then changed his mind.

"Have I got any decent socks up-stairs, mums?"

"I'll see, darling."

"No, no! I know where to look. Shan't be long."

But he was gone some time, and, in a spirit of curiosity, I rose and, on some pretext or other, went after him.

There was a heavy pile carpet on the bedroom corridor, so my approach was noiseless. His door was

partly open, and his back toward me.

Why, I don't know—perhaps to admire his broad shoulders—but I did not make my presence known. He was standing by the dressing-table taking letters from an open drawer. I recognized them—they were from the girl to whom he was betrothed. He tied them in a neat packet and thoughtfully placed it in his breast-pocket. His eye fell on a little ebony cat with an absurd ribbon about its neck that his mother had given him on a trivial occasion. He smiled—I saw the reflection of it in the mirror—a queer smile, half boyish, half mannish. Then I turned and went quickly and softly back to the drawing-room.

A moment later, he was whistling noisily as he came down the stairs.

"Nothing doing 'cept joy-patterns, which aren't regulation," he said, as he came in. "Hello—look at the time!



remember, dad, just before I went to Rathmoral——"

"Indeed? Then you are not an apt pupil, my son."
 Just at that moment, the wine was brought in, so I let the discussion lapse.

I was rather disposed to reproach myself with laxity in allowing the wine to be uncorked, for its effects seemed to heighten Richard's obstreperous mood. For some reason, he recalled the oldest and farthest-off little incidents of his early boyhood.

"I say, mums, d'you remember that summer holiday in the lakes, when I had a slice of bread and butter coated with sultanas, and was sick after it?"

"Don't be disgusting," said I. But she,

"I remember, darling; of course I remember" (as though it were some pearl of memory); "but you were such a little boy."

"Never mind; it sticks in my head all right. You or

"I must fly." The tone of his voice smothered an odd feeling which that glimpse through the door had set in motion. His feet rattled a sort of breakdown on the parquet floor.

"Toodle'oo, dear old pater! By-oh, mums, dear old thing!"

"And next time you come, perhaps you'll make a little less noise," I suggested.

"P'r'aps I shall," he laughed.

His mother rose and kissed him with more than usual gentleness. His arms seemed to tighten about her; then he threw back his head and shouted:

"Disengage! I'll lose the train."

The mantelpiece vases "zinged" from the intensity of sound.

He did not wait for any rebuke, but rushed out of the room and, grabbing his cap from the stand, rattled down the steps, yelling,

"So long, everybody!"

His mother stood by the door long after he had gone. I was glancing at the evening paper when she returned.

"Don't know what possessed the boy to-night," I grumbled.

For a while she made no answer, then crossed and laid a hand on my shoulder.

"Our boy—my little boy—he's going to France to-morrow."

I dropped the paper in my lap.

Her face went pathetically white,

her lower lip drawn in.

"Nonsense!" I said.

"Nonsense! He—did he tell you so?"

She shook her head.

"Then why jump to such absurd conclusions?"

"I just know," she said very simply.

I rose and threw the paper into the grate, saying:

"Ridiculous!

Hysterical nonsense! Working yourself into a state about nothing. Wouldn't the boy have said so? 'Course he would!"

"You've forgotten when he went to Rathmora and my little boy died."

But I could only repeat,

"Absurd—without saying good-by! Impossible!"

"You taught him," said she. "It was the old lesson."

The glimpse through the open doorway came back with startling vividness and an awful significance.

"If you are going to talk like this,—I simply can't stay in the same room. You—I——" And I walked out, slamming the door.

Going to France, indeed! I laughed at the bare idea. I was not going to distress myself with imaginings of that order. These were stern times—but the fire in the dining-room was out, and I did not purpose to sit in the cold. Neither did I purpose to go to our bedroom, where she might follow me and torment me with more sentimental rubbish. The thought of seeking sanctuary in Richard's room chilled me, and presently I found I had wandered into the bathroom, and there, for no particular reason I can trace, arose the memory of the day when my son was born. It was in the bathroom the doctor had found me, with my head resting against a cold-water pipe. It was there he told me the news, and I— But every man has his moment of weakness, and if the mere fact of being in a bathroom were to remind me of mine, it was clear I had better go elsewhere. Why I should

have run I cannot understand, but I did—I ran aimlessly—until I came to the narrow flight of stairs leading to the attic. I was panting a little when I reached the top. The moon was shining through the slanted window, and the rays pitched on the faint, familiar outline of Richard's old school-box—dusty, deserted, and ignored.

It was the dust of the place made me choke, and, sitting on a trunk, I coughed and coughed—and then I knew that I wasn't coughing—I was crying, gustily, noisily—boohooing like a child. My wife came to me then, drawn by the same instinct that knew so unerringly our son would sail on the morrow. She knelt beside me, her arms round my neck and all her pretty dress on the unswept cobwebbed floor, saying:

"Hush, dear! Don't cry so. He'll come back."

"He didn't even say good-by."

"He did, dear, he did—splendidly. And slapped his cap on his head as though it meant something."

Then, as she took my silly old head and pillowed it on her breast, she murmured, "I feel as if my little boy had come to life again, and it is the man who has gone away."



"You can give me a kiss if you like, Dicky"



Lady Constance

CONSTANCE BINNEY was trained to be a dancer of the Russian school, but in the process developed such pantomimic talent that she was sought after for straight comedy. Her captivating singing and dancing is now one of the attractions of "Oh, Lady! Lady!" and she recently made her début as a moving-picture star

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CAMPBELL STUDIOS, 538 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK



LAURETTE TAYLOR finished two straight seasons of acting in New York city—which is a record—by portraying three of Shakespeare's heroines, Katherine, Portia, and Juliet, in a series of single performances of scenes from the plays of the Bard of Avon. Next season, this delightful and inimitable comédienne will make a long tour of the country.

*A Newcomer
to Screen-
land*



© METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE
A NNA CASE, for several seasons a prominent member of the Metropolitan Opera House Company, New York, will make her debut as a screen-star under the auspices of the International Film Service Company, Inc. In this new venture, for which her beauty and statuesque figure supremely fit her, she will be directed by Julius Steger.



HELEN FALCONER was so successful as a singer and dancer in amateur acting in Chicago that her friends urged the stage as a profession. Therefore she jumped at the chance to succeed Elsie Janis in "The Lady of the Slipper," and has continued as leading woman with Fred Stone in "Chin-Chin" and "Jack o' Lantern."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CAMPBELL STUDIOS, 538 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK

The Maid of the Mill

*A New Adventure of
Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford*

By George Randolph Chester

Illustrated by Charles E. Chambers

CRACK! Pssssh! A sharp swerve from the center of the winding hillside road, a quick twist of Blackie Daw's wrist as song stopped on his lips, a jerk of the clutch, a slam on both brakes, and the rattling little runabout hung quivering at the edge of the ditch. Big Jim Wallingford, his face pasty white from the scare, remained motionless for a full half-minute; then he drew a deep breath and turned to his partner with scathing rebuke.

"You big sliver!" he snarled. "Why must you drive like a fiend down a crooked toboggan-slide like this? If I ever trust myself again— Wait! Wait, I say! Let me out!" And, as the clutch was slipped, he scrambled quickly to the road, panting, while Blackie ran the car by gravity to the level space at the turn and stopped for repairs.

"Now I'll reply as follows, you big tank of chrome yellow," called back Mr. Daw, descending from the driver's seat and lighting a cigarette: "Why did you insist on buying this second-hand tin draft-animal with the heaves, the bots, and the glanders, three spavins, and a ring-bone? Lovely view here, Jim. Get busy."

Wallingford ignored this.

"Where's that jack?" he inquired.

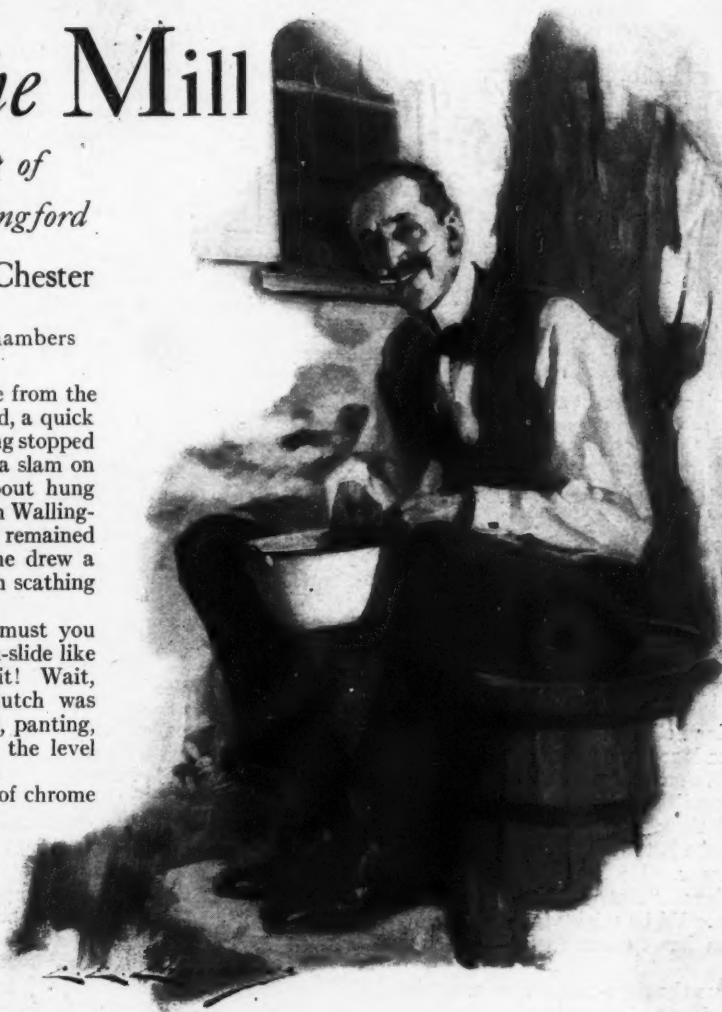
"Hunt it," was the calm advice of Mr. Daw, who thereupon selected a convenient flat rock from which to view the landscape o'er. "I drive, and you tinker. A bargain is a bargain, James Rufus, and far be it from I to first violate a sacred agreement. Besides, pipe the poetic pastoral picture! Steep crags jutting forth—get that, Jimmy?—jutting forth from serried ranks of wooded hills, a beautiful green valley with a tumbling creek, and, away yonder, a smooth, curving river. Kine in the meadows beyond—lowing kine, commonly called cows. Below us a deserted village, peaceful, pleasant, and poverty-stricken, its weathered and decrepit frame buildings half visible amid the luxuriant foliage. Hollyhocks flaunt by the garden gates, and willows droop low over the silvered blackness of the race which silently flows past the old, deserted mill. Oh, listen, James, listen! Stop, look, and listen! Through the old covered bridge there clatters—"

"Oh, shut it off!" snapped Wallingford, perspiring over a suddenly discovered tragedy. The unfamiliar machine was supplied with old-fashioned clincher tires! "You'll have to help if you want to get out of this forsaken nowhere."

"And a blue sky bending over all," imperturbably finished Mr. Daw; then, tossing away his cigarette, shedding his glove-fitting black frock coat, folding it neatly on the flat rock and placing thereon the silk hat which he had insisted on wearing for the impromptu cross-country trip, he turned in and helped.

A half-hour of solid work, then the tourists resumed their journey; but this time the driver, running on gravity alone

Blackie Daw, with a wide pan between his knees and a cigarette tilted from one corner of his mouth—so the smoke could escape his eyes—shelling peas



and rolling smoothly and silently down into the valley, held back at a snail's pace to admire the scenery. Straight through the village with its one sloping street they trundled, and even Wallingford became interested as they passed the silent and gloomy electric-light plant and the disintegrated tannery and the windowless wagon factory with its outside runway long since broken down and rotted. Some commercial calamity had occurred here, and Wallingford was keenly alert to such conditions. Blackie Daw, however, saw only the picturesque side of it, and as the few placid but kindly-faced villagers came to their doors or to their garden gates, he gloried in them as parts of the romance.

"All I want now is to see the maid of the mill," he told J. Rufus, as they approached the blackened hewn-log building with its great overshot wheel and its mass of dank foliage. "How does the song run, Jim? 'Long, long years ago, in a mill beside the sea'—or was it 'beside the stream'? Anyhow, it said that you were not to forget but to 'remember, remember the maid of the mill'—oh, darn!"

That unique finish to an ancient song was caused by the engine, for, as they had approached the incline leading up to the mill, Blackie had, for the first time, thrown on the "gas." There was an abortive splutter, and the car went into a trance. The antiquated engine had been unable to withstand the sudden strain on the hill, and all Wallingford's mechanical skill failed to restore it to health; so, in a fit of temper, he finished its possibilities of restoration with a

The New Adventures of Wallingford

sledge-hammer, to the awe of the assembled villagers. These latter, however, were no encouragers of temper, for they were so helpful of intention that even one less genial than Wallingford must have melted. The postmaster, a nice old gentleman in a seersucker coat, suggested telephoning to the courtly-seat for a repair-wagon to come; the blacksmith, a man with benevolent whiskers, offered to go five miles into the country to see if he could borrow an auto owned by a farmer he knew, and the shoemaker and harness-mender were insistent on having the village to a man roll the disabled machine down to the station for loading on the local freight. Wallingford caught at the suggestion of the station.

"Fine!" he hailed. "I'm going to leave the machine here for repairing clocks, hinges, tin roofs, and rubber boots, but I am hearty for the railroad, which I didn't know you had. When do we get the next train?"

"The local freight," answered the blacksmith. "I'm the station- and express-agent. None of the passenger trains stop here but the local freight stops for a flag."

Wallingford and Blackie looked at each other with a grin. Their mishap had gone beyond and higher than tragedy to the realms of comedy.

"When does the local freight shoot through?" asked J. Rufus.

"Oh, seven or eight or nine to-night," returned the blacksmith, striving for accuracy, "or maybe ten."

"Then we shall remain amongst your attractive surroundings until after the evening meal," decided Wallingford, beaming on them all and sundry. "Where is the leading hotel?"

A pained silence; then the nice little old postmaster in the threadbare seersucker coat spoke up.

"Well, there used to be a hotel, but it's been closed about nine years."

"And there used to be a boarding-house, but it closed, too," broke in the merchant, a sturdy old fellow with purple cheek-bones. He sold binder-twine, fertilizer, drugs, and such things. "But, just the same, I guess you won't starve to death. I'd be mighty glad to take you in, but my little grandson has the measles. How's your wife's arm to-day, Joe?"

Joe was the shoe- and harness-mender, and there was the genuine regret of a hospitable man on his leathern face.

"Mighty bad, Emery," he replied. "She can't raise it as high as a skillet-handle."

"I'll take care of them."

Wallingford and Blackie turned their heads sharply upward at the sound of that remarkably sweet voice. On the bank of the mill-race, just above them, was a white-haired little old lady, on whose waxen white face was the perfect peace of a spotless life. The hats of both strangers came off with a jerk, and they tried to protest against the imposition; but since the little old lady, having made up her mind about it, expected nothing else to happen, and since the village seemed to have no intention of permitting anyone to interfere with whatever Miss Abby wanted to do, the thing was settled. Shortly afterward there was presented the unusual spectacle of fat and ponderous J. Rufus Wallingford chasing a yellow-legged young rooster along the bank of the mill-race, and of Blackie Daw, with a wide pan between his knees and a cigarette tilted from one corner of his mouth—so the smoke would escape his eyes—shelling peas beneath a weeping willow.

"I'm plumb mushed soft, J. Rufe," he confessed, as Wallingford came back dripping with the moisture of exertion, but triumphant in the possession of the headless rooster. "I never had a mother, Jim; but if I had, I hope she was like the maid of the mill."

"Like the—oh!" Wallingford smiled, but he, too, looked sentimental. "She certainly is like home and mother and prayer-meeting night and all that stuff; but she's not the maid of the mill, because the maid of the mill is dead in the song, isn't she?"

"The maid of the mill," insisted Mr. Daw. "This is her

father's old mill—born here, and all that. She's just where they left her in the song, when she sang, 'Do not forget me, only, they went away or died and did it; and here's the mill to prove it—'"

"Mr. Wallingford!" called a voice from the door.

"Yes, Miss Abby!" And Jim Wallingford was over there instantly, bowing and smiling soft.

"I'll take the chicken now, and you go back in the patch and get half a dozen ears of nice green corn and a nice long cucumber. Then peel the potatoes, Mr. Daw."

"Yes, Miss Abby!" Blackie was there as fast as his long legs would carry him, and bowing and smiling soft.

"Hurry with the peas, please. I want you to chop some wood." She bustled inside, and the tourists looked at each other with absurd sentimentality in their faces.

"I hope I may choke dead if I ever had as good a time as this!" declared Mr. Daw emphatically.

"Don't waste all the language till you've had this dinner," warned J. Rufus in whose eye there suddenly gleamed the gourmet's gleam; and his warning was well placed, for when the dinner was steaming on the table in the big, high, room through which the wheat-conveyers still slanted, and when they had sat to it with Miss Abby and had listened with awestruck faces to the simple blessing which she asked on the food, and when they had sunk their teeth into that fried chicken and green corn and things, they almost sobbed, it was all so good.

They were in the midst of the feast, and working well toward the freshly made green-apple pie, when little Miss Abby, well pleased with their obvious pleasure, lapsed into puzzled thought and asked this question:

"Do you know what becomes of private property when a mortgage on a town is foreclosed?"

Mr. Wallingford paused, stupefied, in the agreeable labor of polishing a chicken bone according to the well-known process invented by Adam.

"Is that what is about to happen here?" he inquired, still holding a smooth knob of his bone between each set of forefingers and thumbs.

"Well, it amounts to that," went on Miss Abby, intensely distressed. "Ten years ago the railroad came through and we had a boom, but the railroad took that and everything else away from us. You see, we're too near and too far away from a big place. But we didn't know then, and we built an electric-light plant and a water-works, and sewers and a lot of improvements, and gave ten-year bonds which Binville bought from us for their city-fund investment, and now the bonds of Mill Center are due and—and"—Miss Abby paused and looked about her helplessly—"I wouldn't know where to go if they took the mill."

Something distinctly like a gulp was in the throat of each guest. Mr. Wallingford stared at his chicken bone, and Mr. Daw at a slice of cucumber on his fork, as if those objects were great curiosities.

"It won't happen," promised Mr. Daw, with sudden vehemence, and bit his cucumber slice a deadly bite.

"But it must!" worried Miss Abby. "They say it can't be prevented. How can it? If there were any honest means, I'm sure we'd have found them."

Messrs. Wallingford and Daw looked at each other thoughtfully, but with lurking grins.

"There is bound to be some honest way to skin Binville," J. Rufus earnestly assured her. "If you can find bunks for us in the old mill, Miss Abby, I think we'll stay overnight."

II

"It's a rough outlook," confessed Wallingford, as they completed their after-dinner walk about the village with the active Miss Abby for guide and companion. "If you just had one natural resource—one peck of lime in these hills, one pound of coal, one smell of oil—"

"One smell of oil," laughed Miss Abby, her wax-white face glowing as if a light were inside it. "Of course you're

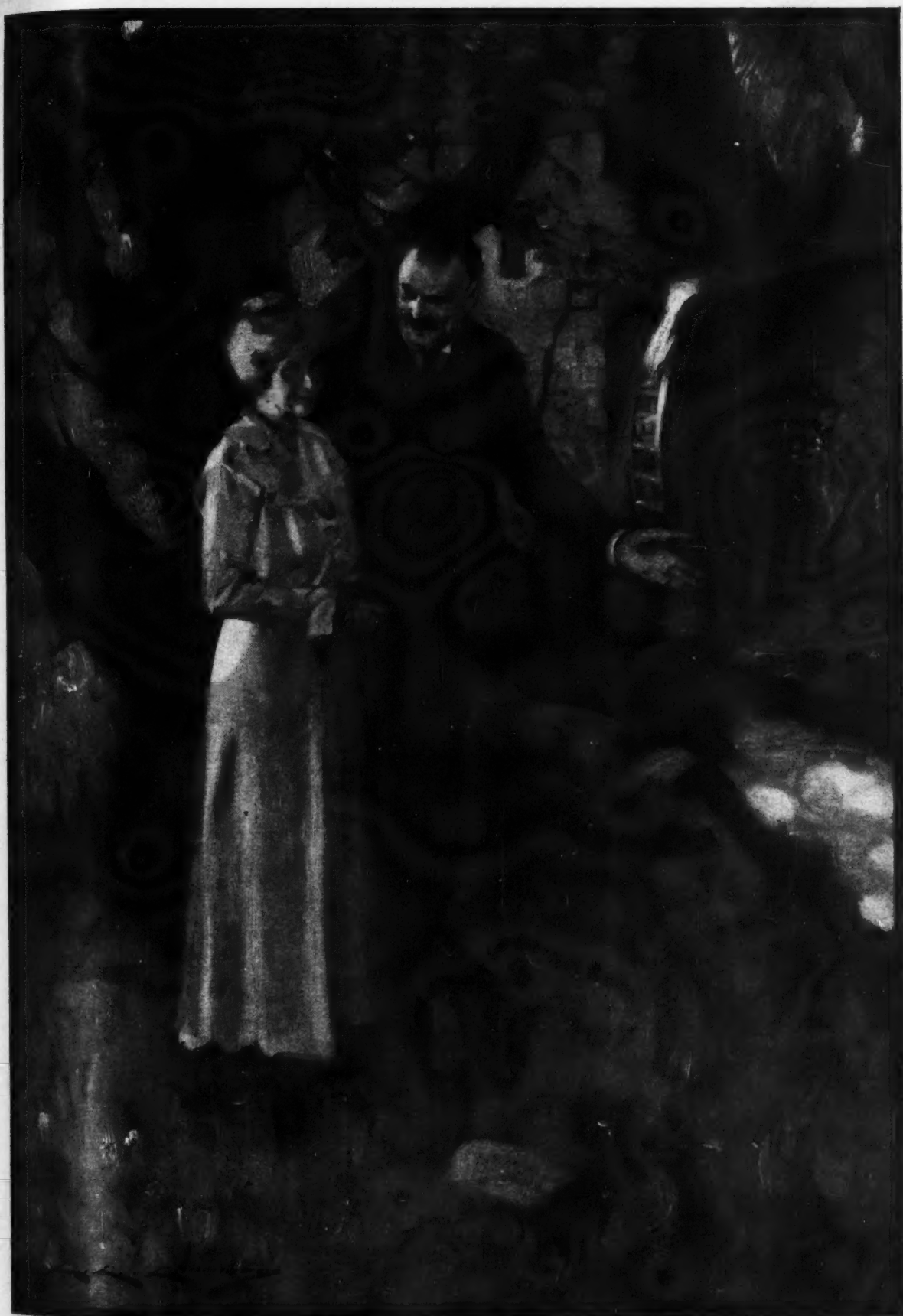


ILLUSTRATION BY CHARLES E. CHAMBERS

The unctuous voice of J. Rufus Wallingford rose and fell in persuasive modulations as, holding the maid of the mill closely, to guide her footsteps down the rough path, he bent above her and poured his eloquence into her shocked ears

speaking figuratively, but it does sound humorous. You couldn't do much with just one smell of oil."

"We couldn't?" Blackie Daw grinned and twisted mustaches into sharp points. "Why, Jim and I could take a half a smell of oil, or a tenth of one, and a good livesucker, and—" He caught a warning glare in the eye of J. Rufus and fell into a panic of embarrassment. "Watch out, Miss Abby; you'll turn your ankle on these slippery rocks. What a beautiful sunset!"

It was indeed a beautiful sunset, and the pink of the sky was in Miss Abby's waxen cheeks, giving them life and the soft color of youth; but in her eye was speculative wonder as she considered the faces of her guests.

"Yes; I've heard how business men capitalize even the most remote possibilities of development," she observed simply. "But we have no business men in Mill Center, or resources. We thought once that perhaps the spring might be a resource, but it wasn't."

"What spring?" Both men asked her that at once.

"The big spring," answered Miss Abby indifferently, then, with more animation as she remembered her duty as a hostess: "I'll show it to you. It's very picturesque, and it flows so much water that father never could have run the mill without it in dry spells."

They were at the edge of the swift little creek which ran tumbling into the mill-race, and Miss Abby, with footsteps habited to every pebble and twig of the way, led up the grass-tufted slope and along the winding bank to the clump of scrub ash and oak and elder bushes which concealed the source of the creek; and here gushed out of the rock to collect, in a natural basin bordered thick with mint, a solid, unending stream of dark water the thickness of a thick man. Blackie scooped some up in his hand and tasted it.



Under the direction of the hard-working Blackie, they laid the cables through carefully concealed conduits

"Great!" he enthusiastically pronounced, as he made a wry face. "That's nasty enough to have medicinal value."

"That's what we thought when we had our boom," laughed Miss Abby; "but Mr. Delman's son analyzed it when he was home from college, and it isn't fit for anything, except to pour over a mill-wheel."

Wallingford frowned and shook his head.

"That's the trouble with a spring; they will analyze it."

"But look here, Jim!" Blackie was delighted with his sudden thought. "We could fix the analysis. Just find out what chemicals would make this water valuable and bury a batch of the drugs in the mud under the pool. It's as easy as salting a mine, and—"

Once more the impetuous Blackie was stopped in his meretricious thought, but it was the clear eye of Miss Abby which this time roused in him shame and embarrassment.

"I don't believe you quite realize what you are proposing, Mr. Daw," she said, deeply pained. "I cannot believe that you realize that would be plain cheating."

"He didn't." J. Rufus immediately defended Blackie. "To tell you the truth, Miss Abby, my friend is sort of a dummy."

"I don't believe that, either," returned Miss Abby, smiling reassuringly at Blackie. "You're jokers, both of you." Then she turned again to the spring. "If this were only good, pure table-water, it might be bottled."

"Or if it only came out of the ground piping hot," considered Wallingford.

"Then it wouldn't need medicinal properties to be a hit with the ailing public."

"I don't suppose that could be called plain cheating," observed Blackie, still smarting from his self-conviction. "You'd call that fancy cheating, I guess."

"Fancy cheating; that's a humorous thought, too." And Miss Abby dwelt on it with a musing smile, while Blackie, watching her, admired and admired; but J. Rufus was watching the postmaster, down in the village, light the oil-lamp in front of his place—and over there was the dark electric-light plant, cobwebs on its windows and rust on its dynamos. He was pondering deeply when he caught the voice of Miss Abby entertaining the rapt Blackie.

"And the water gushes up out of the ground into a big pool in a hollow inside the hill before it finds its outlet here," she was saying. "There is a hidden fissure leading down to the pool through the rocks on the other side of the hill and—"

"That's it!" broke in Wallingford excitedly. "I have your natural resource. We'll start up the electric

plant, lay concealed cables to carry its full current down that fissure, put heating-rods into the pool, and send this spring out here sizzling hot. Then we'll nail some resort

company to take over the cure, and—"

"Why, Mr. Wallingford!" gasped Miss Abby.

The silence which ensued was dense. Blackie had at first started to grin, but, as he saw the shocked countenance of Miss Abby, he started to scowl at Jim; then, as he saw a stubborn look in Jim's face, he turned serious; for the call of the profession had

silently sounded. Suddenly Wallingford's eyes began to twinkle; they half closed, and a chuckle welled up in his throat, shaking his broad shoulders.

"You don't understand this, Miss Abby," he remarked, and, taking the arm of the nice little old lady, he led her away.

That was a wonderful walk for Miss Abby—a thrilling walk. All of her life she had lived in this tiny place, and, condemned by circumstances to remain a spinster, because she could not marry the sort of man she would, and would not marry the sort of man she could, she had come to snow-white hair without ever having encountered male persuasiveness. The untutored voice of J. Rufus Wallingford rose and fell in persuasive modulations as, holding the maid of the mill closely, to guide her footsteps down the rough path, he bent above her and poured his eloquence into her shocked ears. He knew better than to try to veil with sophistry that alert mind, to try to fool her with false reasoning or make her believe that what he proposed was right. No; he acknowledged that it was wrong, and merely bent himself to persuade her to do it, as is the way of a man with a maid, bent himself to breaking down that serene rectitude which had been building up in Miss Abby for more than half a century. And the sounder will!

Miss Abby was all aflutter with her surrender to the attack which had been made on her moral principles—flushed and glowing and eager-eyed, yet shy and nervous. It was the greatest event of her life, and when Blackie, who had followed wonderingly, wonderingly rejoined them at the mill, she glanced at her partner in crime with eyes in which there were such dancing lights as had not been there these many years, and she ran away.

"It's all settled, Blackie," hailed Wallingford, himself elated. "We're to fake that boiling spring and sting some company for enough to clear the town bonds—fifty thousand dollars!"

"You don't mean to say she's in on it?" protested Blackie incredulously.

"You bet she is! She's the gamest little sport that ever was."

"Why, Jim, it's crooked! I won't stand for that. How did you trick that good woman into it? I'm going right in and tell Miss Abby that this deal is the rawest piece of graft—"

"All right. I guess you want her to lose her mill."

"No." Blackie was deeply troubled. "Can't we pay it?"

"Fifty thousand?"

"Well, we can hop out and skin somebody else out of fifty thousand and—"

"What's the matter with you!" exploded Wallingford.

"What's the use of monkeying around when we have a cinch right in our hands."

Blackie looked at him despondently, but finally gave in.

"I'll bet you this, though, Jim: When she finds out the way things are, she'll drop out of it and look down on us both. And how'll you like that?"

Later in the evening, however, Blackie was thrown into another spell of melancholy. The shoemaker, the blacksmith, the postmaster, the keeper of the general store, and Sam Huttingham, who sold squabs by mail, came up to the mill for a conference and were told the plan for saving the town.



"The spring's gone dry!" he shouted. "She laid down! Quit! Not over an hour ago!"

"But, my goodness!" exclaimed the postmaster, wiping his spectacles agitatedly on the threadbare lining of his threadbare seersucker coat. "Good gracious! Why, if I understand this scheme at all, it is absolutely dishonest!"

"Certainly it is!" agreed the maid of the mill, and she laughed in keen delight. "It's perfectly crooked, and we're all going to be grafters!"

III

THE total corruption of Mill Center was an accomplished fact, even though the suddenly puritanical Blackie Daw held aloof from any influence along dishonorable lines. His influence was not needed. The magnetic personality of J. Rufus Wallingford and the unquestioned leadership of Miss Abby were quite sufficient to undermine the morals of the adult citizens to the point of doing their nefarious work under cover of night. Under the direction of the hard-working Blackie, they laid the cables through carefully concealed conduits from the electric-light plant round the hill to the fissure, and they inserted the big heating-units in the pool. Meantime, Sam Huttingham, who had been a helper in the electric-light plant before it was discontinued for want of coal, took hold of the plant again, aided by Wallingford, and put it in working order, and then car-load after car-load of coal began to arrive. There were electric lights in Mill Center the very night the first coal came, and the next morning early, the little children at play came dashing madly to their homes with eyes like saucers, to say that the spring was full of boiling water! They did not need to tell that tale, for clouds of steam hung over the spring and over the hill and amid the shrubbery in various unexpected places.

It was then that J. Rufus Wallingford hied himself to Binville and sought an audience with a gentleman who was not in business of any sort, or in any public office, or in politics, but whom everyone, from bootblacks to bartenders, told Wallingford was the man to see. He was a placid man, was Henry Dart, and a man who did (Continued on page 139)



At the *Folies-Mondaines*

By Arnold Bennett

Decoration by W. T. Benda

We are all very much interested in France nowadays, and naturally anxious to add to our understanding of her wonderful people. Mr. Bennett, who is an enthusiastic admirer of France and the French, has made in this essay a charming and sympathetic study of certain types to be found in Parisian life, from which we can, perhaps, gain some appreciation of the nation's attitude toward the unparalleled tragic ordeal it has for the last four years been called upon to undergo.

IN former days, having then recently discovered that after twenty-five years' study of the French language, I could neither speak it with any freedom nor currently understand it when spoken, I used to go to the theater in Paris several nights a week, and sit in a stall as near as possible to the stage and listen to the performance with the whole power of my brain. And so, one afternoon, on my way up to the heights, I called at the Folies-Mondaines to book a seat. The Folies-Mondaines was one of those theaters—you see them in every capital—which, for reasons not unconnected with commercial failure, get themselves baptized with a fresh name about once a year. I dare say that the Folies-Mondaines still exists, but I should be greatly surprised if it is not now called something quite else. It was a small theater above the Boulevard de Rochechouart, extremely shabby at all points, and it would have been condemned as unsanitary and dangerous to life in any capital except Paris or Madrid.

There was a neat young woman in front of me at the window of the box-office. I heard her put the question:

"'The Surprises of Divorce,' is it not, this week?"

Bisson's celebrated and mediocre farce was on the bills.

"Yes, *madame*," said the white-whiskered humorist inside the box-office, in a voice, urbane, playful, and paternal;

74

"'The Surprises of Divorce.' A piece very interesting for young married women."

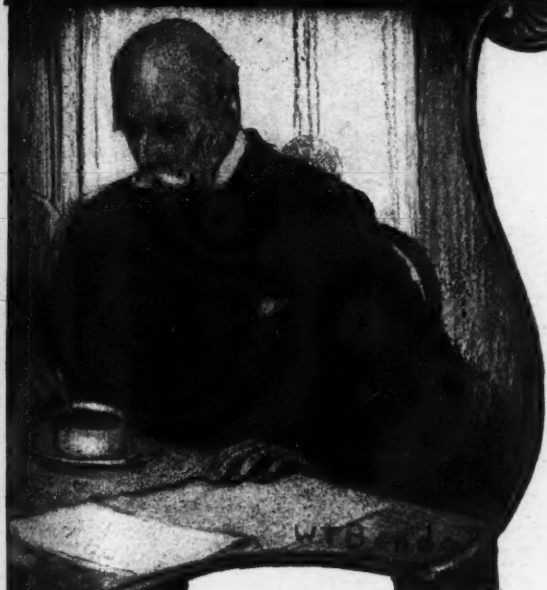
The young woman wanted to take out a subscription to the theater, entitling the holder to one visit a week for so many weeks. The next moment she had passed within the tiny stronghold of the box-office, and, their heads bent over a paper, the ancient man explained to the neat young woman the mysteries of the special subscription terms. It appeared that, in fact, she wanted two subscriptions. They chatted at length in a curious mixture of courtliness and free speech while I waited. She was probably the wife of some clerk or small tradesman; but she knew how to converse—and so did he, in spite of his indescribable collar. There was no hurry. Impossible for them to conceive that I was in a hurry—I was not—or that such a phenomenon as hurry existed in the whole world. However, during the course of the afternoon I obtained my orchestra-stall, price one franc fifty centimes, or thirty cents.

II

It was my fortune up on the heights to witness a spectacle which never fails to interest the enlightened and the unen-



For de
the Fr
in Eu
cart w
reache
which
attem
The
bled t
The s
gled
usual
fortab
reason
which
come



valet, and he knows that somebody is always wondering what he will do next. But even a horse has a quite special feeling of majesty and importance when he is down, blocking half a thoroughfare and drawing crowds from all quarters, and he would be a fool if he attempted to shorten the minutes of glory.

The teamster gave a little fatalistic nod. The multitude—mainly men with a low type of face, misshapen features, squinting eyes, bullet-heads, and an odor—was good-natured and anxious to assist. A dozen gesticulated and shouted various advice. A dozen others bustled round in what looked like active assistance. The teamster began serious operations by lighting a cigarette. An amiable middle-aged policeman appeared and gazed intelligently upon the scene. His glinting eyes seemed to say: "I am the Republic. I am benevolent. My children, you are so far committing no crime, and for your sake and mine I hope that you will continue to commit no crime. Meanwhile, my attitude is strictly impartial and without prejudice to anything that the Code may in the result compel me to do."

Five minutes elapsed before the helpers mastered their genial excitement and acquired sufficient calm to carry out the suggestions of the teamster, and even then they blundered. Nobody could have believed that, in the course of wild activity, neither the horse would be maimed, nor the cart smashed, nor the bricks spilled. Yet none of these calamities happened. The job was safely accomplished. You wondered how; but it was accomplished. The teamster maintained his perfect fatalism throughout. My conclusion was that if the crowd, instead of being a crowd of Frenchmen, had been a crowd of Frenchwomen, with their *sang-froid* and alert, efficient resourcefulness, the incident would have ended much sooner and with fewer risks.

All this lofty quarter of Paris, with its slanting, tortuous streets, in whose names the religious history of the city can be read, its still squares, its toppling architecture, has a character of its own. It is a place by itself. Omnibuses never reach it, and cabs seldom; it is like a provincial capital stranded in a backwater of time. And it is Montmartre—the Mount of Martyrs—which, in fact, begins just where tourists think Montmartre finishes—that is to say, immediately north of the Boulevard de Clichy and the Boulevard de Rochechouart.

Exhausted by the exertion of watching the work on the horse, I went into a little café. And it resembled a little club in its discreet, dark furnishing—marble, crimson plush, figured panels—and its respectable quietude. (Continued on page 145)

lightened alike, and which, at least, as well as anything else, reveals the character of a city. I mean the fall of a horse in the street. The accident was due to the French practise of balancing really large and heavy carts on two wheels only.

For dangerousness, picturesqueness, and total unpracticality, the French two-wheeled cart could be equaled by no vehicle in Europe except the old London hansom. This particular cart was loaded with bricks. Impossible to guess how it had reached the summit of Montmartre, the roads leading to which are so steep that Paris cabmen often refuse even to attempt them.

The vast affair was turning a corner. The leader stumbled to his knees twice, but ultimately got round in safety. The shaft-horse subsided under the enormous strain, struggled for an instant, and then decided, as wise horses usually do in such circumstances, that he was fairly comfortable where he reclined, and that there was no pressing reason why he should go out of his way to resume labors which brought no advantage to himself. A horse is accustomed to being a center of attraction; he always has his



She was hatless, and wrapped in something shapeless and dark. She stopped at the
through the dark that hid him.

QUALITY SQUARE is not a square but an island—a small, smug island set in a sea of frowsy tenement streets that cut it off from the big square east of it. The big square, with its dim arch and dimmer trees, is the center of Greenwich Village and bohemia, and it is old to fame; but the little square is new—a baby island off the great coast of bohemia, the latest outpost of bohemia in an alien but tolerant world.

The little square is new and looks newer. One dank alley, still unreclaimed by bohemia, makes a ragged gap in its brave front, but only one. All round the square you

may see paint mixed by lavish but amateur hands into amazing orange, hot purples, or reds or unbelievable blues, and brasses winking rakishly in the sun, and tiny window-panes polished abnormally bright, hand-dyed curtains of flimsy silk, in colors that never were on land or sea, and, brightest of all, all round the square, the signs—for every third house on the square is a shop or a tea-room. The Purple Cow, The Blue Moon, and other nature-fakes, The Gray Ghost Gift Shop, The Mermaids' Cavern, and—for it is there still—The Sign of the Golden Girl. Signs that bohemia, which always sang for its supper, now sells the

The Golden Girl

By Louise Dutton

Illustrated by John Alonzo Williams

she is only a doll. Newly gilded to hide the mark Jerry Hollister left, she swings and smiles in the sun above her yellow-curtained tea-room. For Quality Square is an island of bohemia, the wise old bohemia that is not dead and can never die; and this is the story of Jerry Hollister, but it is only one story of Quality Square.

Jerry Hollister was a very nice boy—as nice as he looked, and not much older than he looked—a shy, blond boy, with large, surprised blue eyes. Jerry looked like Muggs. “Muggs in Manhattan,” was his first famous cartoon-series, running already in the *Planet*, though it had not made Jerry rich or famous yet, and Jerry was in no hurry to be. And, indeed, you never sleep better at night than when you may wake up any morning and find yourself famous—in that wonder-time of life, when nothing much has happened to you yet, but anything may and something is bound to soon, when you have the goods and nobody knows it but you.

Meantime, Jerry knew his New York almost as well as he thought he did, and loved it as far as he knew it, which is the best of recipes for knowing it better. He lived in a studio near the sleepy old park where his club-house was—the White Rabbits club, that center of letters and art—and he played the best game of Kelly pool in the club. Also, he was engaged—not very much engaged—to a girl named Alice, who did fashion-notes for the *Planet* and dined with him Wednesday evenings and walked with him on the Palisades on Sundays. She was a very nice girl and has nothing to do with this story, which begins one evening in March, when Jerry was walking home from the club.

It was only midnight, but felt later. Rain had been falling in drizzly gusts, but now it hung in the air, too sticky and thick to fall. Two blocks from the wood fires and red-shaded lights of the Rabbits, and you were far away and wanted to be farther, alone in the rainy night and, for choice, on the water-front. So Jerry, whistling a tune which sounded to him like the *berceuse* from “Jocelyn,” started south and west. He avoided Fifth Avenue, rain-washed and empty now, but a public thoroughfare still, with no reserves or mysteries. Through the grill-room windows of the Evert, he saw at least three men who would

toy gate of her toy house and looked round the square, and then, directly at Jerry

supper instead of the song; signs that the old bohemia is dead. But is it dead?

Round Quality Square, very innocent, very gay, the little low old houses, newly brave and bright against a blue morning sky, look like a toy-land, a doll-land, a little land that you might walk through absorbed and never see. Also, you might walk past a tiny poisonous snake that lay stretching itself in the sun, but if you set your heel upon it, it would bite you—a tiny, glittering snake, the direct descendant of the oldest serpent in the world. And this is Quality Square—as the Golden Girl would tell you if she could speak, but

The Golden Girl

have bought drinks for him, but he hurried past and across the big square to the little square beyond. The big square slept under trees heavy with fog, but the little square was awake—drowsily awake, like a child put to bed under warm covers, but stirring. Jerry stood still under the lamp outside the basement of The Mermaids' Cavern.

The scattering lights round the square showed sleepy and dim through the fog. Nobody was in sight, but somewhere up in the rabbit-warrens of studios, most of them empty and dark, a beautiful, battered tenor voice was singing "*Sole Mio!*" Across the square, up in The Blue Moon, violins droned steadily, and they were dancing there. But the square was emptier than before.

"I'm the man that shuts New York at night," Jerry quoted from a favorite revue. "Greetings, sister!" he added politely, for the small, square windows of the shop next door had flowered suddenly into light, pale light behind close-drawn curtains; but against it, very bright and big in the fog, looking almost life-size and almost real gold, her calm, closed eyes turned to his, her calm lips slightly parted and smiling, hung the Golden Girl.

"Happy days!" Jerry said to his friend, for the Girl was an old friend of Jerry's, three months old, and that is old in the square. The Girl was his best friend in the Village, and seemed to him like some presiding genius of the square.

"Quality Square," she always said to Jerry, "we know what it is, you and I." And Jerry knew.

"Quality Square," Jerry said. He said it softly, out loud, and his voice said more. "You are only a poor little pinchbeck bohemia, a child's-size bohemia, and I am a man," it said. "You, who never echoed a poet's song or broke a heart, can only take my money and give me my money's worth and let me go. You never looked so harmless and small as you look to-night, Quality Square."

Nobody in the sleepy little square made any answer to this challenge except silence—silence, which is the most final answer of all. Then, as suddenly as it had come, the yellow light flickered out, and the Golden Girl was gone.

Gone—but Jerry was not alone. The Golden Girl's dwarfed yew hedge crackled behind him, and the tiles of her tiny flagged court rattled under his feet, and her ancient window-sashes creaked as he stood close to them and listened. Inside, with only her flimsy front wall between, a real girl was crying.

Crying softly, but, when you once heard it, the sound was the only sound in the square to you. One window was open, the damp curtain limp against Jerry's face, and he heard, and, after a minute, saw more clearly into the small, shallow room. He looked, then stepped back into the black wedge of court between the Mermaids' door and the Girl's, and waited. The crying grew fainter and stopped; a window creaked cautiously shut; then the narrow door opened quickly and a girl came out.

She was hatless, and wrapped in something shapeless and dark. She stopped at the toy gate of her toy house and looked round the square, and then, through the dark that hid him, directly at Jerry. Then she pulled her cloak tight round her, and giving no backward glance at the house but shutting the creaking door softly, she slipped across the square, past the sharply lighted windows of The Blue Moon, and so round the corner and out of sight. And after an ungallant hesitation, and just in time, another dark figure followed her. It was Jerry's.

About him were tangled streets that led to the river. Air, damp with fog but fresh and alive, blew into his face already. Far in front was, curiously, the pier he had himself been headed for. The girl was taking every intricate turn toward it, as if she, too, knew the way.

On the ragged street behind the docks, a flurry of rain met them. The girl's small, hurrying figure did not pause but crossed the narrow street and disappeared between two warehouses—Jerry's warehouses. Many watchmen were his friends—this was in the lost days of a lightly guarded water-front—and the river was his friend, and this was his

favorite way to it. Now, in the fog, it had the sudden strangeness of familiar things as he followed the girl, and the light at the end showed a queer yellow green and looked miles away. The girl moved quickly toward it, a gray shadow in the fog. He lost her, then found her again and hurried forward. Near the light, in the shelter of a tumble-down shed, he stopped.

The meaning of the picture Jerry saw was clear. The dark little heap under the lamp was not the girl but her discarded cloak, but the girl was there, too—at the end of the pier, where Jerry always went to feel close to the kind, lazy river, sinister and black through the fog to-night. Jerry had interrupted a suicide.

The girl did not turn or see him or move. Both arms high above her head, her small figure taller so, she leaned above the dark water. Then she swayed closer and closer to it, and then, with a little shivering sigh, dropped suddenly to her knees and hid her face in her hands. And then—and not until then—Jerry came round the corner of the shed that had screened his approach to her.

She shrank into a smaller, more pathetic heap at his feet, her thin shoulders shaken with sobs. But, in spite of the crisis that had just passed, it was the same sound that had come from the house in the square—the same soft, steady crying. Presently it stopped, and her hands dropped, and she looked up at Jerry, waiting quietly for her to speak.

"I—I lost my nerve," said the girl, in a soft, smooth voice—low, but with no hint of tears in it.

"You have nerve enough," Jerry said deliberately. Helping her to her feet, he drew her close to the lamp. "I want," he explained politely, "to look at you."

Jerry looked. Her arms, thin but unexpectedly warm and soft, relaxed in Jerry's hands and her eyes met his, and, by that lurid half-light, the light of lights for her, he looked for the first time at Sanine.

Her straight brown hair was bobbed in good Greenwich Village fashion and framed a small, pale face with rouged lips and big green eyes—hot eyes, with the look of fires that burn too quickly and secret things forced prematurely into the light. Village eyes—but they were Sanine's. Her face was only a Village face—but you looked at it. You saw that there was nothing to see, but you looked. You looked as if you could never look away, and you did not know why.

"Sanine," she said, "Mary Alexandra Rutherford—Sanine." She introduced herself indifferently, as if Jerry were not worth keeping secrets from. "Well?" she said defiantly, and then, like a naughty child discovered, "Well?"

"I was making up my mind," Jerry explained, "what to do with you. Suicide," he went on calmly, in his nice English voice, "is, as you know, a crime against society, and the night court is conveniently near. On the other hand, little girls who go out into the night and look for trouble deserve to get it. But this pier is, in a sense, my home, and I feel responsible for any crimes committed here. My position, you see, is by no means simple. It is," he added politely, "a fine night for crime."

"You have no right to interfere with me," flashed Sanine.

"None," agreed Jerry.

"You—followed me here."

"It occurred to me from time to time that you were aware of that."

"You are absurd," said Sanine uncertainly. "I don't get you." Then, sulky but really curious, "What are you going to do?"

"Prevent any crime being committed on my pier without proper preliminaries," said Jerry promptly. "There is a right and wrong way to do everything, even jump off a pier. You are, perhaps, new to crime; I am newer. But we will work out a rough program as we go along. I will"—he was obviously proud of the noble phrase—"do the right thing by you."

"Suppose I won't—carry out your program?"

"Then you can't jump off my pier," said Jerry simply. "But you will. This way please. Thank you." He had



"You have," said Sanine.

"If you don't like the way I confess, do it yourself," said Jerry.

"You have one minute more," said Sanine, out of the dark.

Jerry waited. It grew very still in the shed. He could not hear Sanine breathing now. Sanine, in her corner, was only a darker shape in the surrounding dark—a small, huddled shape. Jerry came suddenly close and bent over it.

"One minute is enough," he said. "You were watching me in your house in the dark. I doubt if you ever cried a real tear in your life. You certainly haven't tonight. You turned at the corners and watched for me. You meant me to follow you here. And you had no intention of jumping off my pier or any pier." Jerry bent closer. "Haven't you anything to say for yourself, Mary Alexandra Rutherford—Sanine?"

"Is that all?"

"Not quite," said Jerry rather breathlessly. "Is it true?"

"Yes." Her answer came calmly and indifferently out of the dark, but after a tense little pause. "Yes; true, and you know it. If you knew, why did you follow me and stay here making fun of me? Why—why—why? I never want to see you again. I hate you!"

"And I never want to see you again," said Jerry.

"Take your disgusting coat," said Sanine, trampling it disdainfully underfoot. "Good-night."

Then Sanine said nothing more. Nothing, because, as she rose gropingly, putting out a hand to Jerry, a hand that trembled, Jerry, with a soft, sudden laugh, caught her and held her. It was the moment that had been coming quickly near through their broken and breathless speech, coming since Jerry first looked at her. There was the sound of a sharp little struggle in the dark.

"Part third and last—the fond farewell,"

Jerry said then.

Sanine was quite still in his arms. She felt small there, and light, and her thin arms were round his neck, but, in the flickering light, dark and unconquered eyes looked up at him—eyes with all the wisdom and lure of other eyes Jerry knew, and yet like no eyes but Sanine's.

"Sanine, how old are you?" Jerry said. He could just hear her answer. "Eighteen? You never were eighteen. Listen: You can't walk into my life and out again and get away with it. You know that, don't you? You needn't answer. I know. You don't like me. I don't like you. But I am coming down into your silly square after you. I am going to make silly dates with you and keep them.

it? Well, I know little of suicide but much of the Village and already something of you. I will confess, and you can repent. Stop me if I am wrong." But Jerry went on, unchecked and apparently unheard. "Sanine, you are tired of the Village. You and The Golden Girl are the sole support of a widowed mother. She is not so tired of the Village as you are. You are tired of the Village and the world. And there is a man—" Jerry made an impressive pause. "He does not want to marry you. Or, he did not want to marry you. There was a man." Jerry seemed pleased with these dramatic details. Sanine did not. "I have seen your mother," said Jerry, "and I have probably seen your man. The Village is full of them."

The Golden Girl

You are going—aren't you?—to meet me here at ten, two weeks from to-night. Who is it you look like, Sanine?"

Suddenly Jerry knew. Her hot eyes drooped before his, infinitely wise under closing lids; her parted lips half smiled, and in Sanine's little face was the stillness of sculptured faces, their eternal defiance, their mocking calm.

"The Golden Girl," Jerry said.

"Let me go," Sanine whispered. "I'm ashamed. I'm afraid. Don't try to see me again. Let me go!"

Jerry did not hear. Sanine, the Golden Girl, and Quality Square were all one, all allied against him, and if they could drag him into this harmless but unprecedented adventure, what more could they do? For one minute, long in the dark and fog, Jerry was afraid of them. Then, holding her suddenly close, he kissed Sanine. Once only. It was the strangest kiss. Her eyes were closed, but the Gipsy fires of them had touched her lips. They were warm, but remote under his—dream-lips, a kiss in a dream.

"We are both afraid," Jerry said; "but—she's started something, and you and I have got to go through, Sanine."

When Jerry waked next day, with the light of high noon staring through his four clean, curtainless windows, his fear was gone like all shadows of the night, but his rain-soaked boots were real and his adventure was real, and Jerry still blamed the Golden Girl for it.

"You are trying to show me that Quality Square can get me," Jerry said to the Girl, as he rose from his Oriental divan with American springs and started his percolator, "Well, it can't. But I'll give it a chance. Your young friend Sanine, who impresses me as the fakiest thing in the whole fakey square, can bring out her entire bag of tricks. When they cease to amuse me, I'll break away."



She relaxed in his arms, her head warm against his shoulder.

Jerry dressed, breakfasted, and consulted his notes for the next "Adventure of Muggs." "Muggs," they informed him appropriately, "goes to Greenwich Village."

"Fate!" said Jerry, and laughed. "Well, go as far as you like," he said to the Golden Girl; "it's up to you."

Jerry kept all his engagements promptly. Two weeks later, there on the stroke of ten and looking trim and tailored and shy, he found on the bench at the end of the pier a young woman as tailored and shy as he—a changed Sanine, but under the smartly veiled hat, the soft hair looked helpless and young and the shy eyes infinitely old; it was Sanine.

"Do you like me?" she said.

"Not yet. But you have your points," said Jerry. "We can't keep up this 'movie' stuff. To-morrow night I dine at your well-known restaurant and collect you, and we do a musical show?"

"To-morrow," Sanine dismissed the remote subject. "To-night."

"To-night," Jerry said. "I've got a taxi waiting, and we are having a quiet supper up-town."

"Going to dazzle me with grandeur and put me in my place?" asked Sanine.

"Exactly," said Jerry.

The tramp taxi rattled them quickly out of Sanine's dark world into Jerry's bright one. Sanine looked rather wilted and shabby as Jerry helped her out at the carriage-entrance of the restaurant, but over Sanine's shoulder the yellow lights of the taxi laughed at him like the Golden Girl's eyes. So the fight between Jerry Hollister and the Golden Girl began.

The story of that fight is a story of two fights, and the first of them lasted through March into April and through April into May. And those months were the happiest months of Jerry Hollister's life. They were pure gold—precious, wasting gold. Dawn through his curtainless windows was a new sight to him every day; night on his lumpy couch was too short to sleep through when he might spend it in waking dreams, and sleep was dreamless and sweet, and waking a new birth.

And in these good months, the things that Jerry writes down when asked for facts about his life began to happen and happen fast, so that the Rabbits watched him anxiously and in vain for signs of improper pride when he beat them at Kelly pool.

The *Planet* raised his prices, then two other editors discovering Muggs, had to raise them again and then again. Jerry got magazine-illustrating contracts he could afford to accept, then contracts he could not afford to refuse. He assisted one Mrs. Payson Terhune at the Maytime War-Aid Festival—and did not know that he was arriving socially. All Jerry's world was his and waiting to be claimed, and something else was his—Sanine.

Sanine had only a small place in Jerry's big world. Jerry might dine with her every night for a week or neglect her for a week. She exacted nothing. So Jerry soon began to spend all his free evenings with her, but his free evenings were few. (Continued on page 143)

week. She exacted nothing. So Jerry soon began to spend all his free evenings with her, but his free evenings were few. (Continued on page 143)

Virtuous Wives

By Owen Johnson

Illustrated by George Gibbs

ANDREW FORRESTER, an ambitious New York business man, has married Amy Starling, whose father—her mother having died when she was twelve—has brought her up in the most indulgent manner, while every responsibility has been spared her. The young couple find a place in a wealthy and idle set of people who are entirely strange to Andrew, and he, carried away by their mode of life and scale of living, resolves to sacrifice everything for a few years and become a millionaire. So he accepts the presidency of a refining and smelting company, which post necessitates long absences in Arizona and Mexico.

Amy's particular friends are Mesdames Dellabarre, Challoner, and Lightbody. These women see little of their husbands and are a great deal in the company of other men, but, as they never overstep the bounds of propriety, they regard themselves as perfectly virtuous wives. Tody Dawson and Jap Laracy are young men of the fetch-and-carry type, protégés of Irma Dellabarre, and she obligedly turns the former over to Mrs. Forrester, in order that Amy, like the rest of her set, may have some "safe" gallant to dance attendance on her. The result is that, after a time, Dawson thinks himself madly in love with Amy, and, declaring himself, she is obliged to set him right very positively as to how she purposes conducting herself.

But she continues to seek only pleasure and excitement in her existence. There seems to be no limit to her extravagance. Her husband, who is away most of the time, is unable to make her realize the necessity for discretion in the liberty she enjoys, and sees a policy of defiance to his wishes. He also tells her in vain that his business affairs are in bad shape and that economy is necessary. Finally, he put her on an allowance. He now finds a sympathizer with his difficulties in Mrs. Dellabarre, who, nevertheless, tries to excuse his wife on account of the way in which she has been brought up.

Amy becomes more and more drawn toward Monte Bracken, a man of distinguished bearing and very much of the world. His sister-in-law, Claire, a woman of fine character, seeing the attraction, talks to her earnestly on the duties and responsibilities of wifehood, and says that she thinks Monte should marry Fifi Nordstrum, Amy's cousin. This, to Amy, is somewhat of a shock, but she promises to do everything to help.

The Forresters, with most of their set, are spending the summer close to New York on Long Island. One day, while on a visit to the city with a party which includes Bracken, Amy comes across her husband and Mrs. Della-



Irma Dellabarre, smiling and composed under a sweeping Leghorn hat, came out with Mon Amour under her arm

barre at tea in a restaurant. That night, she makes a desperate attempt to come to an understanding with Andrew. She offers to give up seeing Monte if he ceases his attentions to Irma. But he refuses, saying that Irma's friendship means a great deal to him. He tells his wife she has never loved him and she must now go her own way. But he expresses confidence that as long as she bears his name, she will treat it with respect.

V

THE next morning, Andrew Forrester was up with the sun and out for a morning gallop. The first thought in his mind was how to arrange to see Irma Dellabarre. For see her he felt he must, after the decisive events of the night. Until the explanation with his wife, he had not been quite sure of his own sentiments, but the declaration he had made gave a note of finality, an answer to the perplexities which had existed

in his own mind. He had burned the bridges behind him, and every instinct now impelled him to the other woman with a strength which surprised him.

Amy was not down at breakfast, pretexting a cold contracted on the ride home. Kitty Lightbody and the boys went off immediately for a tennis tournament which was scheduled at ten o'clock. Everyone would be lunching on the club veranda. He seized the opportunity eagerly, had Gregory telephone the Dellabarres that he was coming. Amy, of course, would learn of his destination, but, though

he would have spared her any unnecessary affront, he felt that he must see Irma—and see her at once.

To Irma he had never put into words the emotion which drew him to her. It was not necessary. She could be under no illusions on that score. Neither by word nor action had he departed from the attitude of deep veneration which she had inspired. Beyond that, he had opened his heart completely, and, in return, he had felt that, by a word here and there, a look of sadness, by a chance suggestion, she had shown him the Calvary which she endured at home.

He did not get out of the motor when he reached the house but said to the butler, who came out, smiling,

"Just say Mrs. Forrester's car is waiting for Mrs. Dellabarre, will you?"

"That was rather foolish," he thought the next moment. "It looks rather strange if I don't get out and go in."

He rose, descended, and then changed his mind. Being in a false position left him irritated and uncomfortable. To give himself an excuse, he passed to the front of the car and threw up the hood.

"Do you find it carbonizes much, Bingham?" he inquired.

"No, sir; not so much now, sir."

The door opened. He looked up eagerly. Mr. Dellabarre came out, frail, mechanical, bushy, like a marionette on strings.

"How do, Dellabarre?" he said, closing the hood so as not to have to offer his hand.

"Isn't Mrs. Forrester with you?" said Dellabarre slowly.

"Amy's dosing up a sore throat, and so, to save time, I ran over to get Irma," he said hurriedly.

"I understand."

Andrew came round the car. Their glances met. The appearance of Dellabarre was a shock to him. There was an unmistakable pasty look about him, and the hand on the button of the jacket shook.

"There's death in that fellow's eyes," he thought, and the next moment recoiled before the sinister speculation.

Irma Dellabarre, in a blue foulard, smiling and composed under a sweeping Leghorn hat, came out with Mon Amour under her arm.

"Hello, Andrew! Well, this is a surprise!" she said, lightly offering her hand. "Mind my taking the darling? Why, where's Amy?"

Somehow, her words grated on his ear. He repeated again the excuse he had given the husband. The situation was horribly false. He felt guilty and revealed.

"Coming over later, Rudy?" said Irma, stepping into the motor and installing Mon Amour.

"Later—yes."

"Do. It's going to be quite exciting."

Mr. Dellabarre was still standing at attention as the car swung into the drive. They were silent, each under the echo of the parting.

"He is in a terrible state," she murmured, looking away. They passed the gatekeeper and swung out into the main road. She leaned back and drew a long breath of relief, passing her hand over her eyes.

"Good God, what an existence!" Forrester thought.

The embarrassment of their mutual deception before the husband was still upon him. Before his eyes rose again the racked figure of Rudolph Dellabarre. How long would he drag out this shattered existence, he thought moodily.

"It may come all in a moment," he said to himself, "and then it may drag on for years. You never can tell. It's



Tody and Jap were bounding about, indulging in

awful to have such thoughts—awful, and yet—” He glanced at Irma, wondering if that sinister possibility were back of the melancholy in her eyes.

"You have had a talk with Amy?" she said, without turning toward him.

"Yes; last night."

"I supposed so."

"It was painful—very," he said, frowning.

"I'm sorry, Andrew." She laid her hand on his arm. "You have so much to bear. I'm sorry if I have made it

any worse." She hesitated a moment. "Do you think it was wise to come for me like this?"

"I had to see you."

"Yes; but at the club you could have managed that. Will she be there?"

"I don't know. She wasn't down for breakfast," he said gloomily. "Well—I've told her all." She looked

tell me all. Of course she did not believe that I met you by accident."

"No; of course not."

"Did you—did you admit that?"

"I refused to discuss you in any way."

She nodded in approval.

"What a pity!" she said, turning to him, with sadness in her eyes. "Why couldn't they leave us alone? Why spoil something that was so genuine, so real. But that's the trouble, Andrew. Now it will be so different."

He drew a long breath, and the fighting look, which was characteristic of him when he was crossed, set over his lips and his forehead.

"No, it won't," he said doggedly. "We have done nothing wrong. It is our own affair."

"How little you know," she said, with a sigh.

"I think the situation is clearer than you think," he said slowly. "Shall I tell Bingham to take the long way round?"

"No, no; I wouldn't do that," she said hastily. "It is rather conspicuous as it is, our coming-up like this."

"I'm sorry," he said gloomily.

"I don't blame you, Andrew," she said gently. "Now tell me quickly."

When he had finished the details of his interview with Amy, there were tears in her eyes and she looked away.

"Yes; it was hard," he consented. "I didn't get much sleep last night. It's always hard when you come to a parting of the ways. And yet, now frankly, it is a relief. It was all false, our pretending toward each other. For, Irma, don't make any mistake. Amy doesn't love me—she hasn't for a long while."

"I don't know," she said, shaking her head. "I wonder."

"I have no hard feelings toward her—now," he said slowly. "I've been responsible for much. At the bottom, of course, we should never have married."

All other explanations are beside the point. I have left the matter in her hands. I think I know what she will do."

"You are quite sure that this will mean nothing to you?"

"It may mean everything to me," he said directly. "You must understand, of course, what I mean."

She nodded and looked away.

"You are fortunate."

"I?" he said, startled.

"You have no children," she said sadly. "Children complicate everything."

"Good heavens, Irma!" he exclaimed. "You are the one I marvel at. How can you go on?"



antics which set the crowd in roars of laughter

alarmed. "I said nothing about you," he hastened to add.

"Are you sure?"

"I refused to discuss you." Then he corrected himself. "Your name, of course, was mentioned, but I said nothing about my feelings toward you. I did say that if we were both free, I should consider it an honor to have you for my wife. I said it to show the respect I felt toward you."

"Yes; I see." She frowned. "I think you had better

"And yet I do."

"But why—why?" he cried. "Everyone knows the situation. No one would blame you—" He checked himself. "I won't talk of that to-day—your side of it—but you must have considered possibilities."

"Considered?" Of course; of course!"

"Sometime we will talk the future over honestly, without fear—not now," he said. "There's a big life ahead for both of us." She did not answer. "You understand," he said gently. He laid his hand over hers. His touch had always a magnetic power over her. She looked up at him, a smile on her lips, sadness in her eyes.

"What a pity, Andrew!" she said, shaking her head. "If I thought you could be happy with her, I would sacrifice myself—oh, yes, a hundred times over!"

"No, no; not you—wait, wait a little longer," he said huskily, and his hand closed over hers in a sudden tension.

VI

AMY FORRESTER was already in the white crowd which crowded the veranda and streamed over the green lawns. She came up bravely to meet them.

"Good gracious, what lazy people! Really, Irma, if you run away with my husband like that, I shall be getting jealous!" she exclaimed, loud enough for several persons to hear.

"Is she going to fight for him?" thought Irma, while Andrew was divided between irritation at an attitude which he knew to be false and admiration for her gameness.

"Well, she stands up to the guns," he thought gratefully. Under the merciful shade of the lace sun-hat she wore, he detected the shadows of a sleepless night. Unaccustomed to the manners of society, to its Stoic etiquette and its hidden sorrows, its ambuscades, its treacheries and its smiling hatreds, it shocked him profoundly to see the two women join arms and move into the crowd. He followed more slowly, revolting at the comedy he saw they would be forced to play.

"Is there an interesting match on?" asked Irma mechanically.

"Yes, indeed! Tody and Jap are playing against the Bartons, one set all," she answered. The pressure of Irma's arm burned her. Yet, determined on her rôle, she said, with calculated lightness: "Why all this mystery, dear? Only too delighted if you'll wake Andrew up a bit. It's just what he needs."

Despite the nonchalance of her words, her eyes fastened eagerly on Irma, seeking to learn from her expression the true state of affairs. All night long, in wakeful, turning hours, she had asked herself how far it had gone? What was she capable of? Was it possible that Irma herself cared, and if she did, what then?

"Of course you'll think I'm fibbing," said Irma pleasantly, "but it really was an accidental meeting."

"And his going for you this morning was, too, I suppose," said Amy quietly. "Oh, Irma, Irma, at least play the game!"

"What was I thinking of to come here with him?" thought Irma uneasily. The ring of emotion in Amy's voice made her wonder how far she could trust to the other's breeding—some women would make a nasty scene.

"Where is Monte this morning?" she retorted pleasantly.

"It is serious. He has told her everything," Amy thought instantly. They were by the tennis-courts, picking their way through the crowd on the lawn to their seats which Gladys Challoner was holding for them. Above, on the elevated stand, Monte Bracken was refereeing the match. He looked up, startled, at their arrival, and then ceremoniously lifted his hat.

Amy did not see clearly what was happening on the courts. Tody and Jap were bounding about, indulging in antics which set the crowd in roars of laughter. She saw only the

faces of Irma and Andrew at her sides, and, at times, far off as in a mist, the glance of Monte Bracken turning toward her. When the match ended and the crowd rose to return to the veranda, Kitty Lightbody came up rapturously.

"Wasn't it grand, my dear; wasn't Tody just splendid? I won a hundred on them, bless them!" She drew Amy aside and whispered, "Well, you might thank me."

"Thank you? What do you mean?" said Amy.

"For leaving you alone with Monte, of course," said Kitty, astonished.

Amy was so irritated at this unwelcome reminder that she lost her temper.

"Kitty, don't be a fool! You know perfectly well that I'm exceedingly annoyed at what you did."

"Annoyed!" said Kitty, startled.

"Certainly—annoyed. You made a very embarrassing situation for me. The last thing I wanted was to go home alone with Monte Bracken. I don't see how you could have been so thoughtless."

"But, my Lord, you needn't be so fierce! You weren't really alone," said Kitty indignantly. "And say, look here: Who wanted to get rid of Tody in the first place?"

Amy was aghast. She had blundered again.

"I'm sure I didn't mean to be cross," she said hastily. "Forgive me, but I particularly don't want to be talked about—as you ought to know."

She left Kitty Lightbody, still murmuring in her astonishment, and went in quest of the others. Bracken was talking to Irma. During the morning, he had studiously avoided Amy, divining the irritation his presence would bring her. She came up restlessly.

"Monte, you'll lunch with us—get a table for four," she said, determined to carry out her part to the end.

"And Kitty and the others?" he said, seeking a way out from the tragic intimacy.

"Oh, they'll manage for themselves."

He started to object, saw how agitated she was, and finally bowed acquiescence.

"Yes; very glad to."

Andrew was standing on the steps, talking to Mr. Gunther and a group of the older men.

"He looks his best in flannels," Amy thought, from habit. He looked particularly well to-day, holding himself well, speaking with authority—among men he was some one. She started to join them, but the thought that she would be welcomed as *his* wife stopped her. She turned back and returned to Irma.

Lunch was a torture. The two men sat gloomily, listening to the chatter of the women who faced each other across the shining cloth, smiled, fenced, and acted for their benefit with unnatural gaiety. Amy suffered profoundly. She had but one idea—to keep Irma and her husband constantly under her supervision. It was a martyrdom she imposed on herself. So determined was she to carry it through to the last drop of bitterness that at the end of the afternoon she called Bracken to her.

"I have something to ask of you," she began; "something disagreeable."

"What is it?" he said, watching her anxiously.

"I want you to go back with me in the car."

"With—with them?"

"Yes."

"Good heavens, Amy," he exclaimed, in revolt; "you can't do that—flesh and blood won't stand it!"

"Yes, I can. I've made up my mind to. I'm going to carry it through to-day, through to the bitter end," she said, in a lifeless voice. "She shall enjoy what she's done. After to-day, I don't care what they do—but to-day I have a right to punish her."

"Amy," he said earnestly, "I beg you not to do that."

"And I am going to. Will you come?"

"If you insist—yes," he said, after a moment.

But this last torture was spared them. Rudolph Dellabarre arrived in his motor-skiff, and Irma, seizing the provi-



ILLUSTRATION BY GEORGE CLARK

She could not cry out. She could not struggle. She felt a sudden pain across her heart. Her eyes closed. It had come—an accident had decided for her. And then he kissed her.

dential way out, announced that she would return with her husband: From the veranda, Amy and Monte Bracken watched the little cockle-shell of a racer go shooting out around the pier, Dellabarre at the wheel, Irma standing well up forward, looking away from them.

"I wish she'd drown!" she said to herself bitterly, seeing nothing but the slender figure against the sheen of water.

"Better go back in a party—all of us," said Monte Bracken at her elbow. They were a little apart from the crowd, which was breaking up, automobiles departing, motor-boats streaking over the bay.

"Yes, I suppose," she said wearily.

"You are very tired?"

"Very."

"Listen, Amy," he said suddenly, carried away by the pain of seeing her suffering: "I'm going to say something to you, and I don't want you to answer me. I want you to hear it—that's all. Don't turn around but listen. It's a tough moment for you, God knows! I understand more than you think. The whole world's breaking up. Now, I want you to have something to cling to. I want you to know where I stand. Perhaps I shouldn't say this now. It's a horrible thing to say such things. But I feel you need to know one thing: Whatever turns up, count on me. No; don't say anything that would spoil it. If you need me—when you need me—I am ready—that's all."

She did not answer, nor did her glance leave the motor-boat, which had now dwindled into a speck. At most, her lips tightened a little and a breath went through her body.

"Do you understand?" he asked, touching her arm.

She nodded, faintly, almost imperceptibly.

VII

THE next weeks passed on the edge of a volcano. Andrew came and went. Outwardly there was no sign of anything changed between them. The house was always full of gaiety, and the occasions when they were left alone were rare. At times, by accident, they met, and each time in his eyes was the same waiting question:

"What are you going to do about it?"

This constant intimacy, this estrangement in the crowd were hard enough; but what was worse were the days when he was in New York, when, at the last moment, came a telephone-message that he would not return for the night. What did he do in the city? Was he seeing *her*? Her pride forbade her to inquire directly, but, by a dozen subterfuges, through Kitty or the boys, she followed the movements of Irma Dellabarre. From the evening on the veranda of the yacht club, when he had de-

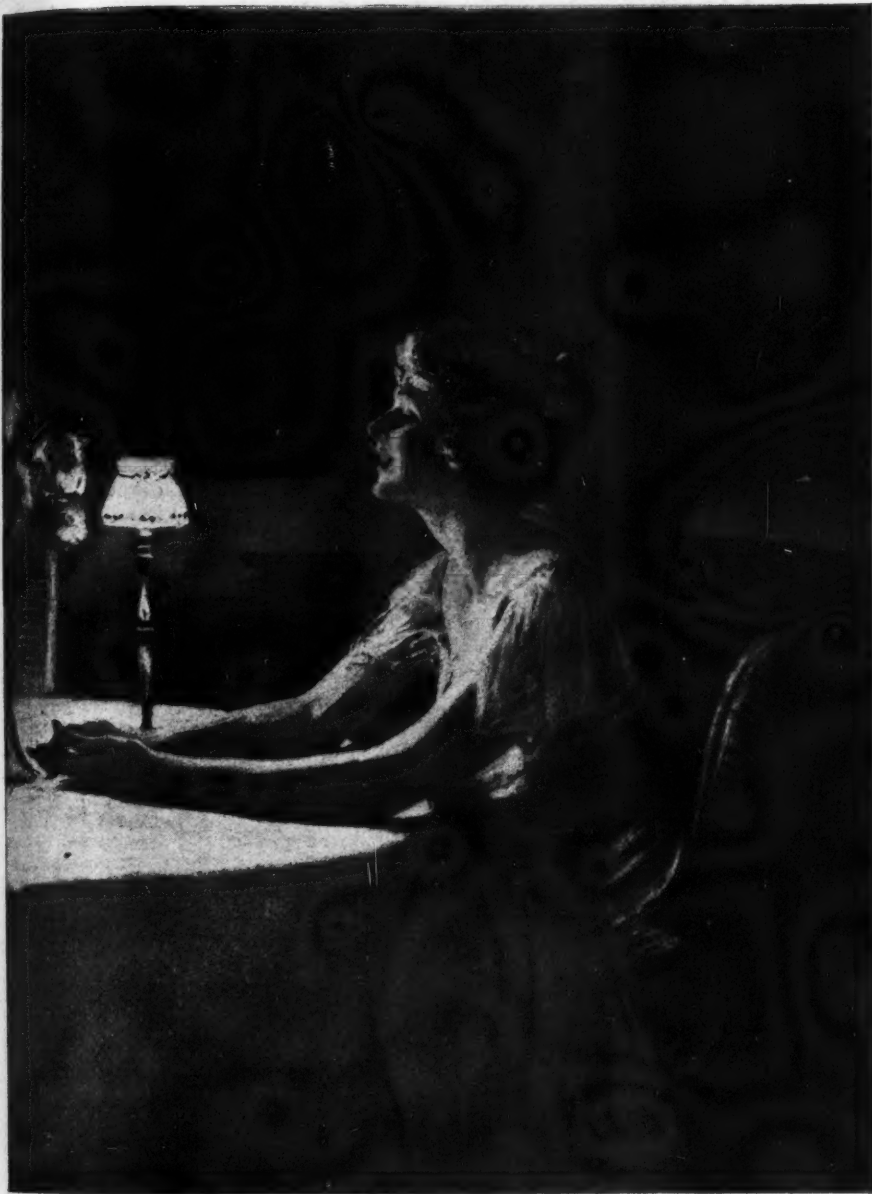


The dinner was on the piazza by the light of candles. They had not much

clared himself, Monte Bracken had studiously avoided seeking her.

She held them from her, these two men, and examined them calmly, without prejudice; for it seemed to her that she was playing with life and death, and that in her hands were the destinies of both. Monte Bracken appealed to all the fallow sources of sentiment in her. With him, every instinct of enjoyment awoke. She felt his understanding, his complete sympathy, the comradeship of every desire and every impulse. She said to herself that she did not yet love him, but immediately she admitted that to do so would be the easiest thing in the world, and to love him meant the blinding romance of youth that had escaped her.

Her husband she saw clearly for the first time. From the beginning she had had no feeling of resentment toward him. A great feeling of pity moved her. She wished to protect him against himself. How could he be so blind? Yes; she had failed, failed utterly in her relations toward him. The crisis at which she stood was too great for her to deceive herself about that. She had meant nothing to him—and he deserved so much! He was fine all the way



to say, speaking in perfunctory sentences, content to let Kitty Lightbody babble on

through. He had not even reproached her, when he had every right. But Irma—how could she surrender him to Irma? Irma, of all women—Irma, who was only playing with sensations, who dramatized herself, who had no profounder instincts than the staging of her coquetties! What had infatuated him? What could he see in Irma, who saw her so clearly? The best thing, perhaps, would be to hold on for a while until the veil had lifted; then, if he wanted a divorce and the opportunity to find some woman who would give him a true home, she would do so gladly, with only the kindest of feelings. But when she came to this inevitable conclusion of her problem, her head burned and her eyes were wet with tears.

The one being she did not understand was herself. Why this hideous thing had come to her, she could not comprehend. The idea of divorce frightened her, like all the unknown steps in life. Her standards, her judgments, her prejudices were a sample of the collective opinions of those who surrounded her. What would be their attitude toward her?

She had tried to put Monte out of her thoughts. She

was afraid of him, not of his brilliant side—the mind that awoke her mind, the dramatic touch about him which captured her imagination—but of the gentler side, the exquisite deference toward her, his tact, his patience, and the longing in his eyes to hold forth his hand, the deeper side of the man which she had reached—the Bracken who, since the night of their return over starlit waters, she knew loved her. In the end, she yielded to the need of knowing him at hand. When he was in the room, she had a sensation of electric strength to which she went avidly, in the utter weakness of the loneliness in which she wandered. Every day, somehow or other, she managed to see him, but always in the presence of others, and, at times, when she thought no one was watching, her eyes fastened themselves on him. His destiny, his happiness, too, lay in her hands—

And then, abruptly, without prearrangement, a week when Andrew had been called West, the solution precipitated itself.

It had been a dry day in July, but toward the evening a little breeze had set the bay to rippling and the evening had been delicious. They had gone for a sail in Bracken's racing sloop, the Water-Sprite, a marvel of light grace and speed, which he was preparing for the races at the end of the month. From the glowing decks, Kitty

and Amy, stretched in an ecstasy of languor, dozed in feline day-dreams. Above them, the white spread of sails flattened against the brittle blue sky. Across the wrinkled waters, moving like a fairy wraith, Challoner's rival yacht, the White Streak, slipped easily at their side, with Gladys and Irma lounging in the bow. Between the two men an intense rivalry existed, which the fleeing boats seemed to comprehend in the swift coquetry of their agile maneuvering, the sweeping descent on each other for an attempted blanketing, the challenge of the right of way which brought them from time to time in perilous proximity, only to glide easily away under a swerving tack.

From where she lay under the creaking boom that passed and repassed in the light breeze with the ease of a swallow's darting, Amy Forrester, through half-closed eyes, watched Monte Bracken. He was bareheaded, the dark hair a little loose about the temples, the tanned throat and arms revealed in the creamy shirt, a pipe in his mouth, his body balanced against the slight tilting of the deck, where, below, a beaded edge of watery lace curled on the flurried blue. From time to time, he gave a staccato (Continued on page 102)



Harrison Fisher

A Painter of Girlhood

By Stephen French Whitman

ONE takes a special pleasure in paying tribute to a person whose modesty has always prevented him from seeking advertisement. If the question were left to

Harrison Fisher, the American public, which has come to regard this

ering for a moment the development of the impulse that has brought Harrison Fisher into his most effective field of action.

Little by little, his work has become a specialization in American girlhood and its best experiences. At last he has chosen to occupy himself almost exclusively with the delicate beauty and emotions of femininity at its springtime—its gaiety or tenderness, its awakening to love, its realization of marriage and motherhood.

These delightful girls, widely various in type and mood, are never insipid. They express admirably the beauty and aspirations of youth in America. Their influence usually



Harrison Fisher
at work in
his studio

artist as a national institution, would not be likely to learn anything about the man behind the work.

Harrison Fisher's work has attained an astonishing volume. It is to be found between the pages of scores of novels, in many special albums, on innumerable prints, calendars, magazine-covers, and post-cards that are displayed in shop-windows from the Roman Corso to Queen's Road in Hong-Kong. In giving pleasure to a multitude of people the world over, it exerts an influence that has never, perhaps, been discussed in print.

There is an interest, however, in consid-



Mr. Fisher's
studio,
New York

unsuspected, they become the patterns for countless flesh-and-blood maidens, and clarify the desires of countless young men.

What sort of person is it that continually re-establishes these ideas with such success?

It is an old saying that a positive character very quickly surrounds itself with an atmosphere congenial to it. So, in Harrison Fisher's studio, the visitor finds spaciousness, order, choiceness of detail and dignity of general effect, a tranquillity lingering on from hours of sound reading and sincere work, besides a constant cheerfulness.

Obviously, this artist, who maintains year after year such exacting standards of industry, must be full of vital force. Perhaps he is still impregnated with the ether of the "good gray city," San Francisco, where he began his career.

Interest in life is one of Harrison Fisher's most attractive characteristics. No detail of the world's drama leaves him cold. He seems to comprehend all sorts of persons intuitively, and his judgment of human folly is graced by the sympathy and humor of a philosopher. Those who know the most about life are, of course, the most tolerant.

It is often said that artists of all kinds are liable to vanity and jealousy. I have never known anyone more modest about his own work than Harrison Fisher, and more warmly appreciative of the work of others.

Moreover, this modesty and kindliness are combined in his many, usually secret, acts of benevolence, which, if discovered, reveal as much tact as generosity.

Here, in short, is some one who enjoys the results of an engaging nature. He is the sort whose friends, now and then, are suddenly impelled to say, "We must give him a



His work has become a specialization in American girlhood and its best experiences

dinner." And a few evenings later he may find himself in the place of honor at a long table brilliant with bizarre and comical devices, surrounded by many cheerful, well-known faces, in for a night enlivened by the best wit and fellowship of bohemia.

But, possibly from his nurture in the "good gray city," he has still other inclinations—for instance, the periodic

(Concluded on page 116)

The Treason Trust

Craig Kennedy, ever seeking opportunity to combat the enemy within our gates, eagerly responds to a summons from a manufacturing town of considerable importance in war-time. The situation he finds there would completely baffle anyone who did not possess his wonderful detective insight and scientific knowledge.

By Arthur B. Reeve

*Author of "The Film Murder"
and other Craig Kennedy stories*

Illustrated by Edward L. Chase

"I WOULD have been a traitor to the country if I had not resigned from the company to perfect my invention and give it to the American people."

Harvey Fenwick had been, I remembered, one of Kennedy's most promising early students at the university.

The young man seemed to be very worried over something, for he began by informing us that he had made a journey of several hours to New York and had come directly from the station to the laboratory.

Craig welcomed him, as he always did his former students, and, indeed, one could not help liking Fenwick. He was a clean-cut, clear-eyed young fellow, keen of mind and athletic of body. There was something about him that impressed one with his possession of a reserve of power.

"You see," he hastened to explain, "in my own laboratory—for I have always kept one, no matter whom I worked for—I have been perfecting a very cheap and improved process for the extraction of nitrates from the air. It was only lately that I began to run into trouble——"

Fenwick paused. Kennedy was at once alert. The invention was of basic importance, and the hint of some mystery in connection with it greatly whetted Craig's interest.

"I knew that, if I continued in the position I was holding as a chemical engineer, the process would be claimed by the company for which I was working, in spite of the fact that I had gone far to perfect it long before I ever went with them," hurried on Fenwick. "I long ago determined that I would not take a penny of profit out of it, but would dedicate it to the government. I wanted the United States to profit by it—not the Coalton Coal Tar Company. I consulted one of the principal stockholders—er—Miss Seward, Miss Anastasia Seward."

Kennedy shot a quick glance at the young man. The hesitation over the name had been enough to catch Kennedy's attention. Fenwick tried to look blankly unconcerned for a moment, then was forced to smile.



The two girls confronted each other, while Raver

"I knew I couldn't say it and get away with it with you, Professor Kennedy," he admitted, coloring a bit. "Well, I consulted her, anyway—and she is one of the principal stockholders. She's a splendid, patriotic girl. I told her all about it—what it would mean for her company if they got the process; what it might mean for me if I secured a patent, and, finally, what it would mean for the people of the United States if all the companies got it, instead of one which most likely would use it to build up a trust. I asked her what she would decide in my place. She agreed with me absolutely—that I resign and perfect it, and then present it to the nation. She promised to keep my secret.

"So I did resign some time ago. I had a little money of my own. I hired a laboratory in a basement of an old building in Coalton, and I employed an assistant, Webster Powell, a splendid young fellow, self-educated and eager to learn. Everything went along all right. We had to work hard, Powell and I, but now we are at the end of it—only a few minor things to be cleared up."



seemed to assume the chance to attack Fenwick alone

Fenwick laid on the laboratory table three curious scrawls of penmanship, all palpably disguised, written on common wrapping-paper, and all unsigned. Kennedy picked up the paper on top. It was merely a broken sentence:

Leave Coalton at once and destroy your process—

The menace of the threat, was continued in the second scrawl, which continued,

or both will be done for you.

As though to emphasize the warning, the third read,

This is the final day.

"They've been coming in the first mail each day for the past three days," went on Fenwick. "This morning, I stole out of town quietly. I thought you might help me. If it was something in the open, I might fight it. But when it comes to this secret stuff, I'm no good at doping it out. Won't you go back to Coalton with me?"

Kennedy had been listening with eagerness. There was no need to argue with him to persuade him. In a sense, it was partly his own fight, for no one had been more active in organizing America's chemical warfare than he. He could hardly fail to accept the challenge.

It was a long journey out to Coalton, and we had plenty of time to discuss the case. Kennedy began by asking Fenwick his own story of what had happened.

"Briefly, it is this," answered the young man: "After I graduated from the university, I entered the service of the Coalton Coal Tar Company, of Coalton, Pennsylvania. Formerly it had been a partnership, Vincent & Seward, but at present Warner Vincent is president of the corporation, which was formed just before the death of his partner, the father of Anastasia Seward, who inherited his one-third stock interest. Miss Seward is a very clever and remarkable girl. She knows more than enough to take a hand in the business, but—well—there are conventionalities in Coalton."

Kennedy smiled at his enthusiasm.

"You make me quite eager to meet Miss Seward," he commented sympathetically.

"I don't suppose you know," continued Fenwick, "that there is a rival company in the town, the Coalton Anilin and Soda Works. The president of that is a young man, Carter Snaith, who inherited the business from his father. Outwardly, Snaith and Vincent are friendly enough. But they are rivals all right. If one company does a thing, the other follows suit. They keep neck and neck. Snaith is pretty popular in the younger set, too."

Fenwick saw that both Kennedy and I were observing him rather closely, and he quickly changed the subject.

"There's another thing I want to tell you about," he hastened on. "About a month ago, there came into town a young labor agitator—Victor Raver. He seems to be a fellow of fiery temper—never quite so happy as when stirring up trouble. His speeches and actions are always veiled, though. He's clever. He doesn't dare say what he really thinks. But, underneath, you can see what he is driving at. He really believes that the industries that are prolonging the war, as he expresses it, must be stopped. He covers his secret incitement to sabotage with his campaign against war-profiters. And he has a following."

"Is there a large group of agitators?" inquired Craig.

"No; not a large group."

"But who is in it?" persisted Craig.

"Some who oughtn't to be," returned Fenwick reluctantly. "You will meet them. One is Olga Lockhart, the niece of Mr. Vincent—once a friend of Anastasia's. She calls

The Treason Trust

herself a pacifist, although I call her a *camoufleur* for Raver, to hide his real schemes. A few months ago, I thought that Olga and Snaith were going to become engaged. Everything seemed ready, but, no—it seems it was not. I don't know what brought it about. But, shortly after that, Snaith began cultivating the acquaintance of Anastasia."

By the time we arrived in Coalton, Kennedy had pumped himself full of facts about the place and its people. He was all set now. It was early in the evening, and darkness was just beginning to settle down as we rode through the streets of the famous little town of anthracite.

Finally, in a sparsely settled district, we came at last upon an old ramshackle house. It was there that Fenwick indicated that his laboratory was. We went down a flight of steps and came to the basement, which was really the cellar.

Fenwick rapped on the door. There was no answer.

"Guess Powell must have got tired and gone to dinner," he commented, trying the door.

It was locked on the inside. Fenwick drew from his pocket a key and inserted it in the lock. He pushed open the door, and we entered as he took a step over to a wall switch. As the light flooded the laboratory, Fenwick uttered a startled exclamation, pointing. There on the floor, just beyond the laboratory table, lay Powell—dead!

Kennedy crossed swiftly and with Fenwick bent over the body. Powell had been dead for several hours.

"How could it have happened?" gasped Fenwick. "Door locked—we know that. Not a window or anything else disturbed," he added, looking carefully at the barred cellar windows. "No way that anyone could have got in."

"There's been something that produced a very caustic effect on the air-passages," Kennedy remarked, looking up. "Apparently the lungs and the central nervous system have been paralyzed."

As Kennedy rose, he glanced at the table. In a jar was a quantity of blue litmus paper. Fenwick followed his gaze and, as he did so, exclaimed,

"That was fresh—should have been red!"

Seizing a glass tube, about which he wrapped a wad of cotton, Kennedy bent over again and swabbed out Powell's nose and throat. Then he opened a bottle of hydrochloric acid, pouring some into a beaker. As he plunged the glass tube in it, white fumes arose.

"Gassed!" he exclaimed simply.

"But how? There's no trace of gas."

"Ammonia—I am sure," added Kennedy, completing his tests.

Fenwick gazed sadly at Powell's body.

"The threats!" exclaimed Fenwick. "Don't you see? It was intended for me. Poor fellow! And they got him. What had we better do?"

"Notify the police first," answered Kennedy.

Fenwick picked up the telephone-receiver and jiggled the hook. There was no answer. He waited. Still there was no answer.

"Dead!" he cried. "Some one has cut the wires outside." He gazed at us in consternation as the full significance of the situation dawned on him. "Kennedy," he said impressively, "there's a traitor somewhere in this town. That's all that this thing is—treason—industrial treason. At a time like this, such an act is striking America in the back. I'll run that murderer down if it costs me my life."

It was to be expected that the news of an event like this would spread rapidly in Coalton. Hardly had Fenwick returned from calling up the police from an outside telephone than the officials themselves arrived.

"Some of Raver's work—you can bet," swore the chief under his breath, as he looked wisely over the lack of evidence and said nothing about it. "He'll pay for it! We'll watch him. And we'll get him with the goods—you'll see!"

There was the humming of a motor outside, and the door opened.

"Tell me, Harvey—it isn't true—is it? It can't be!" cried a girl, as she hurried in, followed by a tall man several years older than herself.

The solemn group was answer enough, and she paused, while Fenwick started toward her, then stopped also.

I knew at once that it was Anastasia Seward, even before



The solemn group was answer enough, and she paused.

he introduced her. And it did not take a mind-reader to divine from the tableau that the man who had come with her was Snaith.

Anastasia was everything that Fenwick had described and implied. She had youth, beauty, wealth, and—what is greater—a strong, lovable personality. I saw that Kennedy was an interested onlooker as Fenwick turned to present him. As for Fenwick and Snaith, their greetings were cold—Snaith's rather supercilious. All listened eagerly to every scrap of conversation between the police and Kennedy.

"You sure it was ammonia gas?" asked an officer, who came up, interrupting Kennedy as Anastasia was making troubled inquiries.

"Absolutely," reiterated Kennedy.

"Gassed! Ammonia!" exclaimed Snaith, turning and addressing Fenwick for the first time in the hearing of all. "Perhaps the gas came from your own apparatus—some defect or accident."

Fenwick was plainly angry at the implication.

"Not likely. I don't believe it. Powell was never careless. Nor have I discovered anything defective. There is no way it could have happened like that."

"Then how?" challenged Snaith.

Fenwick was at a loss. It was a question in the minds of us all, but without a scintilla of answer—yet.

One thing I noted, however, which pleased me greatly: From her manner, Anastasia was

freshened us after the terrible event we had witnessed, and we came at last to the business section of the place. As we walked along, we saw that on the corner of Main and Market Streets a large crowd had gathered.

"There's Raver, the agitator, now!" exclaimed Fenwick, pressing forward.

It was a typical soap-box crowd, into which we mixed unobtrusively, getting closer to the speaker as it shifted.

Raver was a rather handsome fellow, affecting long hair, a loose, flowing, frayed tie, shirt none too clean, with a collar displaying the inevitable Adam's apple of the revolutionist. If clothes proclaim the man, Raver's shouted it.

He was denouncing capital with every art known to rhetoric. No evangelist ever painted Satan more colorfully than Raver encrimsoned the war-profitteer, who was his especial target. The trouble was, however, that everybody who didn't agree with Raver was a war-profitteer.

"They do not even stop at murder at home!" he shouted, as he grew more impassioned. "Why, comrades, to-day, right here in your own little peaceful town, they have done it. Let me tell you something. Why was that poor slave of the capitalistic system, Powell, killed? Do you know? I do. I tell you it was because, in their haste to make money out of some invention that would kill others, he was industrially murdered by the very murderous gas that he was seeking to make in such quantities and so cheaply that he might reduce the cost of making the very materials that are killing men three thousand miles away. I tell you, good friends, it is a system—a system! The system, greed, capital did it."

Fenwick, beside me, was getting more and more excited at this reference to Powell, plainly intended to reflect on himself.

"You lie!" he cried, shouldering his way through the crowd. "And if you don't, the police are looking for just what information you can give them!"

The crowd turned, undecided whether to listen or not.

"It is nothing, I know, in your own system," followed up Fenwick, "if the invention he was working on was for the people of the United States."

Raver was about to shoot back one of his clever thrusts that begged the question by injecting something entirely extraneous into the argument when, from the crowd of sympathizers close to him, came the voice of a girl.

"You—we—the government—the people are all merely cogs in the wheels of this capitalistic system!"

I felt sure it was Olga Lockhart. And I was right. Fenwick hesitated a moment. He did not relish the idea of engaging in a controversy with one who had been a friend.

I watched the young woman with interest. Olga was really a girl of great beauty, with big brown eyes, a full throat, and finely poised head. She wore a low collar, and her hair was parted very simply. But there was more affectation in Olga's plainness than there would have been in hundreds of dollars' worth of furs and frills on a girl of the usual type.

Whatever Fenwick might have thought of restraint, Olga had no such compunction. There was grave danger of a scene.

"If we are cogs in a system," interrupted the voice of another girl, "then are not you emery dust in the bearings—nothing better than the sabotage of life?"

I turned in time to see Anastasia facing forward with flaming eyes. The two girls confronted each other, while Raver seemed to assume the chance to attack Fenwick alone.

"You 'bitter-enders' can never understand those of us who hate war and all that makes for it."

Anastasia met her directly.

"No; and we don't want to understand—if it involves some other things we *do* understand."

She glanced significantly at Raver, surrounded by the crowd, arguing hot and heavy with Fenwick. There was something in the tone of the remark that made Olga color.



while Fenwick started toward her, then stopped also

keenly sympathetic. Once I saw her cast a glance of encouragement at Fenwick, which I knew set his heart leaping. But when she finally turned, urged by Snaith that this was no place for her and that he would see her home, Fenwick's face fell. He glanced hastily at us, then at her retreating form. His face clouded. His place was here just now, and he could not desert, even for her.

The coroner had arrived in the mean time, and, as there was nothing that we could do immediately, Kennedy decided that we had better let the authorities have their innings, then come back again after we had established ourselves in the town, for it began to look as if we might be there some time. A walk through the crisp night air



"Just a moment!" shouted a clear voice. It was Kennedy, who, up to this time, had been a silent observer

"Come, Stasie; I think we'd better go," interrupted a man.

It was Snaith, who had pressed forward. At that moment, Olga caught sight of him. He bowed. She colored even deeper, then turned to Raver. He was again addressing the crowd, waving his arms—first at the big mills in the distance and then linking Fenwick in his invective.

The meeting was by this time in an uproar, as Raver and Fenwick were shouting back and forth. As for the crowd, it seemed to be divided—part of it, the rougher, favoring Raver, while another part cheered Fenwick at every point.

The excitement had now reached a climax. Cries from the part that adhered to Fenwick urged: "Tar and feather him! Run him out of town." Raver's sympathizers were growling and gathering closer as though for a rush at Fenwick. One burly fellow edged up and raised his arm.

"Just a moment!" shouted a clear voice.

It was Kennedy, who, up to this time, had been a silent observer. He jumped to Fenwick's side, catching his would-be assailant's arm. The crowd paused at this diversion. But there was no stopping them. There was a chorus of howls and hisses, then a storm of blows. The fight was becoming wild when some one yelled suddenly:

"The cops! The cops! Run!"

The patrol had swung in at some distance, unnoticed. As the squad ran forward, with clubs and drawn revolvers, there was a general scramble.

The fight was over more sharply than it had begun, leaving the police in the field.

I remembered having seen Snaith, as he darted forward and pushed back an angry mob from Olga. Fenwick had taken the chance to place Anastasia in a car and send her home. Raver had escaped.

We decided that Fenwick would most likely return to the laboratory, and we walked back to it. He was there. By this time, the coroner had removed Powell's body.

Looking over the apparatus which had meant so much to him, Fenwick seemed more disposed to talk.

"I know that you understand what we are doing here," he said, speaking to Kennedy, "but I may as well tell you

about it. I have been seeking to improve the German Haver and Rossignol processes for making synthetic ammonia from the air.

"Let me give you a brief idea of the thing. We have coke and lime in abundance about Coalton, and we have one other very important thing—water-power.

That, as you know, means that we can get very cheap electricity. The anilin and soda works have the best power plant, siphoning water for power through the mountain back of the town.

"Well, first coke and lime are placed in an electric furnace and there they are fused at a high temperature until we get carbide. That carbide is packed in ovens with carbon rods. The mass is fused into what is called cyanamid. Of course, you know as well as I do that Germany would be nowhere if it were not that she possessed this synthetic process which I am perfecting.

"Then we heat the cyanamid and, under the heat, ammonia is given off. In my work I have been very careful. There is no way that the ammonia could escape so that it would have overwhelmed poor Powell. That is what Snaith was trying to make out, and Raver, too.

"The next step is to oxidize that ammonia, and we do that with what we call a platinum catalyzer. That combines the ammonia with oxygen from the air. Then we have the nitric, king of acids, which we want. As you know, without nitric acid there would be no explosives. Our only other source is saltpeter from the Chilean nitrate fields.

"My new process with cyanamid will lie at the basis of our manufacture of dyes, for without it we would get none of the intermediates or the chemicals. All we need is coal, lime, sulphur, and salt, and we have great industries started. From the process we will get benzol, toluol, naphthalene, sulphuric acid; chlorine gas, caustic soda—countless direct and indirect products."

Fenwick's explanation served to open my eyes to the magnitude of the interests at stake. For several minutes Kennedy sat quiet, deeply pondering where to start. Finally he decided.

"Early to-morrow," he outlined, "I intend to talk to Mr. Vincent. Then I must see Snaith. I will meet you, Fenwick, here at ten o'clock."

"I think I will begin right at the top," decided Kennedy, while we were breakfasting the next morning at the Coalton House. "There is Vincent, the head of the coal-tar company. Miss Lockhart is his niece. Perhaps if we can see him, we may learn something before it is too late."

Vincent, we found, lived in a palatial house on a hill overlooking the town. We were driven out there and, luckily, found our man enjoying an early-morning stroll in his famous garden.

Kennedy contrived to introduce himself on some pretext, and Vincent, whose mind was always on business, was not averse to discussing what was on his mind. We spoke of the future of Coalton and of its coal-tar products during the war and after. Kennedy led the conversation about deftly, touching upon improvements in the various processes until, finally, he managed to refer to the work that Fenwick was doing. There was no doubt that he had touched on a sore spot. Vincent became almost apoplectic.

"It's hard to tell," he roared, "which makes the most trouble—people with ideals like him or people like this

Raver, the agitator, who has come here lately! One puts wrong ideas into the head of good American working men; the other into the foreigners. I don't know but that I prefer Raver. I think I can handle him—and if I can't, the police can."

Kennedy was bound to get in one remark.

"Your niece, Olga Lockhart, seems to understand him," he suggested.

"I cannot help what Miss Lockhart does," Vincent returned testily. "Do you know what the women of to-day want? If I did, by Jove, I'd let 'em have it! They're not as bad as some of the men."

He stormed over toward the house, calling for his chauffeur to drive him down to the mills. Kennedy smiled slyly at me. Even though we hadn't learned much, we, at least, had caught the man's point of view.

We had left the car which we had hired down the road, and now, as we came back to it, Kennedy asked the driver if he knew where the Seward house was. He nodded that he did, and whirled us over a beautiful road, along the side of the mountain, overlooking the valley.

As we approached the house, which, though not so elaborate as Vincent's, was the more attractive of the two, I noticed that a speedster was drawn up on the driveway, not far from the porte-cochère. Our car pulled up behind it, and we inquired for Miss Seward.

The servant professed not to know just where she was, and we waited in a sort of sun-parlor, from which a pair of open French windows looked out upon a veranda and a sunken garden beyond.

"Did you notice the monogram, 'C. S.,' on the speedster outside?" asked Kennedy.

I had not, but the initials were enough.

"Snaith?" I inquired, in a low tone.

Kennedy nodded and cautioned silence, indicating the sunken garden below. I looked out. There, from behind a formal hedge, I could see Anastasia and Snaith coming slowly toward the house. He was talking very earnestly to her, pleading. They approached closer, where we could not now see them but could hear.

"Don't you see, Stasie," he was saying, "in your way you are almost as foolish as Olga? No good ever comes of a girl's going outside of her own class—at least not downward."

"You said that before, Carter," rippled up her fresh voice. "Remember, though, that it was only a generation ago that your father and mine—"

The rest was lost. But it was not difficult to gather the drift. He had been pleading his own case against Fenwick's. She had not been convinced.

The sound of another motor outside caused us to turn, and on the driveway I saw none other than Olga Lockhart

herself. I wondered what could have brought her to Anastasia's. Had she felt that she had gone too far the night before and wanted to apologize? Or was she merely spying? I thought we were going to find out, when, instead, without stopping her car as she caught sight of the speedster in front of our own, she deliberately turned down the driveway again, and shot up into high speed and away. There was no doubt in my mind now that Olga was jealous, whatever else she might be. If she had only known of the scrap of conversation we had just overheard, I could imagine that she would have been delighted.

Snaith left, and, a moment later, Miss Seward entered, greeting us eagerly. For perhaps half an hour she plied us with questions regarding Kennedy's theories of the case. To the best of his ability, on the slender information at his disposal, Kennedy tried to reply, but it did not satisfy her. Finally she leaned over toward him.

"Mr. Kennedy," she said, in a low voice, "I can say to you what I cannot to—Mr. Fenwick—" She paused over the words, then added hastily: "If it (Continued on page 110)"



He bent over Raver to get a good look at his face

New Fables

By George Ade

The Fable of the Week-Enders

ONCE there was a City Fellow who was Black with Money and crusted with Aristocracy of the kind that is made on the Premises, and this Plute had a Country Place that was sufficiently near by to catch the exclusive Motoring Trade, although it was beyond an imaginary State Line and situated in a Commonwealth ruled by the Zekes who wear Trailing Arbutus instead of Cravats.

The Lord of the Manor was known to all the Fox-trotting Gentry as "Freddie" and the Wife, in an Outburst of Originality, had been dubbed "Mrs. Freddie."

Many a Visitor being led out of the select Road-House and gently steered toward the Car would remark that, as a Host, good old Fred was a Darb.

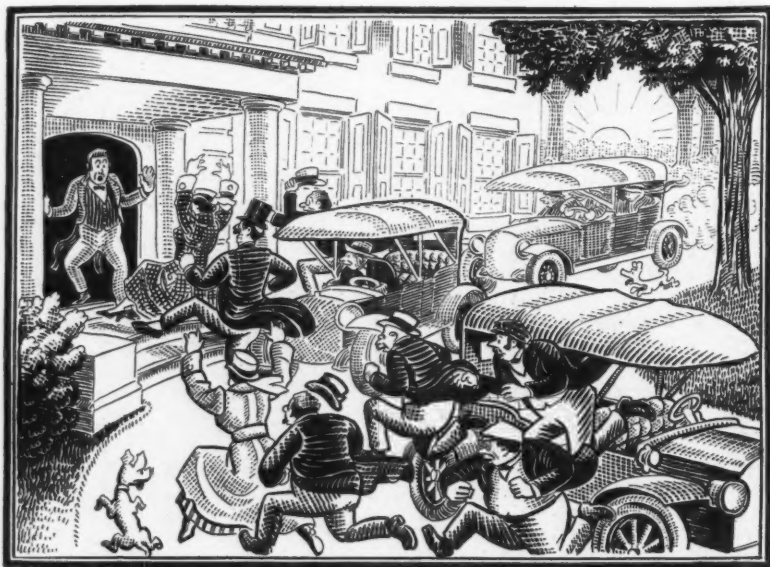
During the Open Season for Juleps, it delighted Freddie to have his Shack filled up over Sunday with the Right Sort and to pry off the Lid and let Joy be unrefined.

Being far back from the Roadway, the Wrecking-Crew could go as far as they liked without annoying anyone except the Help.

The regular Patrons of the Free Dispensary had noticed in the Papers that a Dry Wave was engulfing all the Territory adjacent to their favorite Summer Playground, but they scented no Danger.

They were glad to see the Joints wiped out, and they were all keen for the Reformation of Rough Characters who want to set fire to something as soon as they get Plastered.

It never occurred to one of the Smart Set that Freddie's sylvan Retreat with the Landscape Border could be dis-



The amateur Rum-Hounds piled out at the Main Entrance to Liberty Hall with many a loud Quip and merry Gibe

By strange irony of Circumstance, the horrible Truth was revealed to the unsuspecting Urbanites through the Agency of a Butler who had been discharged for flirting with the Sideboard.

The Ex-Menial framed a cruel Revenge.

He went to the local Authorities and Snitched.

The new Law said that every Home with Bottles on the Shelf is a Blind Pig, and he who revives a fainting Comrade is a Bootlegger, whether he owns a Cash Register or not.

On a balmy Saturday P. M., all the jolly Souls accustomed to remove the Throat-Latches from Saturday to Monday were piling into the high-powered Buzz-Wagons for a Spin out to the Home for Polite Souses.

At about the same hour in the Afternoon, a daring Constable and a willing Posse went Over the Top and captured the Division Headquarters of the Male and Female Scouts.

After they got through with the Lay-out, it would have received the official O. K. of Billy Sunday.

The Cleaners left nothing behind them in Glass Receptacles except Bluing and Mouth-Wash.

Up the dusty Highway the Motors came spinning, each with a Cargo of Thirsts.

Just as the western Sun was ducking behind the Hills, the amateur Rum-Hounds piled out at the Main Entrance to Liberty Hall with many a loud Quip and merry Gibe.

For the last Seven Miles they had been sustained by the Vision of a tall H. B. with a Cake of Ice floating in it.

They announced to the Welkin that they were ready to be Resuscitated.



The full Horror of the Calamity smote them when they learned that not one trickle of Grog could be uncovered

in Slang

Illustrated by
John T McCutcheon

and the Dreadful Doings

Then the Blow
fell.

Zowie!
When the Master
of the House got
the first Bulletin
from the pale Ser-
vitors, his Indigna-
tion knew no
Bounds.

He was so
wrought up over the
brutal Invasion of
his Rights as an
American Citizen
that he forgot all
about the Dozen or
more Sufferers who
waited in the Back-
ground with their
Tongues hanging
out. Finally, he had
to break it to them.

First they were
stunned, and then
they sat up on their
Hind Legs and
yowled.

The very Idea! What were we coming to?

The full Horror of the Calamity smote them when they
learned that not one trickle of Grog could be un-
covered.

How can you give a Show without raising the Curtain?
Freddie admitted that it was most annoying, but he urged
them to bear up until he could 'phone to a neighboring
Cottage and get a few Original Packages and then he al-
lowed that the Birds would begin to sing again and Life
would assume rostrate Hues.

As previously related, the Society Barkeep had not taken
the Trouble to read all the Clauses of the
Enactment, which was intended to make
Folks behave whether they wanted to
or not.

The Village Hawkshaws knew that a
Relief Expedition would try to break
through with a Supply of Liquid Nourish-
ment for the dying Martyrs.

They were listening in by special ar-
rangement with Central, and when a Hire-
ling tried to enter the Lodge Gate with a
dandy Assortment of the principal Ex-
ports of Scotland, France, Italy, and
Peoria, he was set upon by the Authori-
ties and Pinched for violating the Statute
which says that anyone who carries Es-
sence of Sociability along a Public High-
way is subject to a Fine of \$1000 or
may be imprisoned in the Bastile for a
period of Six Moons.

The Shades of Night were falling fast
as the Unfortunates sat out on the Ter-
race, all dolled up for Dinner, and waited
and waited for the Succor that never
came.

They had been taught to believe that
One may not saunter toward the Food

Department until he has been fortified with that which
gurgles from the Shaker.

How could anyone think of going against a five-course
Spread until the Chief of the Tribe had forced Extra Div-
idends upon those who sat around waiting to be Tempted?

They hoped against Hope until it became painfully
evident that the Reign of Terror was upon them, and then

the Funeral Proce-
sion moved in Dis-
mal Silence toward
what was to have
been the End of a
Perfect Day.

Half-hearted Sug-
gestions as to sub-
stituting Logan-
berry or Grape Juice
were received with
deep Silence, be-
cause it is better to
ignore one form of
Insult than to an-
swer it.

They surveyed
with childish Won-
der many Goblets
filled with the Stuff
you see in Aquari-
ums, that Civil En-
gineers put under
Bridges, and that
the City supplies to
Laundries.

When Traditions
began to topple
about them and

Gloom settled upon the Face of the Earth, the grief-
stricken Regulars waited for Billy to relieve the tense
Situation.

Billy was the Court Jester of the swagger Coterie.

At every Dinner Party he was a Riot.

When the beaded Bubbles were bursting at the Brim,
then Billy's Bush-League Wheezes would set the whole Table
cackling.

The Matrons put in a good part of their Time going
around repeating Billy's Latest.

His social Position was assured and his Food and Drink



Traditions began to topple about them and Gloom settled upon
the Face of the Earth



Instead of asking for Grapefruit and Sympathy, most of the
Kamerads demanded Bacon and Eggs



In addressing for the Stroke, they found it a decided Advantage to see a Golf-Ball instead of a Pinwheel

were certainties as long as he could remember what he had heard in Vaudeville.

The Time had arrived for him to earn his Sweetbreads, for a Blue Fog had settled over the Assemblage and the Party looked like a Bloomer. He tried to be the regular little Al Jolson and he was just as droll as a Shroud.

At first the unhappy Listeners figured that possibly Billy wasn't a guaranteed Scream unless he was Lit, but later on it seemed probable that small-town Comedy will not get across unless the Audience is sufficiently Sprung to be in a Receptive Mood.

Billy died sitting up, a Knife in one hand and a Fork in the other.

That evening the Proceedings were very Chautauqua.

For the first time in Years the Visitors hearkened to the Katydids.

Up to that time the Katydids never had a Look-in.

They climbed to the Hay early and without the Aid of a Nightcap.

Next morning there was a Record Attendance at Breakfast.

Instead of asking for Grapefruit and Sympathy, most of the Kamerads demanded Bacon and Eggs.

The dull Horrors of the Night Before seemed to be more or less forgotten when the Sun came out as per Usual and the Sabbath Day promised to afford almost every sort of Diversion except going to Church.

They exchanged Comments on the harrowing Experience through which they had just passed.

For the first time in their going-about Careers they had demonstrated that it is possible for a Cluster of our Best People to survive from 5 P. M. to Bedtime without getting the Nose wet.

Strangely enough, they seemed to have come through it with a minimum of Distress, even though they had failed to live up to the time-honored Dictum that every True Gentleman must have a slight Furry Taste as he moves toward his Tub.

The Fact that they were being shut off from the Nec-

sities of Life did not vex them while the day was young, because they had trained Habits and knew that the Longing would not smite them until the Cocktail Hour came around once more.

It is believed that if the Clocks could be turned back at every Afternoon, the same as in the Daylight-Saving Gag, so that 6:30 could be done away with, a good many of our most successful Dipsomaniacs would become Total Abstiners.

So the City Folks disported, forgetful of the Calamity hovering in the Background, while Freddie and the Missus tried to cook up some Scheme for outwitting the Oppressors.

They did not want their Friends to go back to Town and tell around that the Dump had gone blooey and the Keepers were stingy with their old Refreshments.

Nothing doing.

The Village Pinks were still Sherlocking in front of the Château, and Freddie had no aching Desire to move out of the Blue Room into the Calaboose.

There was a Country Club down the Road a piece, and most of the Athletes went trailing over to see if they could connect with the Pill after training on the Cheap Element which covers about three-fifths of the Surface of the Earth.

Also they figured they might snoop around and find some Friend who had a Locker.

By hiding it under the Coat, they hoped to sneak a few Gulps back to the other Unfortunates, so that they would not be afraid to see Darkness come on.

They found the Club just as humid as a Brick Oven and a Notice on the Bulletin Board that any member found hiding in a Shower Bath to take a Swig out of a Flask would be blindfolded and stood in front of a Firing Squad.

At that kind of Golf Club the Members will be compelled to take up Golf sooner or later in order to kill Time.

The House-Guests were soon out on the Fairway, swinging their Heads off.

(Concluded on page 101)



A racing Roadster dashed up and a dear pal named Harry came with the breathless Information that he had under the Seat a Suitcase filled with the bonnie Perfume that makes Scotch Soldiers the bravest in the World



"I belong to the U. S. A.
 'Tis here I take my stand
 For health and vim in work or play—
 For strength in heart and hand."

A national Institution

Where is the American who doesn't know about Campbell's Soups?

They belong to America like the Washington Monument belongs—or the White House or the Lincoln Highway. Their name is a familiar word in practically all American homes. Why is this so?

Because these wholesome soups meet a national need and fulfil a national service. You see this, for example, in

Campbell's Vegetable Soup

Here is the choice yield of fertile farms and gardens gathered at its best, daintily cooked and prepared, hermetically sealed, distributed to millions of city home tables with all its freshness and flavor, all its nourishing quality perfectly retained.

We combine in this tempting soup more than a dozen delicious vegetables beside fragrant herbs and strength-giving cereals—all blended with a rich nutritious stock made from selected beef.

A dozen or more at a time is the practical way to order it. Then you have it always at hand.

No home kitchen has the facilities to produce such a perfectly balanced combination. It provides the very food elements most needed and most lacking in the average diet—elements which regulate the system and create energy and active strength.

And this invigorating soup is most convenient and economical. It involves no cooking cost for you. No labor. No waste. It is ready for your table in three minutes.

21 kinds

12c a can

Campbell's SOUPS

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

New Fables in Slang

(Concluded from page 100)

The Match Play was a pleasant Relief, because Golf will make you forget everything except the 19th Hole.

Old Mr. Hemingway and young Ernest Blamange both got under 100 for the first time on any Course.

In addressing for the Stroke, they found it a decided Advantage to see a Golf-Ball instead of a Pinwheel.

On the way back to the Desert Island, the Suggestion was ventured by Mr. Hemingway that possibly a Chap could line them out a little better if he didn't have to carry a Hang-Over to the first Tee.

The others scouted this novel Theory and assured Mr. Hemingway that he had been going big because he improved his Stance.

Once more the ebbing Day found the parched Pilgrims rounded up for the twilight Jingle and trying to kid themselves into believing that they didn't care whether they got it or not.

By this time they were striving to put on a Bold Face, and one brilliant Man about Town, with a Beezer that never could have been colored by the use of Malted Milk, pulled the dear old Bromide that he could drink it or leave it alone.

Meaning that he could drink it if obtainable or leave it alone as a Last Resort.

They say the Boys can learn to sleep in the Front Trenches, and, since it was a case of Force, the Bunch showed a good deal of Courage in lining up for another Hard Night in the Arid Zone.

They had been on the Cart for two full days and various Phenomena ensued.

The official Clown sat off by himself, evidently waiting for the White Wagon to come and take him to the Sanatorium.

On the other hand, Mr. George Spelvin, long known as the head Coffin-Trimmer

of the Killjoy Association, seemed to pick up on the new Diet and developed a streak of Spoofing and was quite the Wag of the Party.

The Lady who had written a Brochure on Bridge put up a punk Battle and was cleaned by old Mrs. Postlethwaite, who ordinarily could not tell Clubs from Spades after leaning against two of the Kind that Freddie learned to make while visiting a Cousin in Philadelphia.

The notorious Sleepyheads wanted to stay up late for the first time in History, while the recognized Members of the Milkmen's Reception Committee began to burn low at 9 P.M. The Chatterboxes were glum and the Stills suddenly had Views on all sorts of Topics.

When the Company assembled on Monday morning to enter upon their third day in the new Universe, a good many of the Canary Appetites were sitting up and begging for Link Sausage and Griddle Cakes, while their Contempt for a Poached Egg was almost too deep for Words.

Emerson truly says in his Essay on Compensation that those who would enjoy the wolfish Satisfaction of shoveling it in each Morning must forego the simple Delights of acquiring a Brannigan the Night before.

It seemed that the Mists had rolled away and, although the Program had been shy of Pep, the Death Rate was unusually Low.

Mrs. Meriwether, a very charming Patroness of the 140-pound Class, remained in Deep Thought for several minutes and then let go the startling Proposition that possibly there were two Sides to the Question and all of them might continue to survive in Comfort even when weaned away from the most correct and amiable Customs of Refined Society.

Not to be outdone, Mr. Glisbie, a Stock-Broker with a Record, told her she had said Something and that he always felt more Gingery when he laid off and, as a matter of Fact, never thought of taking a Nip unless urged to it by some Victim of the Drink Habit.

The others chimed in, and the first Thing you know Mr. and Mrs. Freddie were being toasted with Hot Coffee as Benefactors, and their little bone-dry Party was declared to be the most daring Novelty of the Season.

Monday was to be the last Day, and there was a great Push toward the Open Hills and the fluttering Flags.

Most of them felt strong enough for 36 holes.

When they were in at Noon, all ready to sit down to their Iced Tea and Lettuce Sandwiches, a racing Roadster dashed up and a dear Pal named Harry came with the breathless Information that he had under the Seat a Suitcase filled with the bonnie Perfume that makes Scotch Soldiers the bravest in the World.

He expected to be acclaimed the same as a Saint Bernard Dog that goes up into the Mountain Pass and digs a Traveler out of the Snow.

Instead of which, he was denounced as a Lush and complaint was filed with the Steward of the Club.

Mr. Hemingway, who had just holed a long Putt for an 88, told the Steward that Harry had smuggled Liquor into the Club for the purpose of corrupting and dragging down Innocent Men and Pure Women who were trying to discourage the Traffic.

Moral: Nothing is more disturbing to Established Routine than a sudden Burst of Sobriety.

The next *New Fable in Slang*, that of *Those who stood the Gaff and smiled or Otherwise*, will appear in *August Cosmopolitan*.

Virtuous Wives

(Continued from page 89)

order to a sailor at the ropes, studying the set of the topsails or watching with appraising eyes the answering challenge of the White Streak, jibing, tacking, flinging out a great, lazy balloon-sail, testing the qualities of the master, occasionally his glance came back to her, rested a moment on her half-veiled eyes, lit up with a smile, passed and returned again.

Life with him would be very like this gliding ease, she thought, pleasant and drawn on languid breezes. When Andrew was away and she was no longer racked by the thought of imagined meetings with Irma Dellabarre, she yielded to the charm of his personality. Life would be pleasant with Monte Bracken—even now she could not think of it without him without a feeling of rebellion. To-day there was a new longing in her. Something that she had never known stirred in her as the gossamer sails stirred and swelled above her against the blue deep.

With a waving of scarfs, the White Streak gave way and sped toward the Dellabarre anchorage up the bay. They

took in their balloon-jib, tacked, and made the dock.

"Lordy, I love sailing when it's like that!" said Kitty, jumping up with a sigh of regret. "I say, Monte, I'm dying to make some money! What do you think—can I back you against the White Streak?"

"Backing myself pretty heavy, Kitty," he said confidently. In their necessity of an amiable third, he had come to almost a liking of Kitty Lightbody.

"Then I'll take up Gladys at evens." "What are you doing to-night?" said Amy, in a low voice, when Kitty had been propelled to the wharf.

"I had promised to rush over to Claire's."

"Come to dinner instead," she said impulsively. "To-night I feel I need you around."

"You want me?" he said, looking into her eyes eagerly.

"Please—will you come?"

"Of course."

The dinner was on the piazza by the light of candles. They had not much to

say, speaking in perfunctory sentences, content to let Kitty Lightbody babble on. Today and Jap, who were due for the weekend, had telephoned that they would be down after dinner. At nine, Kitty went off to the station to meet the train, leaving them on the covered porch with its far shore-lights and the lapping of waters below. The butler returned to clear the table, and in his presence the unease they felt became unbearable.

"I say, suppose we get a bit of air while Gregory tidies up," he said, rising. Gregory was almost the eye of the husband.

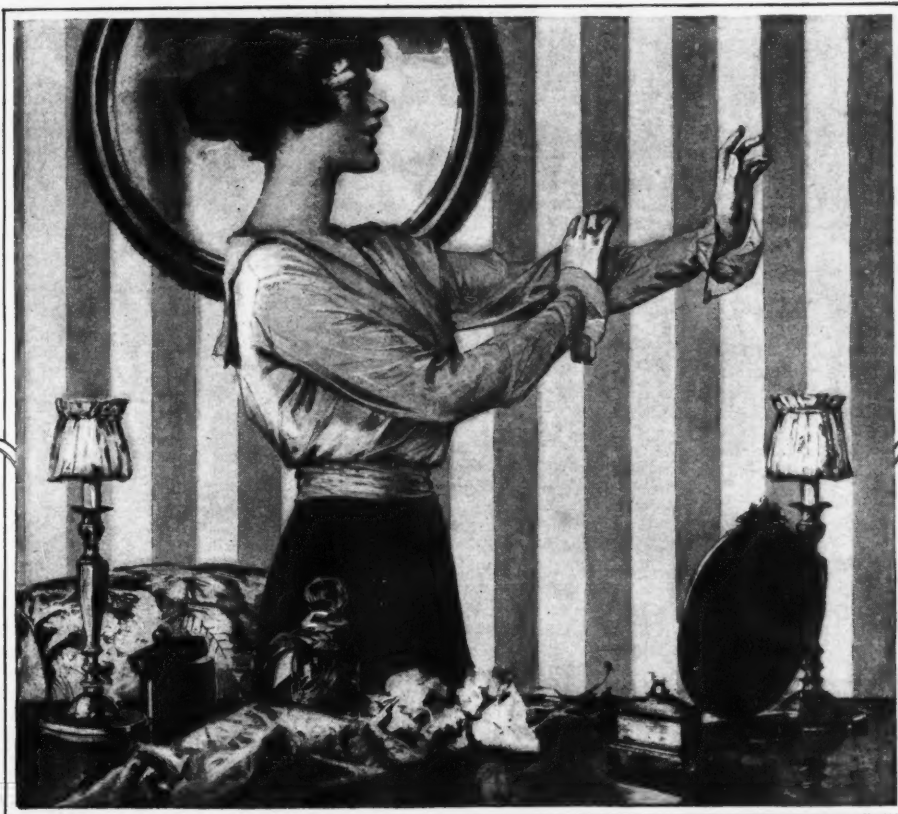
"It's stuffy here," she assented. They passed across the lawn to the edge of the breakwater. The tide was low and, below, the pebbles shone in the obscurity. Occasionally a wisp of air, damp from the bay, struck across her face like a moist cobweb.

"It was selfish of me to ask you to break your engagement," she began slowly.

They stood apart—consciously.

"No; it was not that."

"It was so quiet this afternoon—out there. You understand things so well,



Three times to the cleaners and you've paid for it all over again

HAVE you seen Louise's dear little georgette blouse?

"I admired it and showed her my new crepe de Chine. 'But isn't it wicked,' I said to have to send it to the cleaner's?"

"By the time you have had it cleaned three times, you have paid for it all over again. 'You don't mean to say you send it to the cleaner's!' she said.

"Yes! I answered, 'you would not trust crepe de Chine to soap and water, would you?'"

"Of course not," she said, 'I use Lux.'"

As a matter of fact, Lux is the most modern form of soap—but it is so different from anything you have ever known

as soap that you think of it as something in a class entirely by itself.

And that is precisely what Lux is. Lux comes in delicate pure flakes which dissolve instantly. You whisk them into a foamy lather, then add cold water. Into the rich, lukewarm suds you drop your most delicate blouse.

Afraid? Not for a second!

Lux never hurt anything that pure water alone would not injure.

Let your blouse soak for a few minutes. Never a bit of rubbing. Simply

dip your blouse up and down and press the suds again and again through the precious fabric. Every speck of dirt melts away without a bit of injury to a single delicate thread. Your blouse comes out new as the day you bought it.

Every woman who tries Lux wonders how she ever could have rubbed cake soap on anything she valued.

Now she buys the dainty things she loves to have and wears them often. They are not a bit of care or expense to her. She keeps them fresh and new the Lux way with no rubbing.

Get your package of Lux today from your grocer, druggist or department store. Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.

Cleanse these things yourself with Lux

528 Corsets	Sweaters	Washable Sateen Skirts
Lace Corsets	Blankets	Curtains
Lace Collars	Baby's Washes	Finest Table Linens
Lace Jackets	528 Undershirts	Ginghams, Cords & Chinos
Washable Sateen	528 Stockings	and Washable Sateen Blouses
Collars and Cuffs	Washable Gloves	

Sweaters soft and unshrunk!

"I have a white sweater which has been washed several times with Lux, and it is still white, soft and unshrunk."—Mrs. F. W. B. Pratt, Reading, Penn.

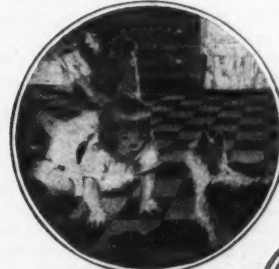


© Lever Bros. Co., 1918



The children's things like new—

"I washed a child's white corduroy coat with Lux, and it looked as good as new. It was very dirty, and I didn't have to rub it at all."—Mrs. F. W. Gordon, Portland, Me.



Monte. It's good just to have you around."

She said it without emotion—a child afraid of loneliness.

"Thank you."

His quiet acceptance reassured her. She could indulge herself. With him, she was sure to be understood, sure of his patience and his unquestioning loyalty. She looked down at the beach, seized with an impulse to go skipping along the flat rocks.

"Come on!" she cried, and made for the steep steps.

"Be careful, Amy; it's slippery!" he cried anxiously from above her.

"Oh, I never fall," she said recklessly, but at that moment, in the darkness, a stone turned under her and she gave a cry.

"You see!" he said, catching her arm.

"Then give me your hand."

His hand closed over the one she held to him as she balanced on a ledge. She went several steps and then stopped.

"No; I've had enough of that," she said, in a different voice.

She tried to draw her hand from his, but he held it firmly.

"Monte!" she said hurriedly. "Monte, don't do that."

"I beg your pardon," he said, releasing her instantly.

Free, she had a feeling of terror.

"I don't like it here—let's go back."

"As you wish."

In her hurry to avoid the touch of his hand again, she sprang ahead and up the steps to the embankment, but at the top her scarf became caught in a ledge of rock, and before she could release herself, he was at her side.

"I'm caught; I can't see how," she said, her heart fluttering.

"Let me try."

He bent over so close that she felt a suffocation in her throat, a giddiness in her head.

"There!" he said at last, straightening up.

She whirled, but the motion was again an unfortunate one, for it sent her scarf flying about him, where it caught on a button of his coat. The next moment she heard, as in the distance, her name called once, twice—and then everything went tumbling round her. She was in his arms, powerless to move. A feeling of terror and of joy swept over her. His eyes were looking down into hers, coming closer and closer. She could not cry out. She could not struggle. She felt a sudden pain across her heart. Her eyes closed. It had come—an accident had decided for her. And then he kissed her.

That wild, unleashed kiss hewed her lips and cut across her soul like the sting of a lash. Something primevally rebellious rose up. Her brain cleared. She flung back her head. Her arm struck violently against his lips.

"Let me go!" No longer helpless but strong with the strength of anger, she wrenched herself free and stood from him, trembling in every limb. "How could you—oh, how could you?"

She tried to speak—she tried to voice the scorn that rose unreasoningly against him. Words choked in her throat. During the one instant of giddiness, she had lain in his arms, seeing and hearing nothing. She had been under the absolute mastery of his will, dominated and crushed.

"Why, Amy—" he began, in wonder, and, in the darkness, she felt his hands coming toward her.

"Don't touch me!" she cried furiously, striking his hand away.

"Amy!"

"Oh, what a brute you've been!" she cried hysterically. "You—whom I trusted—you! And this is the way you protect me—the way you respect me!"

"Good God!" he cried, in amazed protest. "But I love you!"

"Love?" No; that's not love. You've made me despise you—despise myself!"

"Wait," he said hurriedly; "you don't

April Folly,

A short serial by
Cynthia Stockley,
begins in
August Cosmopolitan.

Mrs. Stockley, as Cosmopolitan readers know, always has a tale of the most absorbing interest to tell.

know what you're saying—you can't; it's impossible!"

"Impossible?" I've never been so humiliated—so hurt—and by you! Oh, to think that this could happen to me!" All at once, she gave way and fell back, against the wall, shaken by sobs. He stood stern and silent, without attempt to justify himself, waiting.

"Are you yourself now?" he said, when, at length, she had grown quiet. "Are you calm enough to listen?"

"I am," she said coldly.

"You said," he began slowly, "you said you despised me—" He waited. "Do you mean what you have just said?"

"I do—exactly as I have said it!" she cried. At the moment, her only thought was to humble him as he had humbled her before his sudden strength.

"By heavens," he cried, with a flash of anger, "I beg your pardon! I guess—I see—well, there's only one thing to do. I'll rid you of my presence—and at once."

"I am glad you can at least perceive that."

"My dear Mrs. Forrester," he said, wheeling round as though he had received a blow, "I think you don't quite understand my reasons."

"There's no use in trying to justify—" she started precipitately to say.

"Justify?" Hardly," he cut in. "You seem to quite misunderstand the situation. I have not the slightest intention, now or at any time, to excuse myself for having, in a moment beyond the control of any man who loves, lost my head in a perfectly human way."

"It is useless!" she cried loudly. "There is no excuse—none!"

"I'm sorry," he said, in a low voice; "I had another ideal of you. I didn't think you were like the other crowd. I thought there was something genuine in you—something that would mean something to some man."

"You have no right to—"

"Oh, yes, I have! I have the right to say this, for I have protected you in trying moments. In the moment of your trouble, I offered you everything—my-

self, my name—only after you gave me clearly to understand that you and your husband were on the verge of separation. That is something for a man to offer—to put at your feet—without demanding an answer. If I have made a mistake, you have led me to it. But understand this: When I offered you what I did, I did it in the belief that your feeling was not simply one of calculation but that your heart was in it—and that you had a heart."

"Monte, don't!" she cried, recoiling and covering her face.

"I beg your pardon; I didn't mean—I should have gone without saying such things—but it's been—well, rather a shock." He laughed and said, with forced gentleness: "The trouble is, Amy, you really are like the others—Irma and Gladys and the rest. You want to play with something you don't understand, something you don't need in your life. You're willing to take everything from a man and give nothing. You can't understand what you do, because you can't feel yourself. Well, to me, that's more immoral than the woman who sacrifices everything because she does love." He drew a long breath, and when he continued, his voice was even again. "You see, I am not a manikin. I am not a Tody Dawson. No; I can't make any excuses. If I lost my head to-night, honestly, blindly, like a human being, I had every right to do so. A woman who really loves doesn't act as you do—and if you don't love me and were only playing with my life like that, then, Amy—" He stopped, checked the hot words on his tongue, shuddered, and said: "I mustn't say any more; it's dangerous. Well, I think I understand now. Good-by."

What! He was going—he was leaving her, when every word he had said had convinced her? She felt herself reeling and stretched out her hand.

"Monte!" He was already up the path, swinging rapidly with great strides. "Monte, don't go like this—Monte, listen to me! Monte!"

She ran after him a few steps, faltered, and suddenly her knees bent beneath her. Then she was alone, huddled against the side of the veranda, helpless and weak. In the distance, the sound of his retreating steps ceased on the gravel path.

VIII

THE day of the yacht-races, a storm came up unexpectedly, and by ten o'clock a nasty sea was on, with the wind still freshening. Several skippers, after a searching of the sky and a contemplation of the churning course, prudently withdrew. By the pier, a group in yellow slickers was discussing the prospect, a large element arguing for a postponement. Challoner and Bracken, however, having declared their intention to attempt the course, race or no race, an announcement was made that the test would be held. Of twenty-one boats entered, only five decided to stay, and in the sheltered waters the crews set to work on the busy preparations.

"Well, Jack," said Monte Bracken, as they went down to the landing-wharf together, "this is the kind of weather that'll show 'em up."

"It certainly will," said Challoner grimly. "Bet stands?"

Remove discolorations from underneath the nails with Cutex Nail White

Cutex Cake Polish gives the nails a brilliant, water-proof finish

After the first Cutex manicure, examine your nails. You will be amazed at the improvement!

If you have been cutting your cuticle, read this

Skin specialists and doctors everywhere say that cuticle-cutting is ruinous! Learn how to give your nails the most wonderful manicure you ever had, without cutting the cuticle



(Photo by White Studio)
Ethel Clayton, beloved by motion picture "fans" everywhere, says: "Cutex keeps my nails looking so beautifully, my friends often remark about it"

WHEN neglected, the cuticle grows tougher, coarser and drier. It breaks and causes hangnails. Over and over, skin specialists and doctors repeat: "Do not trim the cuticle."

The Cutex method is the one simple, scientific way to care for the cuticle.

The chemist who prepared it, impressed with the great need for a harmless cuticle remover, worked month after month—studied, analyzed and experimented until the formula for Cutex was produced.

How to use it

Cutex is absolutely harmless. It removes surplus cuticle without cutting—does away with tiresome soaking of the nails.

Send today for the complete Cutex Midget Manicure Set offered below. In the package you will find an orange stick and absorbent cotton. Wrap some of the cotton around the end of the stick and dip it into the Cutex bottle. Work the stick around the base of the nail, gently pushing back the cuticle. Almost at

once you will find that you are able to wipe off the dead surplus cuticle. Then rinse the fingers in clear water.

After a few applications, no matter how mutilated and unattractive cuticle-cutting may have made your nails, Cutex will restore the firm, smooth outlines at the base of the nail. All your nail troubles will quickly disappear. Try it. See for yourself.

You can secure Cutex at drug and department stores everywhere. The cuticle remover comes in 30c, 60c and \$1.25 bottles. Cutex Nail White is 30c. Cutex Nail Polish in cake, paste, powder, liquid or stick form is also 30c. Cutex Cuticle Comfort, for sore or tender cuticle is only 30c. If your favorite store has not secured its stock, order direct.

Get this complete manicure set

Send us 15c (10c for the set and 5c for postage) and we will send you a complete Cutex Midget Manicure Set containing trial sizes of the Cutex manicure preparations—enough for at least six manicures. Send for it today. Address **Northam Warren, Dept. 507, 114 W. 17th Street, New York City.**

If you live in Canada, send 15c to MacLean, Benn & Nelson, Limited, Dept. 507, 489 St. Paul St. West, Montreal, for your sample set and get Canadian prices.

MAIL COUPON WITH 15c TODAY

NORTHAM WARREN

Dept. 507, 114 W. 17th St., New York City

Name.....
Street.....
City..... State.....

Send 15c for this
Manicure set
today



"A thousand—yes," said Bracken carelessly; "but winner to finish the course."
 "Understood. Want to take another five hundred my tub comes in and yours doesn't?"

"Why, yes, Jack; that's a good bet."

A little flurry of rain came across the troubled water of the anchorage, flinging sharp pellets into his eyes. He pulled down the brim of his slicker, shouted an order to the crew, and went back toward the club-house on a restless impulse which he did not acknowledge to himself. Under the porch, the spectators had gathered, the women in great coats and ulsters, the veils whipping to and fro about their shoulders. He saw his brother and Claire, who came hurriedly out of the crowd.

"Is it a race?"

"Sure it's a race," he said cheerfully.

"What are they thinking of?" said Allan, with an oath, under his breath. "Monte, you're not going to be fool enough to try it?"

"My dear Allan, that's just what you can always count on my being," he said, with a grin. "Want to come?"

"Thanks, no—I prefer to stay behind and inherit your property."

"You'll have a chance," he said instantly.

"Do be careful, Monte!" said Claire. She had been standing silently until now.

"Careful!" said Allan. "He's just as apt to get out under full sail with a spinnaker set."

"Well, no; hardly that," said Bracken, with a glance at the bay, where the blue waves with foaming crests were storming from the northeast.

"Do be careful!" said Claire Bracken. "There's not as much danger as that," he said cheerily. He glanced up the piazza and added, "Tell Kitty she'd better hedge; the White Streak is the boat in a wind like this."

He went into the locker-room, taking the long way around, his eyes seeking eagerly in the crowd. Irma and Gladys were there, but Amy Forrester had not yet arrived. Since the night by the break-water, he had fought desperately to put her from his mind. He had told himself that the break was final, that, after the words he had pronounced, no further intercourse was possible. He had not spared her in his mind. He had assured himself again and again that it was fortunate that he had found her out in time, while yet he could withdraw from the chasm of servitude which opened at his feet. She was like the others he had known, those virtuous wives without constancy or depth, to whom the passions they inspired were but a pastime and a variety. He had believed her different. She was not; the same light emotions sufficed; the same dread of appearance bound her. He had never sought an intrigue, but a love which would give purpose to his life. He had deceived himself, as he always deceived himself. But when he had heaped up all these reproaches against her, when cruelly and bitterly he had shown himself that she was only inconscient, light, and a creature of style and fashions, there still remained one thing he could not destroy—the charm that her memory exercised irresistibly over his imagination.

"Why the deuce have I got to come up here just to get a glimpse of her?" he said

to himself angrily. "For that's what I'm doing—I might as well acknowledge it!"

He returned through the crowd, still seeking the light and graceful figure which was the thrill of the day to his eyes, and went down to the wharf, where the crew was waiting for him impatiently.

"Five minutes to the first gun, sir," said Oscar, his sailor.

"That's enough."

He stepped into the dory and passed on to the deck of the Water-Sprite, which was tugging at her hawser like a restless racer. He took the wheel, and the boat, released from her moorings, shot across the waves. At this moment, he looked up

A short story by
William J. Locke,
A Woman of the War,
 will appear in
August Cosmopolitan.

and saw the Forrester car turning into the club grounds.

"She has come," he thought joyfully.

"She could not stay away."

"Don't know whether she'll stand so much sail, sir," said the sailor, with a glance up at the mast.

"Don't think so, either, Oscar," he said. "But one thing's certain: If she can't, we haven't a ghost of a chance of winning this race, have we?"

"Well—but there are other races," said Oscar, mumbling to himself.

"Don't worry," Bracken said joyfully. "I'll get you back. What is the time?"

"Twenty seconds more, sir."

"We'll tack, then." He shouted out his orders, the zest of the struggle sending the fighting blood pulsing through his veins. If the mast would hold, he'd make a bid for it—now that he knew *she* was there watching. She, too, had suffered, for in the end she had not been able to stay away.

Amy Forrester, in fact, had had no intention of coming. Pretexting an indisposition, she had kept to the cottage for days. She knew that in the end she must see him, and yet she recoiled from it. She had waited, hoping that he would come, but as each day succeeded, she realized that the decision lay in her hands.

"What is left for me to do?" she had asked herself again and again. If he had only stayed after his outburst of indignation, there in the dark garden by the break-water, there could have been but one answer. But he had gone, and now it was not the question of a dramatic impulse but of deciding three lives coldly, without emotion, after long consideration. That was the difficult thing—to make the decision herself and not to have it made for her—not to be able to yield to forces of the moment which would sweep over her emotions.

"What am I? What sort of a woman am I?" she asked herself wearily, in the isolation she imposed on herself. Never had she held the mirror to her soul and looked into its clear verities. Now there was no escape; no subterfuge would suffice. She could not shift the responsibility. The decision lay in her hands alone. "If

I see him again," she admitted, "I must go to him; I must leave my husband. It's either that or never to see him again."

Monte Bracken had told her the truth, as Andrew, in his chivalry, had refused to tell her. She counted for nothing in this world. She had only been playing with forces she did not understand. It was all frightfully immoral. She had seen it in Irma, in Gladys, and a hundred others—the selfishness and the cruelty. She had never seen it in herself. She had deluded herself with sophistries. She had believed that she sought only friendships and had lulled her conscience with the belief that she sought to exercise a good influence in these intimacies.

Andrew was right, too, in what he had said and in the things he had left unsaid. She had never counted in his life. She had been disloyal. She had allowed men to make love to her; more, she had sought that tribute. She had wanted to be surrounded by flattery and adulation. And the worst was, she had never intended to give anything in return. She had cheated always. The capturing of her prey had been sufficient to her needs. She had adored it until suddenly she had discovered that Andrew was doing the same thing. Then she had been willing to stop, if only he would stop. That, too, had been cheating, and all her reproaches likewise.

Once she had the longing to rush over and lay her confession before Claire Bracken—Claire, with her calm and peace of soul, who saw her without illusions and without harshness.

"Ah, but I know what she'll say to me," she thought. "And I can't, I can't go on with Andrew. It isn't a question of duty—of self-respect; it was a blunder—a blunder, when neither of us realized what marriage meant. Besides, if I did wish to go on—it is too late. It wouldn't be fair to Andrew."

Yet she thought many times of what Claire had said, seeking for some qualifying excuse. Why had she been brought up to believe that she was a privileged person? Why had she been taught life as the pursuit of pleasure? The harm had been done before she had even married Andrew in her debutante year, when the wardrobe of a princess had been lavished on her, when, week in and week out, she had burned up the night until four, five, and six o'clock in the morning, and that ceaseless, tumultuous cramming into the first months of all the pleasures and surprises that should be spread through life had left in her the fatal heritage of excitement, a craving to go on, the horror of being alone. The pursuit of pleasure—that was all she had been taught—that was all she knew.

At times, when she saw her own figure clearly, she shuddered. What was she to do? Be selfish, be weak, hold to her respectability and Andrew? Suffer the sting of humiliation and see Monte Bracken, with his fine scorn, go out of her life? Pick up the old threads, play the old, inconsequential games again and again? Find new admirers? Be a little more clever in keeping them outside the bars that would protect her timid conscience? Or would she have the strength to set Andrew free and marry Monte Bracken, defiant of the world but proud in her self-respect?

"But do I love him—really love him,

How I Improved My Memory In One Evening

The Amazing Experience of Victor Jones

"Of course I place you! Mr. Addison Sims of Seattle.

"If I remember correctly—and I do remember correctly—Mr. Burroughs, the lumberman, introduced me to you at the luncheon of the Seattle Rotary Club three years ago in May. This is a pleasure indeed! I haven't laid eyes on you since that day. How is the grain business? And how did that amalgamation work out?"

The assurance of this speaker—in the crowded corridor of the Hotel McAlpin—compelled me to turn and look at him, though I must say it is not my usual habit to "listen in" even in a hotel lobby.

"He is David M. Roth, the most famous memory expert in the United States," said my friend Kennedy, answering my question before I could get it out. "He will show you a lot more wonderful things than that, before the evening is over."

And he did.

As we went into the banquet room the toastmaster was introducing a long list of the guests to Mr. Roth. I got in line and when it came my turn, Mr. Roth asked, "What are your initials, Mr. Jones, and your business connection and telephone number?" Why he asked this, I learned later, when he picked out from the crowd the 60 men he had met two hours before and called each by name without a mistake. What is more, he named each man's business and telephone number, for good measure.

I won't tell you all the other amazing things this man did except to tell how he called back, without a minute's hesitation, long lists of numbers, bank clearings, prices, lot numbers, parcel post rates and anything else the guests gave him in rapid order.

When I met Mr. Roth again—which you may be sure I did the first chance I got—he rather bowled me over by saying, in his quiet, modest way:

"There is nothing miraculous about my remembering anything I want to remember, whether it be names, faces, figures, facts, or something I have read in a magazine.

"You can do this just as easily as I do. Anyone with an average mind can learn quickly to do exactly the same things which seem so miraculous when I do them.

"My own memory," continued Mr. Roth "was originally very faulty. Yes it was—a really poor memory. On meeting a man I would lose his name in thirty seconds, while now there are probably 10,000 men and women in the United States, many of whom

I have met but once, whose names I can call instantly on meeting them."

"That is all right for you, Mr. Roth," I interrupted, "you have given years to it. But how about me?"

"Mr. Jones," he replied, "I can teach you the secret of a good memory in one evening. This is not a guess, because I have done it with thousands of pupils. In the first of seven simple lessons which I have prepared for home study, I show you the basic principle of my whole system and you will find it—not hard work as you might fear—but just like playing a fascinating game. I will prove it to you."

He didn't have to prove it. His Course did; I got it the very next day from his publishers, the Independent Corporation.

When I tackled the first lesson, I suppose I was the most surprised man in forty-eight states to find that I had learned in about one hour—how to remember a list of one hundred words so that I could call them off forward and back without a single mistake.

That first lesson stuck. And so did the other six.

Read this letter from C. Louis Allen, who at 32 years is president of a million dollar corporation, the Pyrene Manufacturing Company of New York, makers of the famous fire extinguisher:

"Now that the Roth Memory Course is finished, I want to tell you how much I have enjoyed the study of this most fascinating subject. Usually these courses involve a great deal of drudgery, but this has been nothing but pure pleasure all the way through. I have derived much benefit from taking the course of instruction and feel that I shall continue to strengthen my memory. That is the best part of it. I shall be glad of an opportunity to recommend your work to my friends."

Mr. Allen didn't put it a bit too strong.

The Roth Course is priceless! I can absolutely count on my memory now. I can call the name of most any man I have met before—and I am getting better all the time. I can remember any figures I wish to remember. Telephone numbers come to mind instantly, once I have filed them by Mr. Roth's easy method. Street addresses are just as easy.

The old fear of forgetting (you know what that is) has vanished. I used to be "scared stiff" on my feet—because I wasn't sure. I couldn't remember what I wanted to say.

Now I am sure of myself, and confident, and "easy as an old shoe" when I get on my feet at the club, or at a banquet, or in a business meeting, or in any social gathering.

Perhaps the most enjoyable part of it all is that I have become a good conversationalist—and I used to be as silent as a sphinx when I got into a crowd of people who knew things.

Now I can call up like a flash of lightning most any fact I want right at the instant I need it most. I used to think a "hair trigger" memory belonged only to the prodigy and genius. Now I see that every man of us has that kind of a memory if he only knows how to make it work right.

I tell you it is a wonderful thing, after groping around in the dark for so many years to be able to switch the big searchlight on your mind and see instantly everything you want to remember.

This Roth Course will do wonders in your office.

Since we took it up you never hear anyone in our office say "I guess" or "I think it was about so much" or "I forget that right now" or "I can't remember" or "I must look up his name." Now they are right there with the answer—like a shot.

Have you ever heard of "Multigraph" Smith? Real name H. Q. Smith, Division Manager of the Multigraph Sales Company, Ltd., in Montreal. Here is just a bit from a letter of his that I saw last week:

"Here is the whole thing in a nutshell: Mr. Roth has a most remarkable Memory Course. It is simple, and easy as falling off a log. Yet with one hour a day of practice, anyone—I don't care who he is—can improve his Memory 100% in a week and 1,000% in six months."

My advice to you is don't wait another minute. Send to Independent Corporation for Mr. Roth's amazing course and see what a wonderful memory you have got. Your dividends in increased earning power will be enormous.

VICTOR JONES

Send No Money

So confident is the Independent Corporation, the publishers of the Roth Memory Course, that once you have an opportunity to see in your own home how easy it is to double, yes, triple your memory power in a few short hours, that they are willing to send the course on free examination.

Don't send any money. Merely mail the coupon or write a letter and the complete course will be sent, all charges prepaid, at once. If you are not entirely satisfied send it back any time within five days after you receive it and you will owe nothing.

On the other hand, if you are as pleased as are the thousands of other men and women who have used the course send only \$5 in full payment. You take no risk and you have everything to gain, so mail the coupon now before this remarkable offer is withdrawn.

FREE EXAMINATION COUPON

Independent Corporation

Division of Business Education
Dept. O, 119 West 40th St., New York
Publishers of *The Independent*, "The Most Satisfactory War Journal in America"


Please send me the Roth Memory Course of seven lessons. I will either remail the course to you within five days after its receipt or send you \$5.

Name

Address



COSMO 7-18



**Hudson River
By Daylight**

Most delightful trip in the world.
Big luxurious steamers daily except Sunday between


New York and Albany

Also attractive one day outings from New York to Poughkeepsie, Newburgh, Bear Mountain and other points of interest. Restaurant; music. Send 4c for illustrated literature.

All through rail tickets between Albany and New York accepted.

Hudson River Day Line
Desbrosses Street Pier New York.

FREE



MOORE'S LOOSE LEAF SYSTEM
In use in more than 200,000 offices

Our FREE Book
MOORE'S MODERN METHODS

is a practical book of 160 pages of information of great value to every one interested in office, factory, store, bank or outdoor record keeping.

Illustrates and describes 40 different forms for short cuts in Loose Leaf Records of all kinds.

This Book Free when request is on your business letterhead. Write now for your copy.

John C. Moore Corporation
1912 Stone Street
Rochester, N. Y.

FREE

SEXOLOGY

by William H. Walling, A. M., M. D.
imparts in a clear wholesome way, in one volume:

- Knowledge a Young Man Should Have.
- Knowledge a Young Woman Should Have.
- Knowledge a Father Should Have.
- Knowledge a Mother Should Have.
- Knowledge a Husband Should Have.
- Knowledge a Wife Should Have.
- Knowledge a Father Should Impart to His Son.
- Knowledge a Mother Should Impart to Her Daughter.
- Medical Knowledge a Husband Should Have.
- Medical Knowledge a Wife Should Have.

Illustrated. All in one volume. \$2.00 postpaid. Write for "Other People's Opinions" and Table of Contents.

PURITAN PUB. CO., 754 PERRY BUILDING, PHILA., PA.

as real women love?" she asked herself, in the distress of her mind. "Am I capable of loving anyone?"

And there her debating with her conscience always ended.

On the day of the race, she had not yet found her answer. Kitty and the boys, who were down for the week-end, had gone over, leaving her to the solitude of the house. Yet something Jap had said had remained in her memory.

"Holy cats, if they race in this gale, half of them will go down!"

"Race?" They won't race! They aren't lunatics!" Tody had replied.

She knew enough of Monte's daring nature to know that no risk would hold him. She went out uneasily onto the little porch of nasturtiums which gave from her bedroom. The wind was howling round the corner, tearing the flower-bed with its raking fingers. Above, the swollen clouds went bowling down the stormy heavens. It wasn't possible that they would let the race go on! And if they did? If Monte went out in bitterness and despair?

The thought struck her cold with fear. She dressed frantically, and, jumping into the car, hurried to the club-house. She had hardly reached the crowd when the starting-gun boomed out. The next moment, the Water-Sprite and the White Streak, gunwales awash and scuppers high in the sky, were sweeping over the line.

Those who saw the race never forgot the suspense of those short hours. It was a foolhardy thing to attempt in the gale that was shaking the sky, and before the first leg was run, all but Challoner and Bracken had refused the risk and had come staggering back to harbor. The first leg was a reach, close-hauled. From the clubhouse top, where the crowd, braving the flurries of rain, was massed, the two boats could be seen rushing over the crested waves. At times, in the hollow of a trough, one or the other momentarily sank from sight, and each time as the white sail climbed out and up, a sigh of relief came from the crowd.

Amy stood without cover from the occasional splashes of rain, encased only in a tarpaulin which some one—was it Tody or was it Jap?—had thrown about her. She needed no one to tell her of the game with death which was being played out there. The quiet, the muttered solicitude of the crowd, the long, unflagging tension told her all. Monte was out there in the agony of the storm. What had she been in his going?

"Turning the first buoy now," said a low voice.

"Who's that around?"

"The White Streak—no—yes!" said some one with a telescope.

"Monte's around, too," said Allan Bracken, with a terribly calm voice.

"That's over—one-third's over!" said Claire.

"One-third's over," Amy found herself repeating.

She was standing between Claire Bracken and Irma Dellabarre, drawn by a common feeling of impending doom, the instinct of the animal when the breath of death passes in the air. Their faces were white and staring, too—yet she was not conscious of them. Once, at a cry from the crowd, she swerved against Irma without noticing it. One thought obsessed her.

Could she control herself, even—~~even~~ if the horrible thing should happen? She shut her eyes. Why was not the second third over? Far off, two white specks like handkerchiefs were dipping in and out of the whipped sea, lost in a sheet of foam. "Why don't they get nearer?" she said helplessly.

"Second leg—the tack takes longer," said Claire.

"It's the last, the run home, is the worst," said Allan, under his breath.

"What do you mean?" she asked sharply, turning to scan his face.

"The last is running before the wind," he explained laboriously. "Danger is—"

"Hello!" some one shouted. "By George! Thought he was over that time!"

"Danger is," continued Allan Bracken, "in possibility of jibing, and they're both carrying too much sail—"

"The Water-Sprite's held her own this leg," said a voice.

"They'll both make it on this tack."

"Wow! There she goes!"

"Who's around?"

"The Water-Sprite, by Jove!"

"Look at the wind grab her."

"Masts won't hold—never in the world!"

"The White Streak's around!"

"She'll pick up the distance now!"

"Look at them come!"

"Two-thirds—two-thirds gone," said Claire, then to her husband, "Is this, the last leg, really the worst?"

"Yes," he said shortly; "with Monte at the wheel."

Amy closed her eyes, afraid to look. A prayer went up in her tortured mind. If only he would come back safely—back to life again—she would go to him openly. Anything rather than have the horror of remorse on her conscience!

"Topsail's gone—torn to tatters!"

"Whose?"

"Water-Sprite's."

From the bending peak, the split sail streamed out in white jets. The Water-Sprite was carrying too much sail, much too much sail for such a gale as this, but it was her only chance to win, for the White Streak, bigger and steadier, was running away from her. Amy stood, eyes shut, unable to face the suspense of the awful last moments, feeling the perilous approach from the excitement about her, and the voluble comments.

"What the deuce is Monte standing in for like that?"

"He's pulling up."

"Sure; but he can't make the mark without going around."

"That's true; but he's figuring on some time-allowance."

"Even then, the White Streak will be over before—"

"She's over now!" cut in some one, as a gun boomed out and some mechanical voice announced,

"Twelve forty-two exactly."

"By George, Monte's sailed a great race!"

"Yes; but he hasn't a chance."

"Glory Hallelujah! Look at the White Streak run!"

The White Streak, first over the line, swept like the flash of a search-light into the harbor, running wild, the crew bailing desperately, Challoner cramped against the wheel. Down the course, the Water-Sprite, which had made the second buoy

a minute behind her handicap, came tearing over the frothing sea, carrying every inch of canvas that the mast would hold. And presently Monte's intention became plain.

"By the Lord Harry, he's going to jibe!"

"In this gale? Never!"

"He is—he's going to jibe!"

"Good-by, Monte, then."

In order to pick up precious seconds, Bracken had come down under full sail to the leeward of the mark. To come around and take his sail on the other side, and thus round his mark, meant the loss of the seconds he needed. One hundred yards from the finish, he prepared to jibe the yacht in the gale.

A shout went up, as the sail, under the deft handling of the crew, came slowly in.

"Look out—look out now!"

"Here she comes!"

"Wow!"

With a report like a cannon, the sail shivered, jibed, and filled, shaking the boat as though it were a leaf. They heard Monte's shouted oath in the wind. The next moment, mast, sail, and all went by the board. A cry went up. Irma Dellabarre fell against Amy heavily and slipped to the floor. What had happened? Amy saw her, and then her eyes met Claire Bracken's.

"What's happened? Is he—is he dead?" she said, staring at her.

"I don't—I can't see!"

"Man overboard!" cried a voice.

Some one pushed them aside, jumping up on the chair.

"No! No! I can make them out—they're all there, I think—one, two, four—five!"

"Boat's smashed to pieces, though!"

"Clean ripped to pieces."

A piece of the sail, whipped into shreds, slapped up against the roof, rose, and slid away over their heads—a thing that a moment ago had been over *his* head! The Water-Sprite, with the crew clinging to her sides, drifted slowly over the line—half a minute too late!

"Is—is he safe?" she said faintly.

"Yes; now he is safe," said Claire quietly.

And again, woman to woman, they looked into each other's eyes, while about them, relieved of its tension, the crowd grew vociferous.

"By George! Just made it at that!"

"Another five minutes and they'd have been sunk!"

"Spunky devil!"

"Fool thing to do!"

"Bet up, I suppose."

Amy Forrester went down with the crowd, elbowed and carried along to the pier, where the men were coming up—Challoner and the crew of the White Streak, dripping and exhausted, and presently up the steps came Monte, acclaimed and fêted—Monte, who had done the dramatic thing, but, as always, had come in second. She went to him directly and held out her hand resolutely, without flinching. His eyes had been waiting for her from the first. They said no word—her look and the answering comprehension in his were enough. Each felt the solemnity of the act—the decision once and for all.

The conclusion of *Virtuous Wives* will appear in *August Cosmopolitan*.



A Lively Interest

is shown these days in the intrinsic merit of foods and beverages. A few years ago tea and coffee were about the only drinks known on the family table.

Nowadays, people everywhere find appealing flavor, better health and practical economy in

INSTANT POSTUM

GUMMED LABELS

The best quality and the best service at the best proportionate price. A million labels an hour, if necessary, and every one of them perfect. Prices and samples on request.

FENTON LABEL CO.

9th and Thompson Sts.
Phila., Pa.

BE AN ARTIST

We can teach you **DRAWING** in your own home during spare time.

Our 18 years of successful teaching prove our ability.

10 Courses in Commercial and Illustrative Drawing Endorsed by high art authorities.

Students trained by members of our Faculty are filling high-salaried positions. Artist's Outfit **FREE** to Enrolled Students.

Write today for Art Year Book.

SCHOOL OF APPLIED ART
ROBEY AND BLISS, No. 1 BATTLE CREEK MICH.

6% Farm Mortgages

SAFE—PROFITABLE—PATRIOTIC

Our Farm Mortgages and Real Estate Bonds are safe, profitable and decidedly patriotic investments. If food production is to be extended, agriculture must be financed. Send for pamphlet "B" and current offerings.

DENOMINATIONS \$100 AND UP
E. J. LANDER & CO., Grand Forks, North Dakota.
Capital and Surplus \$500,000

MARK YOUR CAMP AND VACATION LINEN WITH

CASH'S WOVEN NAMES Prevent loss at the laundry. They are neat and durable. Made in many styles in fast colors of Red, Blue, Black, Navy, Yellow or Green.

U. S. Can.
3 doz. . . . \$.55 \$1.00
6 doz. . . . 1.25 1.50
12 doz. . . . 2.00 2.25

Your full name for

Samples of various styles sent free
J. & J. CASH, Ltd.
2 North Chestnut St., So. Norwalk, Conn.

The Treason Trust

(Continued from page 97)

is a question of money—the uncovering of the crime, I mean—don't stop at anything—anything! Only, you won't tell—”

“It is not money,” answered Craig, as she paused, and, as his eyes met hers, she knew that he was a detective of hearts as well.

“Thank you,” she murmured. “I thought not. But you will let me know—whatever happens?”

Kennedy promised, and we were soon on our way back to the town, where we spent another half-hour in useless effort to locate Raver at the now deserted pacifist headquarters.

In the car it was a matter of only a few moments when we were whisked out to the laboratory, a bit late, to keep our appointment with Fenwick.

Kennedy knocked at the door. There was no answer. I bent down, as he did, to the keyhole, but could see nothing. But there was a pungent odor, as of a gas.

Without even a word between us, Kennedy and I both threw ourselves against the door. It yielded to our combined pressure. As it did so, the rush of the ammonia gas almost overwhelmed us.

Hastily, with wet handkerchiefs over our noses, we dashed into the fumes, staggering and groping about. We found the form of Fenwick, and together carried it out into the fresh air. I looked at it in consternation. Had the strange attacker also gathered in our friend? Kennedy was on his knees, examining him.

“He's breathing, thank God!” murmured Craig. “If he survives a short time, he is more than likely to live and escape permanent injury. Get back there, Walter, and see if you can get me some weak acid.”

I tied the handkerchief over my nose and entered again as he called after me, “Don't strike any matches—it's explosive.”

Somehow, the air in the room seemed much purer, and although the handkerchief fell off my nose as I found the acid, I did not need to replace it.

It was an anxious quarter of an hour before we brought Fenwick through delirium to a husky inquiry as to what was the matter. He had no recollection, remembered nothing. Weak, but still game, he at last struggled to his feet. The air in the laboratory had cleared by this time and, with doors and windows open, we returned.

Kennedy at once began a close examination. He came at last to a very heavy cabinet on which I had to lend a hand. As we pulled it out, there, from the wall, projected a small one-inch pipe.

Fenwick looked at it in amazement.

“What is it?” he asked huskily. “It wasn't there when I hired this basement.”

Kennedy bent down and smelled of it, puckering up his nose. Then he examined the end of it. What did it all mean?

Without a word he hurried out, and, in an outhouse, as he passed, seized a spade. Out on the lawn he began digging several feet from the spot where he calculated that the cabinet had stood. We watched him in silence, until, at last, some three or four feet down, he struck something metallic—a pipe! Again he advanced ten or fifteen feet away and dug, and again, at about the

same depth, he struck a pipe, clearly the same one.

“There's no use digging any more holes!” he exclaimed, sighting back along those he had already dug. “It must run in a straight line.” Going back, he sighted ahead as he had established the line of pipe. “Let us investigate that,” he concluded, indicating an old unoccupied house some three or four hundred feet away.

No one was about, and it was an easy job to break through a window and enter. We did so cautiously. But there was not a sound except a rat scurrying away from us. Search as we did, we could find nothing until we arrived in the cellar.

As we entered cautiously, Kennedy stumbled. There was the pungent odor of ammonia. We must be right. It was over one of two empty carboys that he had stumbled. As our eyes became accustomed to the darkness, we could vaguely make out the rubbish in the cellar. But there was no one there.

An exclamation from Kennedy brought us over to the side nearest Fenwick. Here was a curious piece of apparatus, dismantled.

“What can it be?” I asked.

“A pipe-forcing jack,” he replied. “A modification of the lifting jack, in which a ratchet and the jack function horizontally instead of vertically. Let me see—yes, here in this cellar it is deep enough to reach that one of Fenwick's underground. And there is plenty of room for the jack and the man operating it, as well as for the unit-length of a section of pipe.” We looked in silence as Craig demonstrated. “At the forward end of the leading section is a short piece of slightly larger pipe—the pilot, which has a cutting edge. This edge is keen enough to cut through roots and any ordinary substances except rock. Whoever planned this used a one-inch pipe, but he might have used a four-inch pipe through the ground if he had cared to. They do it in the trenches.

“The sections must have been fourteen feet long. One section is forced forward; then the jack is withdrawn to the end of the ratchet. A new section is joined to the rear end of the buried pipe. The jack is then brought into operation again by a pumping or rocking motion of the lever, which forces the pipe forward, pushing the cutting section ahead of it, length after length.

“By careful calculation, the heading must have been made to come out into your laboratory, Fenwick, and stop just back of that cabinet, where you would not be likely to discover it. Then the ammonia gas was pumped in. After it had done its work, it might have been withdrawn in the same way. That would remove the evidence. It was a diabolically clever scheme.”

Fenwick regarded the jack thoughtfully.

“And only chance saved me from following Powell, too!” he exclaimed. “We must get that fellow, Kennedy.”

Search though we did, there was no other clue to the perpetrator of this horrible attack. Fenwick was still weak, and, now that it was safe, there was no reason why we should not remain with him in the laboratory until he had recuperated.

Nothing further happened until late in

the afternoon, when a hurried call from the police informed us that they had obtained an order for Raver's arrest and a raid on the headquarters, the warrants being based on other grounds than suspicion connected with the death of Powell and attack on Fenwick.

Premature though Kennedy protested the move to be, the police were bent on making it. We decided, therefore, to go along.

It was precisely as Kennedy had predicted—same. The headquarters were in a room over a store on Main Street. Some one had evidently tipped off the agitators. When the police broke into the room, papers were scattered about, and apparently books had been taken away; letters had been burned.

Kennedy, however, poking about among some charred remains in the stove, managed to pull out one bundle of letters, practically destroyed but with just a fragment intact, referring to a sum of money contributed for “the work you know of,” as it read, and signed by “Charles Gledhill.”

As he looked it over, he remarked:

“Some one has been putting up money for the propaganda here. It begins to look like a deeply laid plot—a sort of treason trust. If we could find out who Charles Gledhill is, we might clear up many things.”

Fenwick was keenly interested in another product of the raid—a personal letter written by Raver, but apparently never posted and meant to be destroyed. One sentence he studied intently, finally handing it to us.

There is really no competition between the Coalton Coal Tar Company and the aniline-and-soda works. It is all on the surface, for the ultimate purpose of evading the laws of monopoly. The coal-tar company really owns and controls the works. What looks like competition, you will find is only their method of doing business so as to cover up the secret connection.

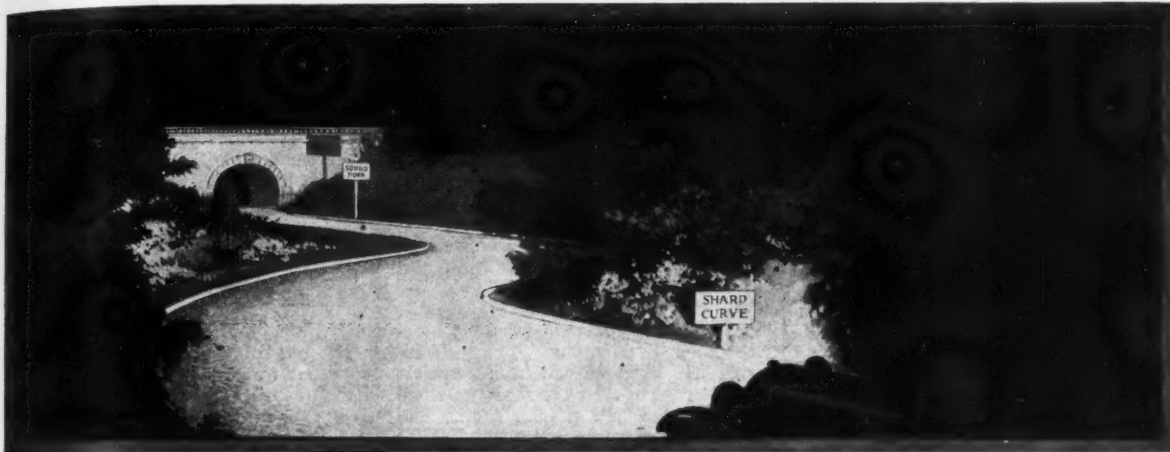
As Kennedy read it, he looked inquiringly at Fenwick.

“I don't know anything about it,” shrugged Fenwick. “It's not the first time I have heard it. But I never believed it. Still—I'm not on the inside. Anastasia is not. Besides, what would the minority stockholders know of such a secret understanding and control? It may be true—even if Raver does believe it.”

As I considered the new suggestion, I hastily reviewed my own opinions. Coming to look things over, I was forced to ask myself whether Snaith was all he openly professed himself to be. As for Anastasia, might not Snaith want to get Fenwick out of the way so that he could have a clear field to win her?

Then, too, there was Olga Lockhart, Vincent's niece. Was it possible that she might be, as I indeed suspected, insincere in the whole business of her activities with the agitators? Was she still in love with Snaith? What did her visit that morning mean—pique or espionage? I had felt all along that her intimacy with Raver was a pose.

The raid had netted the police very little, and they were now more disposed to listen to Kennedy. The order for Raver's arrest was still unexecuted. He had disap-



The Lawful Lens

Which Great Cars Use—And Why

No Glare

Warner-Lenz gives a wealth of utterly glareless light.

Lawful

It is legal under every law. It has been approved by every commission appointed under any state law.

No 42-Inch Restrictions

Having no direct beams, no glare rays, Warner-Lenz light is not restricted to 42 inches high.

High and Low

It lights upgrades and downgrades, also road signs, high and low.

Widespread

It lights almost a full half-circle, not a narrow strip.

NOTE this list of great car makers who use Warner-Lenz alone. It includes about all makers who equip with glareless lights.

Note the reasons—at the side—why all those makers chose the Warner from the many lawful lenses.

You must change your lenses if you have an illegal type. No-Glare laws are almost universal.

You must change them anyway, to make night driving safe and pleasant. Narrow, blinding shaft-lights ruin it, both for you and others.

A million motorists or more have made the change already. You should not delay.

But, when you change, consider well what these great cars are using. And why their engineers adopted Warner-Lenz.

Otherwise, you may need to change again.

Lights Turns

It lights curves and turns, curbs and ditches—one's entire field of vision.

Flood Light

It floods the entire scene with light, just as daylight does.

Rise and Fall

Rise and fall of the car has no effect on this all-pervading flood light.

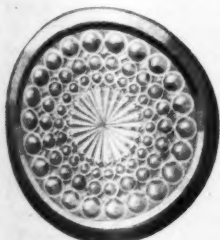
Turning Lenses

Turning of the lens in the lamp-rim cannot set this light askew.

Ever in Focus

A lamp bulb jarred out of focus does not affect Warner-Lenz light.

Packard	Cunningham	White	Case	Davis
Marmon	Daniels 8	Hal Twelve	Lenox	
Stutz	Westcott	Ohio Electric	McFarlan	
Doble Steam	Peerless	Anderson	Murray	
Standard 8	Crawford	Fiat	Moon	Rock Falls



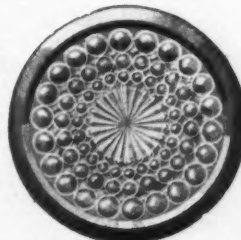
WARNER-LENZ

This is A. P. Warner, of the Warner Auto-Meter Fame, and Inventor of the Magnetic Speedometer

\$3.50 to \$5.00 Per Set, According to Size

West of Rockies 25c Per Pair Extra

Canadian Prices, \$4.50 to \$6.50



THE WARNER-LENZ COMPANY, 939 South Michigan Avenue, Chicago

(267)



Shur-on

EYEGLASSES AND SPECTACLES

A Real Economy

YOU may be willing to pay more for the same comfort, style and optical correctness that Shur-ons give, but why should you, when Shur-ons combine all these qualities at reasonable cost?

The genuine, made only by Kirstein, bear the name Shur-on (or Sheltex, if shell-rimmed) in the bridge. Look for it at your dealer's.



E. KIRSTEIN SONS CO.
225 Andrew Street, Rochester, N. Y.
Shelltex-rimmed and rimless Shur-on eyeglasses and spectacles. Established 1894.

Just to
Show

The Proper
Glow



Use

Ingram's Rouge

Just a light touch and you have a delicate, charming glow. Cannot be distinguished from natural color. Safe for the most delicate skins. Daintily perfumed. Solid cake—no porcelain plate. Three perfect shades. 50c.

Ingram's Milkweed Cream

A cream that is good for your skin. Soothes irritations, overcomes blemishes, softens, cleanses, and has a distinctive remedial effect upon the skin. It keeps the complexion healthy. 50c and \$1 sizes.

"There Is Beauty in Every Jar."

Send us a dime for our Guest Room Package containing Ingram's Face Powder and Rouge in novel purse packets, and Milkweed Cream, Zedenta Tooth Powder, and Ingram's Perfume in Guest Room sizes. (99)

Frederick F. Ingram Co.
Established 1895

Windsor, Canada 40 Tenth St., Detroit, U. S. A.

peared. Yet there was every reason to believe that he was still in the neighborhood, for both the roads and the railways had been watched without result. Kennedy's advice was simple—to concentrate upon watching Olga, in the hope that she might furnish the clue.

That day passed without anything new developing. We had almost decided that the police had muddled everything, that we should have to take the case up all over again on a new angle in the morning. Fenwick had left us and gone over to visit Anastasia, while Kennedy and I decided to retire to the hotel.

It was nearly midnight when our room telephone-bell rang, and Kennedy answered it. It was a call from Fenwick. Somehow, one of the Seward servants had learned that Olga's chauffeur, who had been idle all day, had received hurried orders to drive over to the anilin-and-soda works on some mysterious errand. We had no time to lose if we wanted to get there. Fenwick and Anastasia were starting immediately.

Whatever there might be in it, it at least promised some action, and Kennedy and I hastened afoot up the street, that being quicker than to wait for a car.

As we approached the anilin works, in the darkness loomed up the brick buildings, dark and forbidding.

The works were large. If we were to run across anything, we must cover them quickly. Besides, Fenwick and Anastasia would arrive soon. We agreed to separate and on the slightest indication of trouble to signal on police whistles—three short, three long, three short.

The works at night gave me many thrills but none that warranted the signal, and I was about to sound it for the sake of getting back to the hotel for rest, when suddenly, far off, I heard whistles. At the first sound, I ran, counting. Sure enough it was three short, three long, three short.

As I ran, I saw that I was getting past the line of buildings. Far up the hillside I knew there was the tunnel which had been bored through the hill to divert the river higher up on the other side to furnish the water-power that made the anilin works coveted by the coal-tar com any.

As I emerged from the shadows of the buildings, far ahead of me, I saw what I knew was the figure of Craig close by the mouth of the tunnel. I shouted, but he did not pay any attention. As I ran and strained my eyes, I made out the figure of a woman darting from the shrubbery in the darkness. Was it Olga?

In spite of my shouts, perhaps because of them, Kennedy disappeared into the blackness of the tunnel some hundred feet ahead. I ran even faster.

As I came within fifty feet of the dark, yawning passageway of the tunnel with its foot-bridge, under which the water for the power-plant swept in a swift, dark stream, I heard the peculiar reverberation of a shot from the tunnel.

At the entrance was the figure of the woman. As I came up behind her, I heard

The next *Craig Kennedy* story, *The Love-Game*, will appear in *August Cosmopolitan*.

Cosmopolitan for July, 1918

her laugh hysterically. Whatever she might be up to, I believed I was in time to prevent it. Through my brain, though, whirled only one tense thought now: Was Kennedy killed? Had he been lured into an ambush in the tunnel?

I dashed in and had gone not three feet when the body of a man knocked against me, almost toppling me off the footway into the swirling waters.

Olga, behind me now, screamed.

"There's a man in there needs assistance," coolly said a quiet voice which I recognized. "The flash has sort of blinded me."

I seized the hand I felt. It was Kennedy, safe.

Before I could say a word, another man appeared from the direction I had run. It was Fenwick. Together, we groped in. Thirty or forty feet farther on we saw a huddled mass, half on the footway, half over the swirling waters. We seized it. It was wet, not with water but with something warm. As we staggered back, the man groaned and writhed with pain. He was conscious, at least.

"He betrayed me!" he muttered.

At the mouth of the cavern, Craig's bull's-eye flashed on the face of the form we were bearing. It was Raver.

Olga, bewildered, stood pale and speechless. Raver looked at her bitterly.

"I should have known," he muttered bitterly; "you are not the sort for the likes of me."

From the shadows toward the works came another figure, breathless.

"What's all this?" demanded Snaith. "In the office—I must have fallen asleep over my annual report. What's the trouble?"

He bent over Raver to get a good look at his face.

"Oh, it's you!" he scorned. "You! Why, you are as much a profiteer as any of the rest of us. I know the story. With the blood-money of the crime, you planned to win her—to marry her—to marry ease, wealth, ambition! Let it break him and you—I don't care now."

As she began to realize what had happened, Anastasia, who had come up just behind Fenwick from her car, swayed toward him and he impulsively caught her. She did not draw away. Olga stared blankly—disillusioned. Then, her face still blanched, she turned slowly toward Snaith.

"Will—will you—forgive me?"

Snaith's face softened.

"Is it a lesson?"

Kennedy ignored the little love-tangle. He had eyes only for Raver, as he lay there, his life fast ebbing.

"Who is Charles Gledhill?" he demanded.

Raver seemed to realize that he had been duped and played with. If it was the last thing he ever did, I knew he would have his revenge—he would tell the truth.

"It was a trust—I knew it—the company and the works—a treason trust. I knew it. He knew I knew. Charles Gledhill? Why, the profiteer who saw his dividends fading—if the invention escaped him—to the people—the head of it all, who paid me—Vincent!"

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS—If your copy of *Cosmopolitan* does not reach you promptly on the 10th of the month, do not assume that it has been lost in transit. Owing to the present congested condition of the railways, delays in the operating of the mail-trains are inevitable. Therefore, in the event of the magazine's non-arrival on the 10th, our subscribers are advised to wait a few days before writing us, for by that time it will probably be in their hands.

Love Laughs

(Continued from page 51)

"I'm—well—most twenty-one."

"Most twenty-one!" And you have to lie down before nine o'clock! Good God, boy, don't you see—"

"Oh, come, Galbraith!"

"Well, I'll put it this way: Here's a young man who can work magic. Magic!" He waved the bundle of clippings. "Nothing like it since Kipling and Stevenson. First thing's to take care of him, isn't it?"

Mr. Merchant winked at the staring, crushed youth on the sofa.

"Then you like the stories, Galbraith?"

"Like 'em! Of course I like 'em! What do you think I'm talking about? Like 'em? Humph! Tell you what I'm going to do. A new thing in American publishing. But they're a new kind of stories. I'm going to reprint 'em, as they stand, in *Galbraith's*. What do you think o' that? A bit original, eh? I'll advertise that they've been printed before. Play it up. Tell how I found 'em. Put over my new author." He shook his finger again at the author in question. "Understand, I'm going to pay you just as if you'd submitted the script to me. That's how I work. Cut out all the old editorial nonsense. Red tape. If I like a thing, I print it. I edit *Galbraith's* to suit myself. I succeed because there are a million and a half others like me, with about the same taste. And I print the best. I'm the editor of *Galbraith's*. Oh, I keep a few deskmen down there at the office. For the details. One of 'em thought *he* was the editor. Little short fellow. I stood him a month. Had to go to England. The day I landed, I walked in on him and said: 'Frank, pack up! Get out! Take a month's pay. I'm the editor.'"

He snorted at the memory, and paced down the room, waving the clippings. Henry sat up, following him with anxious eyes.

When the extraordinary little man came back, he said, shortly,

"All tyrants have short legs." And walked off again.

"Who's Calverly?" he asked, the next time around. "It's on the paper here—'Weaver and Calverly.' Father? Uncle?"

"No," Henry managed to reply; "it's—"

"it's me."

"You? Good Heavens! We must stop that." He tapped Henry's shoulder. "Don't be a desk-man. You're an artist. You don't seem to understand what we're getting at. Man, I'm going to make you! You're going to be famous in a year."

He stopped short, took another swing round the room.

"How many of these stories are there, Calverly?"

"Twenty."

"Fine! Short, snappy, and enough of 'em to make a very neat book. By the way, I'm starting a book department in the spring. What do you want for 'em?"

Henry could only look appealingly at his host.

"I'll pay liberally. I tell you frankly I mean to hold you. Make it worth your while. You're going to be my author? Henry Calverly, a Galbraith author. What do you say to a hundred apiece. That's two thousand."

Henry would have gasped had he not

TIFFANY & Co.

JEWELERS SILVERSMITHS STATIONERS

THE MAIL SERVICE
GIVES PROMPT ATTENTION
TO ALL INQUIRIES

FIFTH AVENUE & 37TH STREET
NEW YORK

If coming to New York
Why Pay Excessive Hotel Rates?

THE CLENDENING HOTEL, 202 W. 103d St., New York City. One short block from Broadway Subway Station. A family Hotel of Quality and Refinement. Rates are Per Suite. Not for Each Person: Parlor, Bedroom & Bath, \$2, \$2.50, \$3. (1 or 2 Persons.) Parlor, 2 Bedrooms and Bath, \$3 to \$4. (2 to 4 Persons.) Parlor, 3 Bedrooms and Bath, \$4 to \$5. (4 to 6 Persons.) Write for Illustrated Booklet T and N. Y. City Map.



SERVICE STAMPS 100 for 10¢

1, 2 or 3 stars (state which) with catalog of Cards and Novelties for Soldiers, Nurses, etc. Dealers Wanted

Ernest Dudley Chase, 256 Causeway St., Boston, Mass.



Clean Your
Car for
5¢

SPRAY IT WITH
AUTO

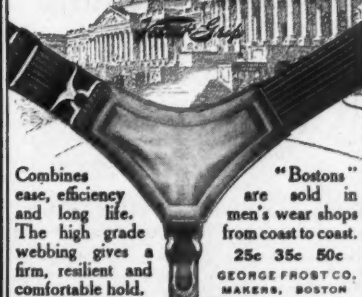
LIQUID VENEER

Saves washing, cleans off dust, mud. Polishes, renews finish. Quart bottle and sprayer, \$1.50. Money-back guarantee.

Buffalo Specialty Co., 340 Ellicott St., Buffalo, N. Y.

In National Service
39 Years

Boston
Garter



Combines ease, efficiency and long life. The high grade webbing gives a firm, resilient and comfortable hold.

"Bostons" are sold in men's wear shops from coast to coast.

25c 35c 50c

GEORGE FROST CO.

MAKERS, BOSTON

Boston Garter

Inflamed gums—the cause of tooth-base decay



JUST as the strength of a building is dependent upon its foundations, so are healthy teeth dependent upon healthy gums.

Permit the gums to become inflamed or flabbied and you weaken the foundation of the teeth. This condition is called Pyorrhea (Riggs' Disease). Loosening of teeth is a direct result. And spongy, receding gums invite painful tooth-base decay. They act, too, as so many doorways for the organic disease germs which cause the fatal diseases of midlife.

Pyorrhea (Riggs' Disease) attacks four out of five people who are over forty. And many under that age, also. Its first symptom is tender gums. So you should look to your gums! Use Foran's, which positively prevents Pyorrhea if used in time and used consistently. It quickly relieves tender or bleeding gums. It makes the gum harder and, accordingly, gives to the teeth the sound foundations they need. It also scientifically cleans the teeth, which feel particularly smooth to the tongue after using Foran's.

If gum-shrinkage has already set in, start using Foran's and consult a dentist immediately for special treatment.

30c and 55c tubes
All Druggists

FORAN CO., INC.
104 6th Ave., N. Y.
Send for
Trial Tube Free



DO YOU LIKE TO DRAW?

Cartoonists are well paid

We will not give you any grand prize if you answer this ad. Nor will we claim to make you rich in a week. But if you are anxious to develop your talent with a successful cartoonist, so you can make money, send a copy of this picture, with 6c in stamps for portfolio of cartoons and sample lesson plate, and let us explain. The W. L. EVANS SCHOOL OF

CART DOONING, 630 Leader Bldg., Cleveland, Ohio



PAINT THE OLD BUS YOURSELF!

Not a wax or polish, but a durable, quick-drying, high-luster auto enamel you can use yourself. Made in seven colors. Sold by paint, hardware and accessory dealers. Send for color card. Pratt & Lambert, Inc., 149 Tonawanda St., Buffalo, N. Y. In Canada, 95 Courtwright St., Bridgeburg, Ontario.

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF
PRATT & LAMBERT VARNISHES

felt utterly spent. He sat motionless, hands limp on his knees, chin down.

"Not enough," said Merchant.

Henry shifted one hand in ineffectual protest. He was frightened, I think.

"It's pretty near enough. After all, Merchant, it's a case of a new writer. I've got to make him. It'll cost money."

"True. But I should think—"

"Say a hundred and fifty. That's three thousand. Will you take that, Calverly?"

"What for?" asked Merchant. "What are you buying exactly?"

"Oh, serial rights. A reasonable royalty on the book, of course. But I've got to publish the book, too. And I want a long-term contract. Here!"

He sat down and figured with a pencil on the edge of the evening paper.

"How about this? I'm to have exclusive control of the Henry Calverly matter for five years—"

"Too long," said Mr. Merchant.

"Well—three years. I'm to see every script before he offers it elsewhere. And for what I accept, I'll pay at the same rate per word as for these stories. And books at the same royalty as we agree on for this."

"Fine for you! Guarantees your control of him. But he gets nothing. No guarantee."

"What would be right, then? I'll do the fair thing. He'll never regret tying up with me."

"You'd better agree to pay him something—say twenty-five a week—as a minimum, to be charged against serial payments. That is, if you want to tie him up. I'm not sure I'd advise him to do even that."

"I'm going to tie him up, all right. I'll go the limit. Twenty-five a week, minimum, for three years. That's agreed. How're you fixed, Calverly? Want any money now?"

Henry looked again at his cool, accomplished host.

"Yes. Better advance a little. He could use it. Couldn't you, Calverly?"

"Why—why—"

"What do you say to five hundred. That'll clinch the bargain. Here—wait!"

He produced a pocket check-book and a fountain pen and wrote out the check.

"Here you are, Calverly! That'll take care of you for the present. Mustn't forget to send the stub to Miss Peters tomorrow. You'd better go now. Go home. Get a good night's sleep. And watch that stomach. Cereal's good at your age. But the orange! I'm going to bed, Merchant. Been traveling hard. Tired out myself, Calverly. I'll send you the contract from New York."

"First, though"—this from Mr. Merchant—"I think you'd better write a letter—here, to-night—confirming the arrangement. You and I can do that. We'll let Mr. Calverly go."

Mr. Galbraith didn't say good-night. Henry thought he was about to and stood up expectantly; but the little man suddenly dropped his eyes, looked hurriedly about, muttered, "Where'd I lay that foun-

tain pen?" found it, and rushed off down the hall, trailing the clippings behind him.

Out in the hall, Mr. Merchant pulled the door to.

"Calverly," he said, "I congratulate you. And I shall congratulate Galbraith."

Henry looked at him out of wan eyes. Then, suddenly, he giggled aloud.

"I know how you feel," said the older man kindly. "It is pleasant to succeed."

"I felt a little bad about—you know, what you said about making him write that letter. He might think I—"

"Don't you worry about that. I'll have the letter for you in the morning. I'm going to pin him right to it. He'll never get out of this."

"You—you don't mean that he'd—he'd—"

"Oh, he might forget it."

"Not after he promised?"

"Galbraith's a genius. He gets excited. Overcerebrates at times. Sometimes he offers young fellows more

than he can deliver. Then he wakes up to it and takes a sudden trip to Europe."

"He acts very strange," said Henry critically. "I wonder if all geniuses are that way."

"They're apt to be queer. But never forget that he's a real one. No matter how mad he may seem to you, no matter how irresponsible, Galbraith is a great editor. He is wild about you. When he said he'd make you, I believe he meant it. And I believe he'll do it. You're on the highroad now, Calverly. Through a lucky accident. But that's how most men hit the highroad. They happen to be where it is. They stumble on it. Within a year you'll be known everywhere. Well—good-night."

The immediate effect of this experience on Henry was acute depression. Perhaps because his excitement had passed its bearable summit. Though great good fortune always did depress him, even in his later life. It had the effect of suddenly delimiting the boundaries of his widely elastic imagination. It brought him sharply down to the actual.

He hadn't enjoyed the bargaining for him. And the actual Galbraith was a shock from which he didn't recover for years—an utter destruction of cherished illusions.

He walked down to the Lake Shore Drive, struggling with these thoughts and with himself. The problem was to get himself able to think at all, about anything. His nerves were bowstrings, his mind a race-track. He was frightened for himself. Over and over he told himself that this amazing adventure was not a dream; that he had seen Galbraith—the Galbraith; that he had sold his stories, the work of a few weeks—he had written the first ten during three mad days and nights; they had come tumbling out of his brain faster than he could write them down, as if an exuberant angel were dictating to him—had sold them for thousands of dollars; that an income, of a sort, was assured for three years. The stories, even now, seemed an accident.

Gioia,
A charming romance,
By Amélie Rives
(Princess Troubetzkoy),
will appear in
August Cosmopolitan.

They were a thing that had happened to him. Such a thing might or might not happen again. Though he knew it would. But between times he wasn't a genius; he wasn't anything—just Henry Calverly, of Sunbury. He pushed back his hat, rubbed his blazing forehead, pressed his thumping temples.

"I've got congestion," he muttered.

He stood at the railing and stared out over the lake. It was lead-black out there, with a tossing light or two—ore-freighters or lumber-boats headed for Chicago harbor. Beneath him, down the beach, great waves were pounding in quickly, endlessly, tirelessly, one after the other. He could see the ghostly foam of each. He could feel the spindrift cutting at his face. The wind was so strong he had to lean against it. A gust tore off his glasses; he let them hang over his shoulder. He welcomed the rush and roar of it in his stormy soul.

After a time, having decided nothing, he hurried across town to the old Dexter Smith place.

It was dark, up-stairs and down.

He slipped in among the trees, drew near the great house. All the time, the little box from Welding's was gripped in his burning hand.

He stood by a large soft maple. He loved the trees of Sunbury. Every year he budded, flowered, and died with them. He looked up; the great, straight branches were bending before the wind. Leaves were falling about him—the bright-yellow leaves of October. He caught at one, missed it. Caught at another. And another.

He laid a hand on the bark, then rested his cheek against it. It was cool to the touch. He stood thus, his arm about the tree, looking up at the dark house. Tears came, blinded him.

"They've shut her up," he said. "They're going to take her away. Because she loves me. They're breaking her heart—and mine. Martha'll be back to-morrow. And Mary 'n' her mother. It'll be out then—what—what I did. Everybody'll be talking. I'll have to go away, too. I can't live here—not after that."

A new and fascinating thought came.

"The watchman'll be coming around. Pretty soon, maybe. He'll find me here. I s'pose he'll shoot me. I don't care. Let him. In the morning they'll find my body. And the ring'll be in my pocket. And Mr. Galbraith's check. And in the morning Mr. Merchant'll have that letter. Maybe they'll discover I was some good after all. Maybe they'll be sorry then."

But, on second thought, this notion lost something of its appealing quality. He went away; hours later he appeared in the rooms he shared with Humphrey Weaver and kept his long-suffering partner awake during much of the night.

At half-past eight the next morning, he mounted the front steps of the Smith place and rang the bell. A mildly surprised butler showed him into the spacious parlor.

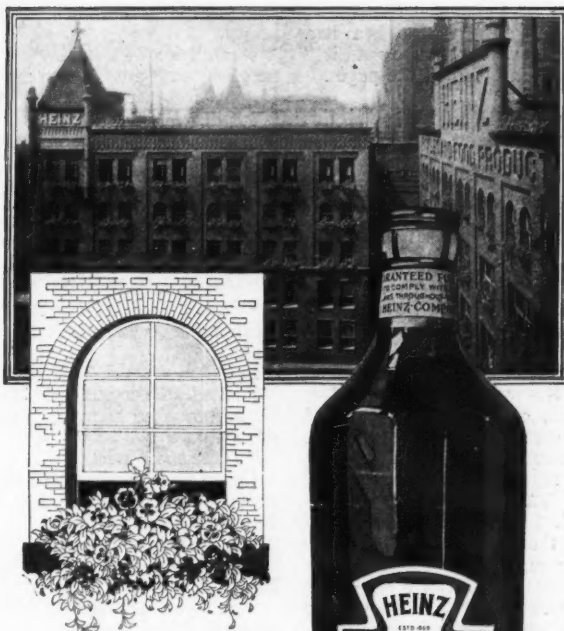
He waited fiercely.

A door opened and closed. He heard a heavy step.

Madame Watt entered the room, frowning a little.

"What is it, Henry? Why did you come?"

"I want you to see this," he said, thrusting the check into her hand. Then, before



THE flower boxes in the windows of many of our buildings are only outward and visible symbols of the freshness and cleanness that prevail within the kitchens and throughout all the Heinz establishments.

57

HEINZ Vinegars

In bottles filled and sealed in the Heinz establishment

IT is difficult to describe a flavor. That is why we cannot express in words the appetizing taste that Heinz Vinegars give to foods. And that is the purpose of vinegar—to impart a flavor—not simply a sourness. All of the care taken in selecting materials, the skill in preparation, the aging and the bottling of Heinz Vinegars are for the purpose of creating and retaining that rich mellow tang which has made Heinz Vinegars worthy of a place among the 57.

These vinegars which have made so many of our own foods so desirable, are offered you, so that you can put something of the Heinz flavor into the food you prepare.

Three kinds: Malt, White, Cider, in pints, quarts and half-gallons

HEINZ
Imported Olive Oil
In bottles and cans

All Heinz goods sold in Canada are packed in Canada



she could more than glance at the figures, was forcing another paper on her. "And this!" he cried. "Please read it!"

She, still frowning, turned the pages.

"But what's all this, Henry?"

"Can't you see? I went around this morning. Mr. Merchant had it all ready for me. It's *Galbraith's Magazine*. They're going to print my stories and pay me three thousand. That check's for part of it. I get book royalties besides. And twenty-five a week for three years against the price of new work. That's just so I won't write for anybody else. And Mr. Galbraith himself promised me he'd make me famous. He's going to advertise me all over the country. Right away. This year. He says there's been nothing like me since Kipling and Stevenson!"

Printed here, coldly, this impassioned outburst may seem to border on absurdity. But shrewd, strong-willed Madame Watt, taking it in, studying him, found it far from absurd. The egotism in it, she perceived, was that of youth as much as of genius. And the blazing eyes that were so close to tears, the working face, the emotional uncertainty in the voice—these were to be reckoned with. They were youth—gifted, uncontrolled, very nearly irresistible youth. And as she said, brusquely, "Sit down, Henry," and herself dropped heavily into a chair and began deliberately reading the document of the great Galbraith, she knew, in her curiously storm-beaten old heart, that she was sparring for time. Before her, still on his feet, apparently unaware that she had spoken, unaware of everything on earth outside of his own turbulent breast, stood an incarnation of primal energy.

She sighed as she turned the page. Once she shook her head. She found momentary relief in the thought, so often the only comfort of weary older folk,

that youth, at least, never knows its power.

I think he was talking all the time—pouring out an incoherent, tremulous torrent of words. Once or twice she moved her hand as if to brush him away.

When she finally raised her head, he was taking the wrappings from a little box.

"Well, Henry? Just what do you want? Where are we getting, with all this?"

"I want you to let me see Cicely. Just one minute. Let her say. I can't—I can't—leave it like this!"

"You promised——"

"That I wouldn't try to see her. But I can come to you, can't I? That's fair, isn't it?"

Madame Watt sighed again.

Suddenly Henry leaped forward, caught himself, stepped back, cried out, in a passionately suppressed voice,

"There she is now!"

Cicely was crossing the hall toward the stairs. They could see her through the doorway.

She went as far as the first landing, a few steps up; then, a hand on the railing, she hesitated and slowly turned her head.

"Will you ask her to come?" Henry moaned. "Ask her! Let her say! Don't break our hearts like this!"

Madame raised her hand.

Cicely, slowly, pale and gentle of face, came across the wide hall and into the room. She stopped then, hands hanging at her sides, her head bent forward a little, looking from one to the other.

She wore the simple shirt-waist and dark skirt that girls wore then in Sunbury of a morning or about the house. Her abundant dark hair had been drawn down rather severely about her shapely head and gathered in a knot at the back, just above her stiff linen collar; but it had waved away from the severity, and now

prettily and softly outlined her face. She looked unexpectedly frail. Henry knew, as his eyes dwelt on her, that she, too, was suffering.

She seemed about to speak, but, instead, she threw out her hands in a little questioning gesture and raised her always mobile eyebrows. But she didn't smile. It was the sort of gesture that made Sunbury young folks speak occasionally of her French ways. She was reared in France.

Henry glanced again at *madame*. She was rereading the Galbraith letter. He waited for her to look up.

Then, all at once, he knew that she meant not to look up. Youth is unerringly keen in its own interest. She was evading the issue. He had beaten her.

He dropped the little box on a chair, stepped forward, ring in hand. He saw Cicely looking at it, fascinated.

Then his own voice came out—a shy, even polite, if breathless, little voice.

"I was just wondering, Cicely, if you'd let me give you this ring."

She lifted very slowly her left hand, still gazing intently at the ring. He held it out.

Then she said,

"No, Henry; I mean, hadn't you better wish it on?"

"Oh, yes," said he; "funny I didn't think of that."

Madame Watt turned a page, rustling the paper.

"Wait, Henry! Don't let go! Have you wished?"

"Uh-huh. Have you?"

"Yes. I wished the first thing."

"Well—" Henry had to stop. He found himself swallowing rather violently.

"Well—s'pose I'd better step down to the office. I might come back this afternoon, if—if you'd like me to."

"Henry," said *madame* now, "don't be silly! Come to lunch."

A Painter of Girlhood

(Concluded from page 91)

restlessness of the children of California, who must climb to high hilltops, feel great winds, and surround themselves with huge trees.

So, in his vacation-time, he goes to the redwood forests, or to ranches like Jack London's, or, if he stays in the East, to the northern woods with guides and guns and canoes. It is often in such solitudes that life may be reviewed in the light of still better theories, which are perceived—or so the idealist would say—less through the senses than through the intuition.

I fear that I have written some paragraphs to make Harrison Fisher uncomfortable; but I do not think that he will mind my accusing him of idealism. His idealism is evident in his work, in his conversation and personal manner, even in his signature. To be sure, since he has that all-embracing curiosity and sympathy, he feels no aversion to those forms of thought and art, imported from older, wearier, and more pessimistic countries, which are current among us under the sometimes questionable name of "realism." His book-shelves, indeed, are full of realistic novels. His portfolios bulge with the productions of realistic artists. He enjoys a realistic play, just as he enjoys

a rare beefsteak. Yet he himself, in his heart, is an incorrigible idealist—one of those who are always hoping to discern in life to-morrow a little less of earth, a little more of spirit.

Let us see why this idealism of Harrison Fisher's is having so happy a result.

To remain typically American, to proceed with this national current, instead of fighting against it, is to be an idealist. But, at the same time, this idealism has to be practicable. America was colonized and developed by what may be called practical idealists. It is because of the constant pursuit of its realizable ideals that America has become great in a unique manner.

And it is not for nothing that our Goddess of Liberty is nearly always depicted as a glorious young woman, ethereal yet strong, radiating a triumphant purity. For—and especially in these new days—the fate of a country is contained in the hearts of its women. As they feel, so shall the nation be. The ideal that they typify as a whole will become the prevailing one.

The art that interprets and reemphasizes this ideal or any part of it has naturally a value beyond the esthetic effect.

When accepted by a whole people, it takes on the proportions of a national influence.

This, for example, is why Harrison Fisher's patriotic posters and magazine covers have been more effective than resounding seas of words. The young soldier departs like a knight for a crusade; the girl who bids him good-by is the emblem of all that he is going to fight for.

And these scenes are imbued with the rare spirit of America at war—resolution side by side with purity of purpose; chivalry encouraged, in its renunciation, by a bravery none the less steadfast because so exquisitely feminine.

If these war-pictures of Harrison Fisher's had heartened and inspired only one young man or one young woman, they would have been well worth while. As it is, they have heartened and inspired hundreds of thousands.

As for his whole work, it continues to illustrate, more clearly than any words, and more truly than any actions, the instincts of the man. It reveals those admirable feelings, congenial to his time and place, which have had their inevitable reward in a world-wide popularity.

The Opening Doors

(Continued from page 43)

quality of tact; and while seeking to make herself a personage in her husband's congregation, she was inclined to antagonize instead.

I had read of her gatherings of shining lights in the intellectual world of Milwaukee, and I had regarded her from afar as a star of the first magnitude. It can be understood, therefore, with what a mingled sense of awe and pride I went to my friend Hattie, one day, and told her and her family a wonderful bit of news—namely, that Mrs. Salon (so we will call her) had spoken to me on the street and introduced herself, that she had said her husband was greatly pleased with a recent poem of mine entitled "The Voluptuary," and that they would both like to have me spend a few days with them before I left the city. Hattie and her people thought it was a decided compliment; and I went forth to Mrs. Salon's home with great expectations in my imaginative heart. I pictured to myself brilliant gatherings of rare people, to whom she would introduce me as her new-found protégée and from whom I should imbibe inspiration and culture. Instead of this, I passed two of the most wretched days of my existence under this lady's roof. I found, the very first evening, that she had invited me there to pick me to pieces, intending, I am sure, to rearrange the particles in a new order, and with an unquestionably worthy desire to benefit me. Very possibly she meant to exploit me after my reconstruction was complete.

She began her work by endeavoring to destroy every feeling of pleasure or satisfaction I had regarding the kind words and praises of Western editors. She said these men only belittled me by their approval, as they knew nothing of real poetry or what constituted good literature. One word from an Eastern editor or writer was worth more than columns of Western adulation. Having finished the editors, my hostess proceeded to attack all my Milwaukee friends, declaring they were not the proper people to advance my interests. The attentions I had received from several young men she thought most compromising, and she thrust a fierce sword of criticism into my poems containing sentiment—the "little love-wails" the editors had liked. She said I was going on in a way calculated to spoil all chance of a desirable marriage, and she finished her oration by declaring that sentiment, romance, and passion were all illusions, and that real marriage was based wholly on mental comradeship and respect. I listened to all the lady had to say and, being her guest, withheld the retort which sprang to my lips. Only when she attacked my good friends did I make my protest.

But after I left her house and went to my country home, I wrote her a letter. I thanked her for her hospitality, but I assured her that, while I appreciated her motive, her attempt to make me over must be abandoned. "I prefer," I said, "to be a poor original of my own individual self than a good imitation of you. I must follow my own life, choose my own friends, and learn my own lessons as I go through life. If I make mistakes, I must profit by them; and profit will be more

lasting than if I followed some course of conduct laid down by another which does not appeal to me." Mrs. Salon spoke of me afterward as an impossible young person who could not be helped by anyone, and she seemed to see a disastrous end to my career. Her own career, however, was not one which made me regret the position I had taken. Much trouble befell her in many ways, and she became a victim of nervous disorders. The *salon* was never established. This experience, like all other experiences, led me to write some verses. They were entitled "Advice."

I must do as you do? Your way, I own,
Is a very good way. And still
There are sometimes two straight roads to a town,
One over, one under the hill.

You are treading the safe and the well-worn way
That the prudent choose each time;
And you think me reckless and rash to-day,
Because I prefer to climb.

Your path is the right one, and so is mine—
We are not like peas in a pod,
Compelled to lie in a certain line,
Or else be scattered abroad.

'Twere a dull old world, methinks, my friend,
If we all went just one way;
Yet our paths will meet no doubt at the end,
Though they lead apart to-day.

You like the shade and I like the sun.
You like an even pace;
I like to mix with the crowd and run,
And then rest after the race.

I like danger and storm and strife;
You like a peaceful time.
I like the passion and surge of life;
You like its gentle rime.

You like buttercups, dewy sweet,
And crocuses, framed in snow;
I like roses, born of the heat,
And the red carnation's glow.

I must live my life, not yours, my friend,
For so it was written down.
We must follow our given paths to the end,
But I trust we shall meet—in town.

I had in my first score of years published two little books of verse. Then I grew ambitious to write a story in verse—something that I felt must be as notable as "Lucile." There was, it may be seen, no limit to my faith in myself, or, rather, in the powers I believed were working through me. This belief I once expressed in a sonnet which has, through all the years, proved a mental and spiritual tonic to me in time of doubt or depression.

ACHIEVEMENT

Trust in thine own untried capacity
As thou wouldst trust in God Himself. Thy soul
Is but an emanation from the whole.
Thou dost not dream what forces lie in thee,
Vast and unfathomed as the grandest sea.
Thy silent mind o'er diamond caves may roll;
Go seek them—but let pilot-will control
Those passions which thy favoring winds can be.

No man shall place a limit to thy strength;
Such triumphs as no mortal ever gained
May yet be thine if thou wilt but believe

In thy Creator and thyself. At length,
Some feet will tread all heights now unattained.

Why not thine own? Press on! Achieve! Achieve!

I therefore set about thinking up my plot. I was at the old farmhouse in Westport, and I used to drive over to Windsor for the mail in a little buggy behind a mature horse named Burney that my father had bought for such purpose. It was on a May day when, as I drove alone to Windsor, I thought of the plot of "Maurine"—the sacrifice of a maiden who discovered that her fragile girl friend loved the man who had won her own affections but had not yet declared himself. It was wholly imaginary, and, of course, had I ever experienced a real love, I could not have written such a story, because my tale made my heroine much stronger in her friendship than her love.

As soon as I reached home and had unharnessed Burney and put him in his stall, I began "Maurine." The name was suggested by a short poem by Nora Perry I had recently read called "Norine."

I resolved to write ten lines each day on my story, and if I missed one day from any cause, to write twenty the next. In this way, I completed the book in October, besides doing much other literary work. In those days, I used to write prose stories to help eke out my income. I sold these very crude and uninspired tales for ten or fifteen dollars to the lesser magazines and weeklies. I remember feeling so elated when *Peterson's Magazine* published a story of mine in the same number with one by Frances Hodgson Burnett. She had not then come into her great fame, but I had recognized her genius, and felt honored to have my name appear near hers. My stories were all ground out with hard labor, and I dreaded the work of writing a story as much as I loved the writing of a poem. One tale was refused by ten editors, and then sold to an eleventh, who paid me seventy-five dollars for it. Such an hour of joyful surprise as that was! Particularly so because the tenth editor had sent the worn manuscript back from his office with a marginal note:

This is a dead dog—better bury it.

Instead, after a few tears of mingled grief and anger, I gave the "dead dog" a new cover and sent it forth to acceptance.

That was a summer of pleasure and hope—and happy dreams—the summer I devoted to writing "Maurine." My mother, always deeply interested in my work, felt I was to make a great success; and I planned a summer somewhere by the sea for her and me (the longed-for sea I had never yet beheld) through the proceeds of the book. My friend Hattie came from Milwaukee to visit me, and was most enthusiastic over the poem, and as Hattie was possessed of fine and cultivated taste, I valued her criticisms. Ella Giles, an accomplished and intellectual young woman author of several books, came from Madison and added her words of praise. Ella Giles afterward became Mrs. Ruddy, of Los Angeles, California, and died there recently, leaving a lustrous name as a brilliant club-woman and active suffragist

and writer of both prose and verse. I spent many hours with her the last year of her life.

When my book was completed, I made a visit to Chicago and called upon Jansen & McClung, expecting that staid firm to seize eagerly my proffered manuscript, which I thought was to bring me world-wide fame and fortune. Instead, it was declined with thanks, and I was informed that they had never heard of me. After repeated efforts and failures, I induced a Wisconsin firm to get the book out. It barely paid expenses. But, a little later, I was made happy by having Jansen & McClung write and request the privilege of republishing the volume with additional short poems. It never, however, became a "best seller," but has seemed slowly to grow in favor with time.

A perpetual dividend of pleasure resulted from "Maurine" in the periodical discovery of girls named for my heroine. I had created the name, and therefore each child bearing it seemed to be in a measure my own. Once, in San Francisco, a photographer asked me to come and pose for him. He sent an exquisitely beautiful daughter to bring me to his studio. She smilingly told me that her name might interest me. "It is Maurine," she said. "My mother read your book before my birth." The youngest of my Maurines is now five years old. In Chicago, too, there exists a Maurine Club.

It was the summer I wrote "Maurine" that I made a little song about the old Wisconsin home beginning:

This is the place that I love the best,
The little brown house like a ground-bird's nest,
Hid among grasses and vines and trees,
Summer retreat of the birds and bees.

The little house was brown from being weather-beaten and lacking paint. I longed to be able to buy paint enough to make it white with green blinds, but the painters informed me that, being old wood, it would drink up paint as a toper drinks alcohol. I never attained the financial status which permitted me to buy the paint. But I trained vines to climb over the house, and each summer it was almost hidden by its wealth of wild vines brought each spring from the woods. One beautiful and rapid-growing vine with a fragrant blossom called the wild cucumber was my delight until I made a dreadful discovery. Small snakes began to be seen about our yard every midsummer; and a wise old settler explained the horrible invasion as due to the wild-cucumber vine. He declared serpents were attracted by its odor and would come miles to enjoy it. Respecting the artistic temperament of the reptiles, I nevertheless abandoned the vine and substituted morning-glories, and after the wild cucumber was gone, the serpents disappeared.

Much of my earlier work was tintured with melancholy, both real and imaginary. Young poets almost invariably write of sorrow. When publishing "Maurine," I had purposely omitted more than two-score poems of a very romantic and tragic nature, in order to save the volume from too much sentiment. Letters began to come to me requesting copies of these verses—ardent love-songs which had appeared in various periodicals. This suggested to me the idea of issuing a book of

love-poems to be called "Poems of Passion." To think was to do—for I possessed more activity than caution in those days.

As just related, every poem in the collection had been published in various periodicals and had brought forth no criticism. My amazement can hardly be imagined, therefore, when Jansen & McClung returned the manuscript of my volume, intimating that it was immoral. I told the contents of their letter to friends in Milwaukee, and it reached the ears of a sensational newspaper. The next day, a column article appeared with large headlines:

TOO LOUD FOR CHICAGO
THE SCARLET CITY BY THE LAKE SHOCKED
BY A BADGER GIRL, WHOSE VERSES
OUT-SWINBURNE SWINBURNE AND
OUT-WHITMAN WHITMAN

Every newspaper in the land caught up the story, and I found myself an object of unpleasant notoriety in a brief space of time. I had always been a local celebrity, but this was quite another experience. Some friends who had admired and praised now criticized, though they did not know why. I was advised to burn my offensive manuscript and assured that, in time, I might live down the shame I had brought upon myself. Yet these same friends had seen these verses and praised them.

All this stimulated me to the only vindication I desired—the publication of my book. A Chicago publisher saw his opportunity and offered to bring it out. It was an immediate success. It was afterward issued in London, also, where it met with wide favor. The book contained scarcely fifty poems, and the criticism turned upon five or six of these. One was "The Farewell of Clariomond," and was written after reading Théophile Gautier's story of "Clariomond," a weird, strange tale, told with the power of great genius; yet, although I gave his story credit for my verses, certain critics insisted on referring to my poem as a recital of my own immoral experiences!

My knowledge of life was bounded by visits to Madison, Milwaukee, Chicago, and some lesser towns, and to books I had read and letters I had received from more or less intellectual people. The works of Gautier, Daudet, Ouida, with a bit of Shakespeare, Swinburne, and Byron (I had never possessed an entire volume of any of these poets), no doubt lent to my vivid imagination and temperamental nature the flame which produced the censored verses. Were I to live my life over, with the wisdom of years and knowledge of the world to start with, I surely would not publish "Poems of Passion." Yet, looking back across the years and realizing all that has ensued since that day, I feel that it was one of the stairs by which I was ordained to climb out of obscurity and poverty, through painfully glaring and garish light, into a clearer and higher atmosphere and a larger world of usefulness.

The first proceeds of the sale of the book enabled me to rebuild and improve the old home, which was fast going to ruin. Life, which had been a slowly widening stream for me at this period, seemed to unite with the ocean of success and happiness. My engagement, not yet announced, occurred the week my book was issued. But there

was, as ever in life, bitter in my cup of sweets. The majority of critics, while they increased the sales of "Poems of Passion" by their denunciations of it, also wounded me deeply by their unnecessarily vituperous attacks. Many friends, whom I had believed would be my defenders, took an attitude of patronizing pity toward me, which was harder to bear than outright disapproval, and others openly expressed their regret that I had not waited until I was married or dead before allowing the poems to appear, to all of which I replied, "So long as I believe them fit for publication at all, I do not feel I need a husband or tombstone to protect me from assaults of the public."

Charles A. Dana, in the *New York Sun*, gave two columns of ridicule and condemnation to the book; but he made the mistake (if he really wished to prevent the book's success) of quoting a full half-column of lines wherein the highly disapproved word "kiss" was used. This brought me scores of letters, asking where the book could be purchased; and I wrote a note of thanks to Mr. Dana for his very unique method of advertising my volume. Mr. Dana was exceedingly wrath at my note. In the *Chicago Herald* appeared this gracious item:

It is to be hoped that Miss Ella Wheeler will relapse into "Poems of Decency," now that the *New York Sun* has voiced the opinion of Respectability that her "Poems of Passion" are like the songs of half-tipsy wantons.

Yet, in spite of all this, five hundred citizens of Milwaukee united to give me a wonderful testimonial of their approval. On a May night, at St. Andrew's Hall, eloquent speeches were made; my poems were recited, and a purse of five hundred dollars was presented to me.

Mr. E. E. Chapin, chairman, spoke of me as "standing forth to-day, a representative of the genius of poetry and song of democracy and progress, of the young America motto on our state coat of arms."

My friend Hattie came from her new home in Chicago to read, with most effective skill, several of my poems, and Colonel M. A. Aldrich, the brilliant newspaper man (who had first conceived the idea of this testimonial reception), read for me lines I had written as a response, in place of the speech which I knew I could not make. My lines were:

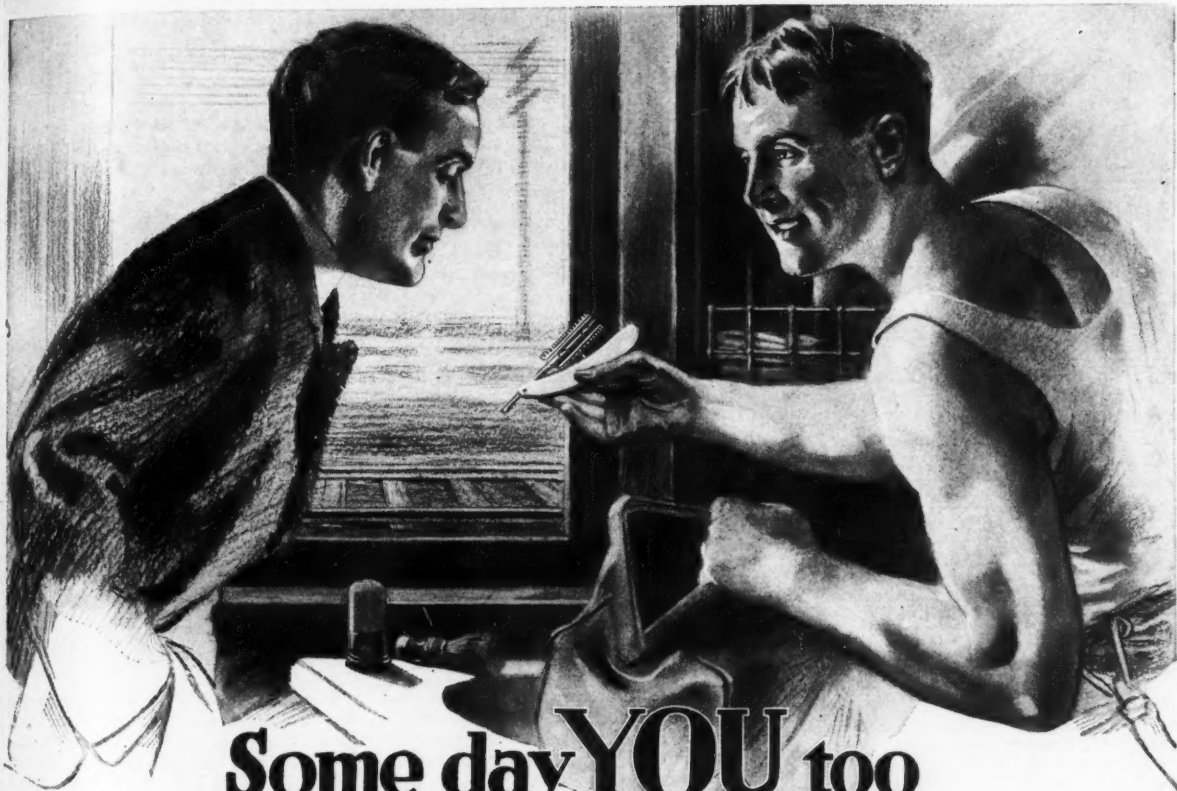
Speak for me, friends, whose lips are ever ready
With chosen words to voice another's thought;
My shaken heart would make my tones unsteady;
Speak, thou, the words I ought!

Say that the love I give in lavish fashion,
To all God's living creatures everywhere,
Pervades me with a deep and holy passion,
A wordless, grateful prayer.

Say that the gifts I may have used too lightly,
As children toss rare gems in careless mirth,
From this glad hour henceforth shall shine more brightly,
And prove their honest worth.

Say that my life shall be one grand endeavor
To reach a nobler womanhood's fair height;
Say how my earnest aim is to forever
Be worthy of this night.

In speaking of the evening afterward, one editor compared me to "Corinna at



Some day YOU too will use this razor

7,000,000 men now use the Durham-Duplex blade—the longest, strongest, keenest blade on earth. We demonstrated to their satisfaction that they could no longer dodge the inevitable, and so they became users of Durham-Duplex blades. One of these men is a friend of yours—ask him.

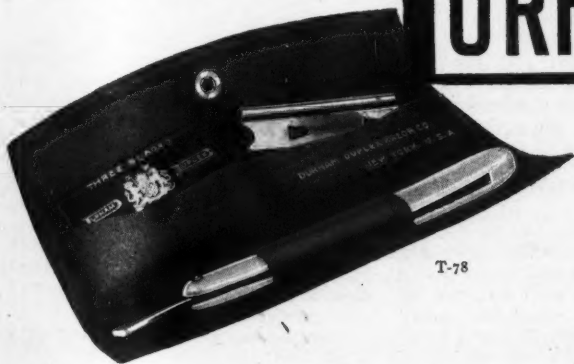
It is our ambition to have every man in the world use a Durham-Duplex Razor.



This set contains a Durham-Duplex Razor with white American ivory handle, safety guard, stropping attachment and package of 3 Durham-Duplex double-edged blades (6 shaving edges) all in a handsome leather kit. Get it from your dealer or from us direct.

Inevitably yours,

DURHAM-DUPLEX



DURHAM-DUPLEX RAZOR CO.

190 Baldwin Ave., Jersey City, N. J.

CANADA
45 Victoria Street
Toronto

ENGLAND
21 Church Street
Sheffield

FRANCE
50 Rue de Paradis
Paris

the Capitol." I did not know who Corinna was, and so I looked it up, pleased to find myself compared to the Greek woman poet who, in a trial of poetry, had conquered the great poet, Pindar.

It was a very wonderful night, and many wonderful things resulted from it—and newspaper publicity, good and bad, pleasant and unpleasant. My brother wrote me that while the family was reading aloud the report of my ovation the next day, a heavy rain was falling and he was placing pails and pans to catch the water leaking through the roof. My five hundred dollars was used to put a new roof on the old house, also an addition, much needed because of the advent of many nieces and nephews.

The consciousness that I was able to do this for my family, as well as to send a niece away to school, made the ugly comments of many editors and critics endurable. One of these comments was headed, "A Protest against Ella Wheeler," and another compared me to a dispenser of "poisoned candy." Perhaps best of all the articles which appeared in the papers at that time, I like the following, taken from my old scrap-book:

The people of Milwaukee who interested themselves in giving Ella Wheeler a substantial reception did a graceful thing. The reception, the speeches, and the five-hundred-dollar purse will be to the talented, hard-working, cheery little song-bird what reinforcements are to troops who had fought well. Thousands besides those who participated in the reception had watched the brave little soldier, valiantly fighting her way from obscurity to her present proud eminence, and have gone out to meet her with congratulations and good wishes.

The practical Milwaukee detachments were not content to move into line with cheers and platoons of praise only—so it pressed the paymaster into a service, and golden dollars wreathed the golden words. The reinforcement Ella Wheeler received last week, the columns of praise, the words of encouragement, and the handful of gold will improve her generalship, will add new forces to her heart and brain, and the public will see the benefit. She is now no longer an unknown girl, a soldier on the frontier, but a literary general whose words receive attention. Wisconsin is proud of Ella Wheeler, proud of her history, her courage, her talent, and her promising future, and by words of commendation and more substantial aid, the commonwealth has encouraged and will encourage her daughter.

A certain critic, who believed himself to be a prophet, thought the attention bestowed upon the book was most absurd, as its life, he said, at best would not extend beyond a twelvemonth. Yet now, after thirty-four years, the book still lives.

Two years before meeting the man who became my husband, I was invited to receive calls on New Year's day with a lady in Chicago. Among the callers were two men, friends of the hostess—one a bachelor, very distinguished in appearance; the other, a lawyer close to sixty, very unattractive in person but intellectual and a devotee of the Muses. My hostess told me he lived apart from a practical wife, with whom he was not in sympathy, but that there was no divorce—simply an understanding that they were happier apart. Both of these men were appreciative of my poetical gifts, and the bachelor invited my hostess and me to see Bernhardt two evenings later. My hostess

excused herself, on the plea of other engagements, and I went alone with the very agreeable and entertaining bachelor. After the theater we had a very cozy little supper at a fashionable restaurant; and what was my surprise, in the midst of the clatter of dishes and surge of the orchestra and the chatter of voices at neighboring tables, to have the bachelor, in a very matter-of-fact manner, ask me to become his wife.

I gasped in astonishment, unable to take his words seriously. Here was a man I had seen only twice, and of whom I knew less than little, save as my hostess had told me he was a successful financier and respectable and much liked by people, asking me, on our second meeting, the most important question which can be presented to a woman.

"I do not want you to answer me now," the bachelor said. "I merely want you to give me the opportunity to win you. I have been watching your career for two years, and I made up my mind sometime ago that you were intended for my wife. I am sure of it, now we have met. But all I ask is that you permit me to write to you for a month, and that you give me respectful and serious consideration as a suitor, and at the end of a month I will visit you and talk the matter over again."

This was not at all my idea of an ardent wooer; and although the man was decidedly attractive, mentally and physically, so far as personal appearance went, he did not cause my pulses to quicken or my heart to accelerate its beats. I realized that he was in earnest, however, and consented to his very reasonable request for a month of trial wooing by letter.

I was to pass the next months in Milwaukee, visiting among friends there, and it so happened that a great deal of entertainment was provided for me. Not finding more serious subjects to discuss with my new correspondent, I wrote of the things which were occurring and of my enjoyments. When the month had expired, my bachelor appeared upon the scene on one of my busiest days, and found me with several engagements and various callers and a general condition of things not conducive to sentimentality.

It was some hours before he and I were left quite alone. I had been dreading the moment, as I knew I must tell him the utter impossibility of ever regarding him as a life-companion. But the wind was suddenly taken from my sails by the man, who said:

"You are dreading what you have to tell me; now let me relieve your mind by saying I no longer desire you to receive me as a suitor. I am convinced by your letters and by your attitude since I came that you are the sort of woman who must have excitement continually and who could never be satisfied with one loyal lover. I am sure it is necessary to your genius to have a retinue of admirers; but I could never play the rôle of the complacent husband, and since you are not at all in love with me, I will not attempt to make you so. We will be the best of friends and let it end at that."

This was quite sensible, and the dilemma was solved. Yet it was a new experience to have a wooer take the words out of my mouth and decide such a matter for me. So this near-romance ended as suddenly as it began.

The bachelor married a very young girl

not long thereafter, and he lived to amass a large fortune and carve out a very brilliant career for himself. He lived also to see me most happy and contented with the love of one man, having found the right one. And we were good friends until his death, though seldom meeting.

The grass-widower lawyer, meanwhile, often wrote me letters concerning my literary work. His letters were brilliant and interesting, and often helpful. They contained no hint of sentiment. After I had met my lover, I intimated the fact to the lawyer, who warned me in a fatherly manner to be careful and not make a mistake which could not be easily rectified. When "Poems of Passion" was about to be published, the lawyer asked to see the contract, and suggested some few changes. Once, while visiting Chicago, he invited my hostess and me to lunch with him in a down-town restaurant.

It was something like two months after my marriage that I received a bill for professional services from this lawyer. In surprise, I wrote and asked what the professional services had been. The amazing reply was:

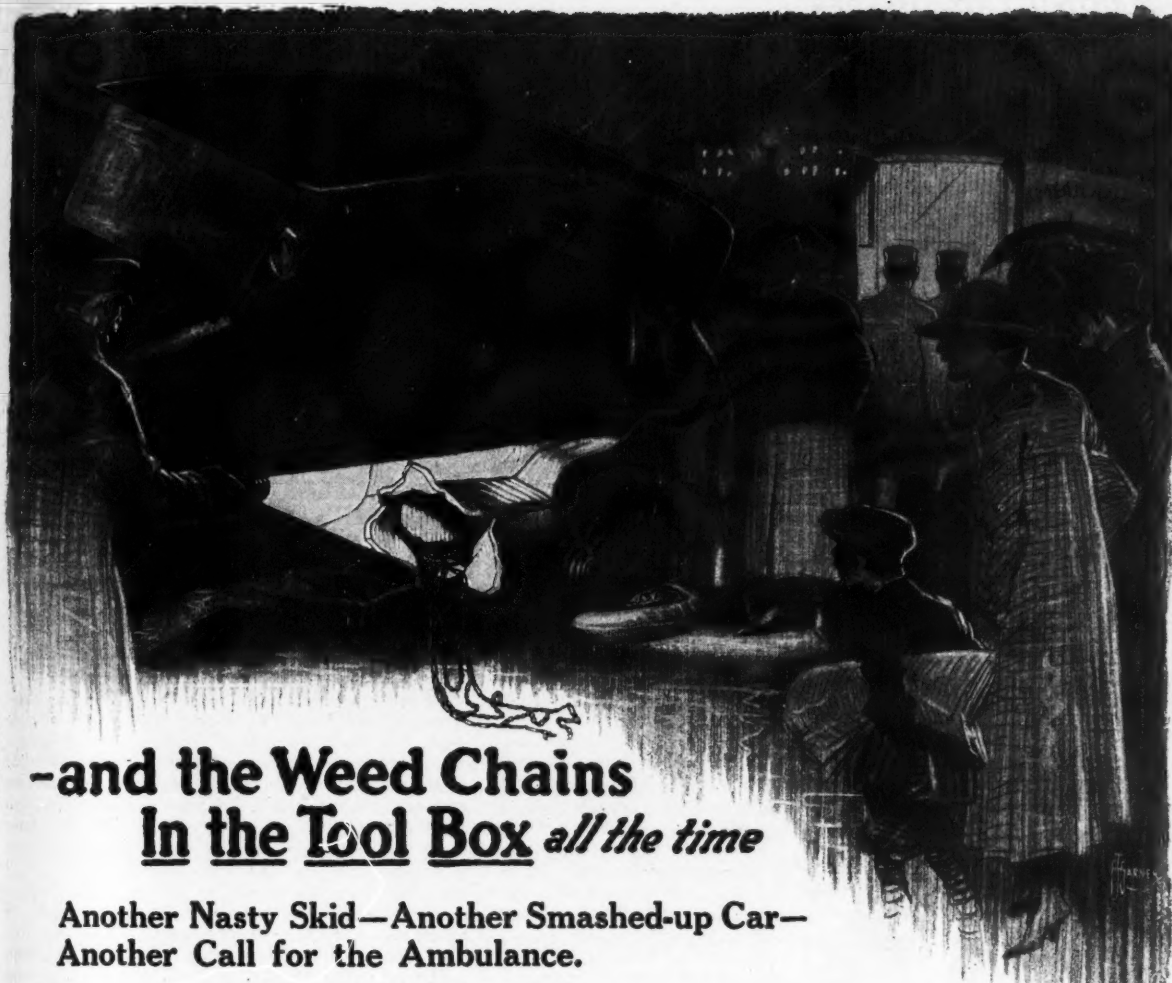
The bill is for advice on your contract with your publishers and for a lunch, where you ordered such expensive luxuries as frogs' legs.

I paid the bill and never heard from my intellectual friend again. Relating the experience to the friend at whose house I had met the man, she seemed surprised that I had not realized the romantic nature of the man's interest in me; but no such thought ever entered my mind. Sixty years old and with a living wife—how could I imagine such a possibility?

In the forenoon of a February day, in 1883, I boarded the train at Windsor, Wisconsin, for the ten-mile ride to Madison. Judge and Mrs. Braley had asked me to go with them to the inaugural ball of the governor that evening. In my suitcase I carried a pretty white gown, trimmed with narrow bands of swan's-down, made for the occasion. The day was bright and clear, and my heart was very light. Life seemed a joyous thing. Suddenly, as I took my seat in the coach, I saw a young woman clothed in deepest black, her face partially hidden by her black-bordered handkerchief, her form shaking with the sobs she was trying to suppress. It was a bride of a year, a widow of a week, a lovely girl I had last seen radiant with happiness.

I sat beside her for a little while, just as we were approaching Madison, and her great sorrow seemed to envelop me. All the way up to Judge Braley's home I thought of her, and felt I could not enjoy my visit because of her grief.

But I found my friends delighted to welcome me, and the young wife of the brilliant judge had so many interesting plans for my entertainment that the incident of the day passed entirely from my mind. That evening, as I stood before the mirror, putting the last touch to my white toilet, a swift vision of the young widow in her weeds came before me. With a stricken conscience, I realized how quickly I had forgotten her; and I pictured to myself the dark shadows she must have carried into the home she was visiting, and contrasted it with the brightness of my own environment. It was at that



-and the Weed Chains In the Tool Box *all the time*

**Another Nasty Skid—Another Smashed-up Car—
Another Call for the Ambulance.**

Will Motorists never learn to take warning from the experiences of others?

A chainless car on a slippery pavement is an **uncertain car**. You know this as well as we do, and are expected to be prepared.

Being prepared doesn't merely mean carrying tire chains in your tool box—what earthly good can they do there?

When It's Wet or Slippery Tire Chains Belong On the Tires

You shouldn't hesitate a moment in hauling them out of the tool box **at the first drop of rain**. Use **Precaution** as well as **Caution**.

You are to blame if your car skids. **You** are responsible if it swings into a pedestrian.

For Safety's Sake Put Chains on Your Tires

AMERICAN CHAIN COMPANY, Inc.

Bridgeport  Connecticut

In Canada: Dominion Chain Company, Limited, Niagara Falls, Ontario

Largest Chain Manufacturers in the World

The Complete Chain Line—All Types, All Sizes, All Finishes—From Plumbers' Safety Chain to Ships' Anchor Chain.



BEAUTIFUL CATALOG FREE!

GENUINE DIAMONDS

1/4 CARAT \$17.50
COMPLETE WITH ANY STYLE 14K MOUNTING

1/2 CARAT \$36.65
COMPLETE WITH ANY STYLE 14K MOUNTING

FROM THE DIAMOND CUTTERS DIRECT TO YOU BY MAIL AT DIAMOND CUTTERS' PRICES.

\$70.00 ALL SIZES IN STOCK UP TO 5 CARAT CARATS

FREE EXAMINATION

No risk on your part. We do not ask any money in advance. Simply select any article from this ad or from our catalog and send it to us. It will be gladly submitted for your approval in care of your bank or express office entirely at our expense and without obligating you to buy. You ask the store prices as no warehouse. You wish to keep the article or not?

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

The most liberal guarantee ever issued in the diamond business! Your investment in the diamond you buy from us is protected in every way by our Famous Money Back Guarantee which gives you the valuable privilege of returning the diamond to us at any time within one year, and we give you back in cash the full price paid without even one cent being deducted. We also certify the exact carat weight of every diamond and allow you full exchange value at any time.

14 GRADES OF DIAMONDS

The most discriminating and critical taste can be satisfied by making a selection from our enormous stock of diamonds, which comprise every conceivable quality. We list 14 grades of diamonds in our catalog and we make a specialty of large size diamonds from 5 carats up to 20 carats.

AMAZING WATCH VALUES

F101 Genuine Elgin, Radium dial, solid silver case \$12.85	F108 Waltham, Radium dial, solid silver case \$18.25	F105 Extra Waltham, Radium dial, model 16 case \$18
F102 17J, Hamilton, Radium dial, solid silver case \$35.00	F104 Waltham, Radium dial, model 16 case \$4.00	F103 17J, Hamilton, Radium dial, model 16 case \$21.75

EVERY WATCH SOLD WITH A 10-YEAR FREE REPAIR GUARANTEE

We give you with every watch bought from us a 10-YEAR FREE REPAIR GUARANTEE which makes watch buying safe. We offer the most amazing values in all makes of watches—dependable timekeepers at the lowest possible prices.

SEND NOW FOR FREE CATALOG

OVER 500,000 OF THESE BOOKS HAVE BEEN MAILED ALL OVER THE WORLD! This beautifully illustrated catalog consisting of 544 pages is bristling with valuable facts on diamonds, watches, jewelry, etc., all quoted at amazingly low figures. This book has been written by leading experts, and if you are contemplating the purchase of a diamond or a watch you cannot afford to be without a copy. A POSTAL OR LETTER WILL BRING YOU YOUR FREE COPY NOW. WRITE US AT ONCE!

I. PRESS & SONS
IMPORTERS AND CUTTERS OF DIAMONDS
WHOLESALE JEWELERS
PHILADELPHIA, U.S.A.

PERFECTION IN PENCILRAFT

GEM KANT-LEAK \$1.00 UP
LEVER SELF FILLER
GEM FOUNTAIN PEN CORP. N.Y.

ENTER A BUSINESS

of your own and earn big annual income in professional fees, making and fitting a foot specialty to measure; readily learned by anyone at home in a few weeks; easy terms for training, openings everywhere with all the trade you can attend to. No capital required or goods to buy, no agency or soliciting. Address: Stephenson Laboratory, 12 Back Bay, Boston, Mass.

moment that the poem "Solitude" was conceived—the first four lines coming at once in their present form.

Laugh and the world laughs with you,
Weep and you weep alone,
For the sad old earth must borrow its mirth,
But has trouble enough of its own.

I knew they were nucleus of a longer poem and simply tucked them away in the pigeonhole of my brain until I should have leisure to complete the verses. The majority of my poetical creations have come in this way, a line or a stanza at unexpected times and in places where I could not, at once, complete them. From the very beginning, I learned to carry such an idea with me, and work it out at leisure.

The following morning, at the breakfast-table, I recited the quatrain to the judge and his wife, acquainting them with the cause of the inspiration. Both were enthusiastic, and the judge, who was a great Shakespearian scholar, said, "Ella, if you keep the remainder of the poem up to that epigrammatic standard, you will have a literary gem." It was not until the second night thereafter that I found time to complete it. We came home from a theater-party, and I told my friends I was going to sit up and finish the poem.

There are certain small incidents in all our lives which makes an enduring impression on memory. Such an incident was that of taking my verses into the library, where Judge Braley sat smoking his morning cigar, and reading them to him and his wife, after warning them that I felt I had not kept up to the standard first set by my muse. I can still see the look on the very handsome face of the judge as he listened with increasing interest, and I can still hear his deep voice lifted in quick, spontaneous praise, in which his fair young wife joined. The cigar the judge was smoking had gone out, and he stood up to relight it. He was six feet in height, and he had a peculiar little trick of bending one knee back and forth while he stood talking. This knee was very active as he puffed at the freshly lighted cigar and said: "Ella, that is one of the biggest things you ever did. You are mistaken in thinking it is uneven in merit; it is all good and up to the mark."

I sent the poem to the New York Sun, received five dollars therefor, and it appeared in its columns February 25, 1883, over my maiden name, Ella Wheeler. The verses became remarkably popular and were recited and copied so widely that they became hackneyed. In May, 1883, the poem was included in my book, "Poems of Passion." I have the original manuscript copy in one of the many manuscript-books where all the poems I considered worth preserving were copied, with date and place of writing.

In 1885, a year after I had added Wilcox to my name and gone East to reside, a man of whom the literary world had never heard, Mr. John A. Joyce, of Washington, heard the poem recited and heard some one ask who wrote it. Mr. Joyce immediately declared himself as the author. I have no idea that he was wholly responsible for his words at that time, as I had been told that he was very much addicted to drink—a habit which he afterward, it is said, overcame, greatly to his

Cosmopolitan for July, 1918

credit. I, of course, indignantly denied his claim, putting forth my own true story, as given above. Mr. Joyce, however, having uttered his lie, deliberately repeated it on every possible occasion from that day to the day of his death, some three or four years ago. He declared that he wrote the poem in 1861 on the head of a whisky-barrel in the wine-room of the Galt House, in Louisville, Kentucky. He had published a book entitled "A Checkered Life" in 1883, together with a number of very trashy verses in that volume. Mr. Joyce had given the story of his life from youth to maturity. He even admitted the fact that he had, in his early life, been the inmate of an insane asylum for a period of a few months. To quote his own statements, I give the following memorandum in "A Checkered Life."

EASTERN KENTUCKY LUNATIC ASYLUM, Lexington, Kentucky.

The records of this asylum show that No. 2423, John A. Joyce—eighteen years of age; occupation, farmer; habits, temperate; original disposition and intellect, good; cause, heredity; form, mania perpetual motion—was admitted June 20, 1860, discharged September, 1860.

W. A. BULLOCK, M.D.
Medical Superintendent.

Mr. Joyce's book was written while he was serving a term in prison for whisky-frauds. The book contained twenty-three so-called poems, supposedly all he had ever written. Naturally it did not contain "Solitude," because I had not then composed it. I have a copy of the first edition of this book in my possession. Yet, two years later after my poem became famous, the man claimed that he had written "Solitude" in 1861. Why should he have omitted it from this book? In 1885, Mr. Joyce issued a new edition of the book inserting the poem under the title "Laugh, and the World Laughs with You," but retaining the copyright-date of 1883.

My husband wished to start a suit for damages, but was urged by acquaintances to drop it, as they said that the general impression of Mr. Joyce was that he was "a harmless old lunatic whose words no one took seriously." But Mr. Joyce proved himself seriously annoying up to the day of his death. He never allowed more than two years pass without finding some obscure paper in which he could again set forth his claims to my poem. I repeatedly made an offer of five thousand dollars, to be given to charity, when anyone could produce a copy of "Solitude" published prior to February, 1883. I finally offered to present to any charitable institution he might select, in his name, that amount of money, when Mr. Joyce produced his proof. Of course it was never forthcoming; and yet he claimed the poem had been in circulation for twenty years before I wrote it.

I believe this experience one which nearly every author has known at some time in his or her career. Though misery may like company, the fact does not prevent one's own suffering when made the victim of a man of this type, who belongs to the poison-insect order of humanity. He is only an insect, and yet his persistent buzz and sting can produce great discomfort.

The next instalment of *The World and I* will appear in August *Cosmopolitan*.

The Moonlit Way

(Continued from page 31)

Dulcie, in the beginning, diffidently aware of this, had now become entirely accustomed to it, and no longer felt any responsibility to remain motionless while he was busy with red chalk or charcoal.

When she had rested sufficiently, she laid aside her book, hunted up *The Prophet*, and resumed her place on the model-stand.

And so they worked away all the morning until luncheon was served in the studio by Aristocrates, and Barres, in his blouse, and Dulcie, in her peacock silk, her jade, and naked feet, gravely or lightly, as their moods dictated, discussed an omelet and a pot of tea or chocolate, and the ways and manners and customs of a world which Dulcie now was discovering as a brand-new and most enchanting planet.

IX

HER DAY

JUNE was ending in a very warm week. Work in the studio lagged, partly because Dulcie, preparing for graduation, could give Barres little time, partly because, during June, that young man had been away spending the week-ends with his parents and his sister at Foreland Farms, their home. From one of these visits he returned to the city just in time to read a frantic little note from Dulcie Soane:

DEAR MR. BARRES:

Please, please come to my graduation. I do want somebody there who knows me. And my father is not well. Is it too much to ask of you? I hadn't the courage to ask you when you were here, but I have ventured to write, because it will be so lonely for me to graduate without having anybody there I know.

DULCIE SOANE.

It was still early in the morning; he had taken a night train to town. So, when he had been freshened by a bath, he took his hat and went down-stairs.

A heavy, pasty-visaged young woman sat at the desk in the entrance hall.

"Where is Soane?" he inquired.

"He's sick."

"Where is he?"

"In bed," she replied indifferently. The woman's manner just verged on impertinence. He hesitated, then walked across to the superintendent's apartments.

Soane, in his own room, lay sleeping off the consequences of an evening at Grogan's. One glance was sufficient for Barres, and he walked out.

On Madison Avenue, he found a florist, selected a bewildering bouquet, and despatched it, with a hasty note, by messenger, to Dulcie at her school.

He also sent more flowers to his studio, with penciled orders to Aristocrates.

In a toy shop he found an appropriate decoration for the center of the lunch-table. Later, in a jeweler's, he discovered a plain gold locket, shaped like a heart and inset with one little diamond. A slender chain by which to suspend it was easily chosen, and an extra payment admitted him to the emergency department where he looked on while an expert engraved upon the locket:

Dulcie Soane from Garret Barres

And the date.



War-Time Bread and Milk

Use Puffed Rice Bubbles

Don't serve war-time breads in milk.

Float Puffed Rice in it—crisp, toasted, flaky bubbles. Or else Corn Puffs, which is pellets of hominy puffed to raindrop size.

Here are airy, toasted morsels, vastly better than the best of bread and crackers.

They Are Ten Times Better

Puffed Grains seem made for the milk dish. They are just the right size. They are airy and crisp, so they crush at a touch.

They are toasted in a fearful heat, which gives them a nut-like flavor. And they are ever-ready.

Then Puffed Grains are easy to digest.

These are the only grain foods with every food cell exploded. Ordinary cooking and baking doesn't break half of the food cells.

Some folks treat them like food confections, because they are so delightful. They make them occasional dainties.

But they are scientific foods, invented by Prof. Anderson. They are steam-exploded to fit every atom to feed.

This is the ideal way to serve Rice, Corn or Wheat. When children so enjoy it, why not let them have it often?

**Puffed
Rice**

Each 15c

**Puffed
Wheat**

Except in Far West

**Corn
Puffs**

After that, he went into the nearest telephone-booth and called up several people, inviting them to dine with him that evening.

It was nearly ten o'clock now. He took his little gift, stopped a taxi, and arrived at the big brick high school just in time to enter with the last straggling parents and family friends.

The usual exercises had already begun; there were speeches from Authority, prayers by Divinity, choral effects by graduating pulchritude.

The graduating class, attired in white, appeared to average much older than Dulcie. He could see her now, in her reconstructed communion dress, holding the big bouquet he had sent her, one Madonna lily of which she had detached and pinned over her breast. Her features were composed and delicately flushed.

One girl after another advanced and read or spoke, performing the particular parlor-trick assigned her in the customary and perfectly unremarkable manner characteristic of such affairs.

Rapturous parental demonstrations greeted each effort; piano, violin, and harp filled in nobly.

Glancing at a program which he had found on his seat, Barres read,

Song: DULCIE SOANE.

Looking up at her where she sat on the stage among her comrades in white, he noticed that her eyes were busy searching the audience—possibly for him, he thought.

The time at length arrived for Dulcie to do her parlor-trick. She rose and came forward, clasping the big fragrant bouquet, prettily flushed but self-possessed. The harp began a little minor prelude—something Irish and not very modern. Then Dulcie's pure, untrained voice stole winningly through the picked harp-strings' hesitation:

"Heart of a colleen,
Where do you roam?

Heart of a colleen,
Far from your home?
Laden with love you stole from her breast,
Wandering dove, return to your nest.

"Sodgers are sailin'
Away to the wars;
Ladies are wailin'
Their woe to the stars.
Why is the heart of you straying so soon—
Heart that was part of you, Eileen Aroon?

"Lost to a sodger,
Gone is my heart;
Lost to a sodger,
Now we must part—
I and my heart—for it journeys afar
Along with the sodgers who sail to the war!

"Tears that near blind me
My pride shall dry;
Wisha, don't mind me;
Lave a lass cry!
Only a sodger can whistle the tune
That coaxes the heart out of Eileen Aroon."

Almost instantly the audience had divined in the words she sang a significance which concerned them—a warning—perhaps a prophecy. The Sixty-ninth Regiment of New York infantry was Irish, and nearly every seat in the hall held a relative of some young fellow serving in its ranks.

The applause was impulsive, stormy,

persistent; the audience was demanding the young girl's recall; the noise they made became overwhelming.

Finally, the principal of the school arose, went over to Dulcie, and exchanged a few words with her. Then he came forward, hand lifted in appeal for silence.

"The music and words of the little song you have just heard," he said, "were written, I have just learned, by the mother of the girl who sang them. They were written in Ireland a number of years ago, when Irish regiments were sent away for overseas service. Neither words nor song have ever been published. Miss Soane found them among her mother's effects.

"I thought the story of the little song might interest you. For, somehow, I feel—as I think you all feel—that perhaps the day may come—may be near—when the hearts of our women, too, shall be given to their soldiers—sons, brothers, fathers—who are 'sailin' away to the wars.' But if that time comes—which God avert!—then I know that every man here will do his duty. And every woman. And I know that

Tears that near blind you,
Your pride shall dry."

He paused a moment.

"Miss Soane has prepared no song to sing as an encore. In her behalf, and in my own, I thank you for your appreciation. Be kind enough to permit the exercises to proceed."

And the graduating exercises continued. Barres waited for Dulcie. She came out among the first of those departing, walking all alone in her reconstructed white dress and carrying his bouquet. When she caught sight of him, her face became radiant, and she made her way toward him through the crowd.

"My bouquet—it is so wonderful! I love every flower in it! Thank you with all my heart! You are so kind to have come—so kind to me—so k-kind—"

"It is I who should be grateful, Dulcie, for your charming little song," he insisted. "Did you really like it?" she asked shyly.

"Indeed I did! And I quite fell in love with your voice, too. And to think that your mother wrote it!"

"Yes."

After a short interval of silence, he released her hand.

"I have a taxi for you," he said gaily.

The girl flushed again with surprise and gratitude.

"Are—are you coming, too?"

"Certainly; I'm going to take you home. Don't you belong to me?" he demanded laughingly.

"Yes," she said. But her forced little smile made the answer almost solemn.

"Well then," he said cheerfully; "come along. What's mine I look after. We'll have lunch together in the studio, if you are too proud to pose for a poor artist this afternoon."

At this she laughed happily.

"The pride of a high-school graduate!" he commented, as he seated himself beside her in the cab. "Can anything equal it?"

"Yes."

"What?"

"Her pride in your—friendship," she ventured. Which unexpected reply touched and surprised him.

"You dear child!" he said. "I'm proud of your friendship, too."

"You are so kind," she sighed, touching the blossoms in her bouquet with slender fingers that trembled a little. For she would have offered him a flower from it had she found courage; but it seemed presumptuous, and she dropped her hand into her lap again.

Aristocrates opened the door for them; Selinda took her away.

Barres had ordered flowers for the table. In the middle of it a doll stood, attired in academic cap and gown, the Stars and Stripes in one hand, in the other a green flag bearing a gold harp.

When Dulcie came in, she stopped short, enchanted at the sight of the decorated table. But when Aristocrates opened the kitchen door and her three cats came trotting in, she was overcome.

For each cat wore a red-white-and-blue cravat, on which was pinned a silk shamrock, and, although Strindberg immediately keeled over on the rug and madly attacked his cravat with his hind toes, the general effect remained admirable.

Aristocrates seated Dulcie. Upon her plate was the box containing chain and locket. And the girl cast a swift, inquiring glance across the center-flowers at Barres.

"Yes, it's for you, Dulcie," he said.

She turned quite pale at sight of the little gift. After a silence, she leaned on the table with both elbows, shading her face with her hands.

He let her alone—let the first tense moment in her youthful life ebb out of it, nor noticed, apparently, the furtive and swift touch of her best handkerchief to her closed eyes.

Aristocrates brought her a little glass of frosted orange juice. After an interval, not looking at Barres, she sipped it. Then she took the locket and chain from the satin-lined box, read the inscription, closed her lids for a second's silent ecstasy, opened them, looking at him through rapturous tears, and, with her eyes still fixed on him, fastened the chain round her neck. The luncheon then proceeded. Dulcie had found her voice again—a low, uncertain, tremulous little voice when she tried to thank him for the happiness he had given her, a clearer, firmer voice when he dexterously led the conversation into channels more familiar and serene.

They talked of the graduating exercises, of her part in them. She told him that since she was quite young she had learned to play the piano by remaining for an hour every day after school and receiving instruction from a young teacher who needed a little extra pin-money. As for singing, she had had no instruction. Her voice had never been tried, never been cultivated.

"We'll have it tried some day," he said casually. But Dulcie shook her head, explaining that it was an expensive process and not to be thought of.

"How did you pay for your piano lessons?" he asked.

"I paid twenty-five cents an hour. My mother left a little money for me when I was a baby. I spent it all that way."

"Every bit of it?"

"Yes. I had five hundred dollars. It lasted me seven years—from the time I was ten to now."

"Are you seventeen? You don't look it."



Do you want
a clear complexion?

If your skin is not fresh, smooth and glowing, or has suffered from an unwise use of cosmetics, let Resinol Soap help to clear it.

Perhaps your complexion is unattractive simply because it is not cleansed thoroughly and regularly with the proper kind of soap.

For most skins, the soap should be free from harsh, drying alkali, and should contain just enough soothing, healing medication to relieve clogged pores, reduce the tendency to pimples, redness and oiliness, and to bring out the natural beauty of the complexion.

Resinol Soap is just that kind, an unusually pure and cleansing toilet soap, to which has been added the gentle Resinol medication.

Bathe your face for several minutes with Resinol Soap and warm water, working the creamy lather into the skin gently with the finger tips. Then wash off with more Resinol Soap and warm water, finishing with a dash of clear, cold water, to close the pores.

Do this once or twice a day, and you will probably be astonished to see how quickly your complexion becomes clearer, fresher and more velvety.

Resinol Soap is equally dependable for protecting delicate skins from the havoc of summer sun, wind, dust and heat.

It is sold by all druggists and dealers in toilet goods. For a guest-room-size trial cake, free, write to Dept. 8-E, Resinol, Baltimore, Md.

Resinol Soap

"Good Things

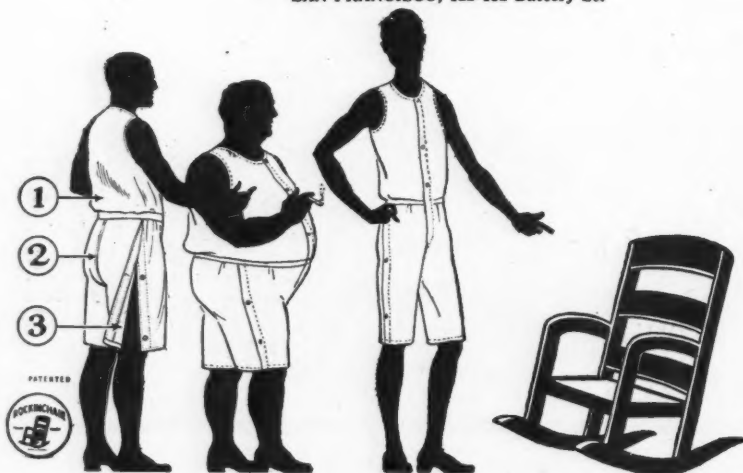
come in threes." And so with
Rockinchair Underwear.

- 1 Intelligent method of *sizing*, the work of a leading *men's clothing designer*. For every size there are *three shapes*—regular, tall slim, short stout. *A model for every figure*. And proportioned to body lines, like a tailored suit of clothes!
- 2 *Three more comfort features*: The fullness above the snug-fitting waistband that allows perfect freedom in all bodily movements. The closed seat that is *comfortable and sanitary*—no back split to bunch up and annoy. The side leg opening, with buttons in plain sight, that opens with a broad sweep clearly across the back and allows quick, easy adjustment. With no strain on the buttons!
- 3 A variety of materials to suit every purse. *Slightly* underwear as well as the most comfortable. Like its namesake, the rocking-chair, it is *typical of comfort*.

If your dealer hasn't it, write us.

HENDERSON & ERVIN, Norwalk, Conn.

NEW YORK: 846 Broadway
CHICAGO: 424 S. Wells Street
SAN FRANCISCO, 122-132 Battery St.



ROCKINCHAIR

Athletic Underwear for Men & Boys

National Underwear Standards: "Rockinchair" for Warm Weather; "Duo-fold" for Cold Weather

I TEACH
Penmanship
BY MAIL

I won World's First Prize for best course in Penmanship. Under my guidance you can become an expert penman. Am paying many of my students as instructors in commercial colleges at high salaries. If you wish to become a better penman, write me. I will send you **FREE** one of my *Favorite Pens* and a copy of the *Handwriting Journal*. Write today.
C. W. Ransom, 324 Essex Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

FREE BOOK Learn Piano!

This interesting Free Book shows how you can become a skilled player of piano in your own home, at one-quarter retail cost. Dr. Quinn's famous Written Method is endorsed by leading musicians and heads of State Conservatories. Successful 25 years. Play chords at once and complete pieces in every key within 4 lessons. Suitable yet easy to understand. Fully illustrated. For beginners or teachers, old or young. ALL MUSIC FREE. Diploma granted. Write today for 64-page free book, "How to Learn Piano or Organ."

M. L. QUINN CONSERVATORY, Studio C7, Social Union Building, Boston, Mass.

KANT SINK
Trade Mark Registered
SWIMMING HARNESS

EVERY bather should have one, because it at all times provides absolute safety and maximum pleasure while in the water. It cannot come off or get out of order, will easily support twice the weight of the heaviest person for any length of time and allows free swimming movement when adjusted to the body. It is made of highest quality thick Para rubber, packed in a neat container, with complete directions.

Children's sizes \$4.00, Adult's sizes \$5.00

If your dealer cannot supply you, send us your order direct, with your dealer's name and we will send the harness to you by return parcel post, prepaid.

KANT SINK SWIMMING HARNESS CO
TRAVERSE CITY, MICHIGAN

"I know I don't. It annoys me to be mistaken for a child of fifteen. And I have to dress that way, too, because my dresses still fit me and clothes are very expensive."

"Are they?"

Dulcie became confidential.

"Oh, very. You don't know about girls' clothes, I suppose. But they cost a very great deal. So I've had to wear out dresses I've had ever since I was fourteen and fifteen. And so I can't put up my hair, because it would make my dresses look ridiculous; and that renders the situation all the worse. There doesn't seem to be any way out of it," she ended, with a despairing little laugh, "and I was seventeen last February."

"Cheer up! You'll grow old fast enough. And now you're going to have a jolly little salary as my model, and you ought to be able to buy suitable clothes. Oughtn't you?"

She did not answer, and he repeated the question. And drew from her, reluctantly, that her father, so far, had absorbed what money she had earned by posing.

A dull red gathered under the young man's cheek-bones, but he said carelessly:

"That won't do. I'll talk it over with your father. I'm very sure he'll agree with me that you should bank your salary and draw out what you need for your personal expenses."

Dulcie sat silent over her fruit and bonbons. Reaction from the keen emotions of the day had, perhaps, begun to have their effect. They rose and resealed themselves on the sofa, where she sat in the corner among gorgeous Chinese cushions, her reconstructed dress now limp and shabby, the limp Madonna lily hanging from her breast.

It had been the happiest day of her life. It had dawned the loneliest, but under the magic of this man's kindness, the day was ending like a day in paradise. To Dulcie, however, happiness was less dependent upon receiving than upon giving; and, like all things feminine, mature and immature, she desired to serve where her heart was enlisted—began to experience the restless desire to give. What? And as the question silently presented itself, she looked up at Barnes.

"Could I pose for you?"

"On a day like this? Nonsense, Dulcie!"

"I'd really like to—if you want me—"

"No. Curl up here and take a nap. Slip off your gown, so you won't muss it, and ask Selinda for a kimono. Because you're going to need your gown this evening," he added smilingly.

"Why? Please tell me why?"

"No. You've had enough excitement. Tell Selinda to give you a kimono. Then you can lie down in my room if you like. Selinda will call you in plenty of time. And after that I'll tell you how we're going to bring your holiday to a gay conclusion."

She seemed disinclined to stir, curled up there, her eyes brilliant with curiosity, her lips a trifle parted in a happy smile. She lay that way for a few moments; then she sat up swiftly.

"Must I take a nap?"

"Certainly."

She sprang to her feet, flashed past him, and disappeared in the corridor.

"Don't forget to wake me!" she called back.

When he heard her voice again, convers-

ing with Selinda, he opened the studio door and went down-stairs.

Soane, rather the worse for wear, was at the desk, and, standing beside him, was a one-eyed man carrying two pedler's boxes under his arms. They both turned quickly when Barres appeared. Before he reached the desk, the one-eyed man turned and walked out hastily.

"Soane," said Barres, "I've one or two things to say to you. The first is this: If you don't stop drinking and keep away from Grogan's, you'll lose your job here."

"Musha, then, Misther Barres—" "Wait a moment; I'm not through. I advise you to stop drinking and keep away from Grogan's. That's the first thing. And next, go on and graft as much as you like, only warn your pedler friends to keep away from Studio Number Nine."

"F'r the love o' God—" "Cut out the injured innocence, Soane. I'm telling you how to avoid trouble."

"Misther Barres, sorr! As God sees me—" "I can see you, too. I want you to be-

have, Soane. This is friendly advice. That one-eyed pedler who just beat it has been bothering me. You know the rules. If the other tenants care to stand for it, all right. But I'm through. Is that plain?"

"It is, sorr," said the unabashed delinquent. The faintest glimmer of a grin came into his battered eyes.

"One thing more," continued Barres: "I am paying Dulcie a salary—" "Wisha, then—" "Stop! I tell you that she's in my em-

ployment on a salary. Don't ever touch a penny of it again."

"Sure the child's wages—" "No; they don't belong to the father. Legally, perhaps, but the law doesn't suit me. So, if you take the money that she earns and blow it in at Grogan's, I'll have to discharge her."

"Would you do that, Mr. Barres?"

"I certainly would. Dulcie needs clothes suitable to her age. She needs other things. I'm going to take charge of her savings. So don't you attempt to tamper with them. You wouldn't do such a thing, anyway, Soane, if this miserable drink-habit hadn't got a hold on you. If you don't quit, it will down you. You'll lose your place here. You know that. Try to brace up. This is a rotten deal you're giving yourself and your daughter."

Soane wept easily. He wept now. Tearful volubility followed—picturesque, lit up with Hibernian flashes, then rambling, and a hint of slyness in it which kept one weeping eye on duty, watching Barres all the while.

"All right; behave yourself," concluded Barres. "And, Soane, I shall have three or four people to dinner and a little dancing afterward. I want, Dulcie to enjoy her graduating-dance."

"Sure, Misther Barres, you're that kind to the child—" "Somebody ought to be. Do you know that there was nobody she knew to see her graduate to-day, excepting myself?"

"Oh, the poor darling! Sure, I was that busy—" "Busy sleeping off a souse," said Barres dryly. "And, by the way, who is that stolid, German-looking girl who alternates with you here at the desk?"

"Miss Kurtz, sorr."

"Oh! She seems stupid. Where did you dig her up?"

"A fri'nd o' mine ricomminds her highly, sorr."

"Is that so? Who is he? One of your German pedler friends at Grogan's? Be careful, Soane. You Sinn Feiners are headed for trouble."

He turned and mounted the stairs. Soane looked after him with an uneasy expression, partly humorous.

"Ah, then, Mr. Barres," he said; "don't be botherin' afther the likes of us poor Irish. Is there anny harm in a sup o' beer av a Dootchman pays?"

Barres looked back at him.

"A one-eyed Dutchman?"

"Ah, g'wan, sorr, wid yer hokin' an' jokin'! Is it graft, ye say? An' how can ye say it, sorr, knowin' me as ye do?"

The impudent grin on the Irishman's face was too much for the young man. He continued to mount the stairs, laughing.

As he entered the studio, he heard the telephone-bell ringing. Presently Selinda marched in.

"A lady, sir, who will not giff her name, desires to spik to Mr. Barres."

"I don't talk to anonymous people," he said curtly.

"I shall tell her, sir?"

"Certainly. Did you make Miss Dulcie comfortable?"

"Yess, sir."

"That's right. Now, take that dress of Miss Dulcie's, go out to some shop on Fifth Avenue, buy a pretty party gown of similar dimensions, and bring it back with you. Take a taxi both ways. Wait—take her stockings and slippers, too, and buy her some fine ones. And some suitable underwear." He went to a desk, unlocked it, and handed the maid a flat packet of bank-notes. "Be sure the things are nice," he insisted.

Selinda, starched, immaculate, frost-eyed, marched out. She returned a few moments later, wearing jacket and hat.

"Sir, the lady on the telephone has called again. The lady would inquire of Mr. Barres if perhaps he has recollection of the fountain of Marie de Médicis."

Barres reddened with surprise and pleasure.

"Oh! Yes, indeed; I'll speak to that lady! Hang up the service receiver, Selinda." And he stepped to the studio telephone.

"Nihla?" he exclaimed, in a low, eager voice.

"C'est moi—Thessa! Have you a letter from me?"

"No, you little wretch! Oh, Thessa, you're certainly a piker! Fancy my not hearing one word from you since April—"

"Garry, hush! It was not because I did not wish to see you—"

"Yes, it was! You knew bally well that I hadn't your address and that you had mine."

"You don't understand what you are saying. I wanted to see you. It has been impossible—"

"You are not singing and dancing anywhere in New York. I watched the papers."

"Wait! Be careful what you say over the telephone. For my sake, Garry. Don't use my former name or say anything to identify me. I've been in trouble. I'm in trouble still. Had you no letter from me this morning?"

"No."

as usual 5

LUDEN'S MENTHOL COUGH DROPS

On Dusty Days

whether walking or motoring, the nose and throat become irritated. Luden's will give quick relief by clearing and soothing the air passages. Very beneficial for hay fever, summer colds, bad breath.

Popular with Soldiers

to refresh the mouth and allay thirst on dusty hikes, and drills.

Just Dip the Brush
TO MAKE OLD WOODWORK NEW

Kyanize FLOOR FINISH

SEND FOR BOOKLET

BRISTOL LAMSON CO.
EVERETT STATION, BOSTON, MASS.

OH, YOU SKINNY!

Why stay thin as a rail? You don't have to! And you don't have to go through life with a chest that the tailor gives you; with arms of child strength; with legs you can hardly stand on. And what about that stomach that flinches every time you try a square meal? Are you a pill-feeder?

Do you expect Health and Strength in tabloid form—through pills, potions and other exploited piffle?

You can't do it; it can't be done.

The only way to be well is to build up your body—all of it through nature's methods—not by pampering the stomach. It is not fate that is making you a failure; it's that poor emaciated body of yours; your half sickness shows plain in your face and the world loves healthy people. So be HEALTHY—STRONG—VITAL—that's LIVING. Don't think too long; send 6 cents in stamps to cover mailing expenses of my book, "Promotion and Conservation of Health, Strength and Mental Energy" written by the strongest physical culture instructor in the world.

LIONEL STRONGFORT
Physical and Health Specialist
625 PARK BLDG. NEWARK, N. J.

SHORTHAND
World's Greatest System

Easy—Speedy—Practical. Foyd Syllabic System—latest, revised. New Principle—no "shading"—no "ruled" lines—no "cold notes." 100 to 150 words a minute guaranteed. Learned at home in 30 days. Best System for Civil Service. Touch Typewriting FREE. Send today for Catalog and Special Offer.

CHICAGO HOME STUDY SCHOOLS.
502 Reaper Block, CHICAGO, ILL.

LEPAGE'S GLUE HANDY TUBES
WHEN A NAIL WON'T DO

is made by the
RUBIA CEMENT CO. GLOUCESTER, MASS.
who also make and guarantee

SIGNET THE PERMANENT INK

**DIAMONDS
WATCHES**

TEN PAYMENT PLAN

7½% Yearly Increase Guaranteed

SPECIAL TERMS — TEN MONTHS'
credit on any article selected from the
SWEET Catalog. **No Money in Advance.**
Shipment made for your examination.
First payment to be made only after you
have convinced yourself that SWEET
values cannot be equalled. If not what
you wish return at our expense.

Any Diamond bought
of us may be returned
for exchange at an in-
creased value of 7½%
more than you paid.
We stand alone in this offer.

**No Red Tape—
No Delay**

Every transaction
CONFIDENTIAL.
You don't do justice to
yourself and your dol-
lars unless you inspect
our unusual values in
Diamonds, Watches,
Jewelry, Silverware,
Photographs, etc.

**SPECIAL
VALUE**

SWEET'S CLUSTER,
7 Fine Diamonds, Set in
Platinum. Looks
like \$225.00. Solitaire.
Price **\$48.50**

Send **TODAY** for
SWEET De Luxe Cat-
alog. Write **NOW** to
Dept. 8M.

L.W. SWEET & CO. INC.
2-4 MAIDEN LANE, NEW YORK.



Hair under the arms is a need-
less annoyance. You can re-
move it in the most agreeable,
"womanly" way by using El-
Rado, a sanitary, colorless lotion.

In a few minutes the skin is smooth
and hairfree. Of course the hair comes
back—it cannot be removed perma-
nently without serious injury. El-Rado
is entirely harmless, and does not stim-
ulate or coarsen later hair growth.
Easily applied to the face, neck or
arms with a piece of absorbent cotton.

Ask for **El-Rado** at any toilet goods
counter. Two sizes, 50c and
\$1.00. Money-back guarantee.

If you prefer, we will fill your order by
mail, if you write enclosing stamps or coin.

PILGRIM MFG. CO., Dept. W, 112 E. 19th St., New York
Canadian Address, 132 St. Paul West, Montreal

LEARN PERSONAL CULTURE

**BETTER YOUR OWN
Beauty.** Sell your
services to others.
teach you how. Science
title care of Face and
Scalp. Facial Massage.
Electrolysis, S. & P.
Treatments, Shampoo-
ing, Manicuring, etc. \$15 to \$25 a
week position guaranteed.
all who qualify. \$10 to \$15
earn at home. Write for
Free Literature. Address
Marionette Co., Dept. 11
Chicago, Ill.

**PERFECT YOUR BEAUTY
EARN BIG MONEY**

"That is disquieting news. I posted a
letter to you last night. You should have
had it in your morning mail."

"No letter has come from you. I had
no letters at all in the morning mail, and
only one or two business ones since."

"Then I'm deeply worried. I shall have
to see you unless that letter is delivered to
you by evening."

"Splendid! But you'll have to come to
me, Thessa. I've invited a few people to
dine here and dance afterward. If you'll
dine with us, I'll get another man to bal-
ance the table. Will you?"

After a moment, she said:

"Yes. What time?"

"Eight. This is wonderful of you,
Thessa!" he said excitedly. "If you're in
trouble, we'll clear it up between us."

"You dear boy!" she said, in a troubled
voice. "I should be more of a friend if I
keep away from you."

The next instalment of *The Moonlit Way* will appear in *August Cosmopolitan*.

The Tears of Ah Kim

(Continued from page 37)

tale. It is the stuff of the painted pictures
of marriage. Such marriage was in the
beginning; such shall it always be in my
house. The hand of the man takes the
woman's ear and by it leads her away to
his house, where she is to be obedient to
him and to his mother. I was taken by
the ear—so—by your long-honorably-dead
father. I have looked at your hand. It is
not like his hand. Also, have I looked at
the ear of Li Faa. Never will you lead her
by the ear. She has not that kind of an
ear. I shall live a long time yet, and I will
be mistress in my son's house, after our
ancient way, until I die."

"But she is my revered ancestress," Ah
Kim explained to Li Faa.

He was timidly unhappy; for Li Faa,
having ascertained that Mrs. Tai Fu was
at the temple of the Chinese Æsculapius,
making a food-offering of dried duck and
prayers for her declining health, had taken
advantage of the opportunity to call upon
him in his store.

Li Faa pursed her insolent, unpainted
lips into the form of a half-opened rosebud
and replied:

"That will do for China. I do not know
China. This is Hawaii, and in Hawaii the
customs of all foreigners change."

"She is, nevertheless, my ancestress,"
Ah Kim protested, "the mother who gave
me birth, whether I am in China or Ha-
waii, O Silvery Moon-Blossom that I want
for wife."

"I have had two husbands," Li Faa
stated placidly. "One was a *paké*; one was
a Portuguese. I learned much from both.
Also am I educated. I have been to high
school, and I have played the piano in
public. And I learned from my two hus-
bands much. The *paké* makes the best
husband. Never again will I marry any-
thing but a *paké*. But he must not take
me by the ear—"

"How do you know of that?" he broke
in suspiciously.

"Mrs. Chang Lucy," was the reply.
"Mrs. Chang Lucy tells me everything
that your mother tells her, and your
mother tells her much. So let me tell you
that mine is not that kind of an ear."

Cosmopolitan for July, 1918

"Nonsense! You promise, don't you?"

"Yes. Do you realize that to-night
another summer moon is to witness our
reunion? I shall come to you once more
under a full June moon. And then, per-
haps, no more. Never. Unless, after the
world ends, I come to you through shadowy
outer space—a ghost drifting—seeking you
once more."

"My poor child," he said, laughing,
"you must be in no end of low spirits to
talk that way."

"It does sound morbid. But I have
plenty of courage, Garry. I shall not
snivel on the starched bosom of your eve-
ning shirt when we meet. You shall not
be ashamed of me among your guests."

"Fancy!" he laughed happily. "Don't
worry, Thessa. We'll fix up whatever
bothers you. Eight o'clock. Don't for-
get."

"I am not likely to," she said.

"Which is what my honored mother has
told me," Ah Kim groaned.

"Which is what your honored mother
told Mrs. Chang Lucy, which is what Mrs.
Chang Lucy told me," Li Faa completed
equably. "And I now tell you, O third
husband-to-be, that the man is not born
who will lead me by the ear. It is not the
way in Hawaii. I will go only hand in
hand with my man, side by side, fifty-
fifty, as is the *haole* slang just now. My
Portuguese husband thought different.
He tried to beat me. I landed him three
times in the police court, and each time
he worked out his sentence on the reef.
After that he got drowned."

"My mother has been my mother for
fifty years," Ah Kim declared stoutly.

"And for fifty years has she beaten
you," Li Faa giggled. "How my father
used to laugh at Yap Ten Shin! Like you,
Yap Ten Shin had been born in China,
and had brought the China customs with
him. His old father was forever beating
him with a stick. He loved his father.
But his father beat him harder than ever
when he became a missionary *paké*. Every
time he went to the missionary services,
his father beat him. And every time the
missionary heard of it, he was harsh in his
language to Yap Ten Shin for allowing
his father to beat him. And my father
laughed and laughed, for my father was a
very liberal *paké* who had changed his cus-
toms quicker than most foreigners. And
all the trouble was because Yap Ten Shin
had a loving heart. He loved his honor-
able father. He loved the God of Love of
the Christian missionary. But in the end,
in me, he found the greatest love of all,
which is the love of Woman. In me he
forgot his love for his father and his love
for the loving Christ."

"And he offered my father six hundred
gold for me—the price was small, because
my feet were not small. But I was half
kanaka. I said that I was not a slave
woman, and that I would be sold to no
man. My high-school teacher was a *haole*
old maid who said love of woman was so
beyond price that it must never be sold.
Perhaps that is why she was an old maid.
She was not beautiful. She could not give

herself away. My *kanaka* mother said it was not the *kanaka* way to sell their daughters for a money-price. They gave their daughters for love, and she would listen to reason if Yap Ten Shin provided *luau*s in quantity and quality. My *paké* father, as I have told you, was liberal. He asked me if I wanted Yap Ten Shin for my husband. And I said, 'Yes,' and freely, of myself, I went to him. He it was who was kicked by a horse; but he was a very good husband before he was kicked by the horse.

"As for you, Ah Kim, you shall always be honorable and lovable for me, and some day, when it is not necessary for you to take me by the ear, I shall marry you and come here and be with you always, and you will be the happiest *paké* in all Hawaii; for I have had two husbands, and gone to high school, and am most wise in making a husband happy. But that will be when your mother has ceased to beat you. Mrs. Chang Lucy tells me that she beats you very hard."

"She does," Ah Kim affirmed. "Behold!" He thrust back his loose sleeves, exposing to the elbow his smooth and cherubic forearms. They were mantled with black-and-blue marks that advertised the weight and number of blows so shielded from his head and face. "But she has never made me cry," Ah Kim disclaimed hastily. "Never, from the time I was a little boy, has she made me cry."

"So Mrs. Chang Lucy says," Li Faa observed; "she says that your honorable mother often complains to her that she has never made you cry."

A sibilant warning from one of his clerks was too late. Having regained the house by way of the back alley, Mrs. Tai Fu emerged right upon them from out of the living-apartments. Never had Ah Kim seen his mother's eyes so blazingly furious. She ignored Li Faa, as she screamed at him:

"Now will I make you cry! As never before shall I beat you until you do cry!"

"Then let us go into the back rooms, honorable mother," Ah Kim suggested. "We will close the windows and the doors, and there may you beat me."

"No! Here shall you be beaten before all the world and this shameless woman, who would, with her own hand, take you by the ear and call such sacrilege marriage! Stay, shameless woman!"

"I am going to stay, anyway," said Li Faa. She favored the clerks with a truculent stare. "And I'd like to see anything less than the police put me out of here."

"You will never be my daughter-in-law," Mrs. Tai Fu snapped.

Li Faa nodded her head in agreement. "But just the same," she added, "shall your son be my third husband."

"You mean when I am dead?" the old mother screamed.

"The sun rises each morning," Li Faa said enigmatically. "All my life have I seen it rise—"

"You are forty, and you wear corsets."

"But I do not dye my hair—that will come later," Li Faa calmly retorted. "As to my age, you are right. I shall be forty-one next Kamehameha day. For forty years I have seen the sun rise. My father was an old man. Before he died, he told me that he had observed no difference in the rising of the sun since when he was a little boy. The world is round. Confucius



The Graflex

A reflecting camera that lets your eye see what the lens sees, *before* exposure, and right side up. You watch the ground-glass screen, adjust focus till the image of your picture grows clear and sharp—then snap it.

See the picture before you snap it

SIMPLICITY, speed, absolute control of focus and composition—the satisfaction that follows increased certainty—this is the Graflex story. Automatic exposures from a tenth to a thousandth of a second; successful *snapshots* in failing light, where slow exposures with other cameras would result in failure; fully-timed negatives, in good light, of two-mile-a-minute motion that other cameras could *never* get. Ask for interesting booklet "Why I Use a Graflex"—free from your dealer or from us.

FOLMER & SCHWING DEPARTMENT
Eastman Kodak Company
Rochester New York

GRAFLEX Camera

Free to Writers!

An amazing **BOOK**, full of helpful hints, suggestions, ideas; why many beginners needlessly fail and the easy way others succeed; why the demand for ideas is enormous; how, without special instruction, your simplest ideas may be developed into thrilling plays and stories; the A B C of Writing; the shortest cut to Success; how to tell if you ARE a writer; how Fortune and Fame may be within your reach today and you not know it! This remarkable Book is **Absolutely Free**. Your copy is waiting. Send for it **Now!** Just address



WRITERS' SERVICE
Dept. 46, Auburn, New York

Put Your Boy Right

Today, more than ever before, his pliable mind must be guided straight and true. Start with his reading! The American Boy Magazine has won the confidence of parents because of its manly, constructive, vigorous spirit. It is a power/ful influence for positive good! The American Boy is read by over 500,000 boys every month. "Read to please" is testimony of Y. M. C. A.'s and Libraries. Any news-stand, or subscribe direct to

\$1.50 a year The Sprague Pub. Co.
15c a copy on news-stands 269 American Bldg., Detroit, Mich.



THE AMERICAN BOY

"The Biggest, Brightest, Best Magazines for Boys in all the World"



\$1000.00 for a Single Drawing

THINK OF IT! Leading illustrators and commercial artists are frequently paid this much, and more, for single pictures or designs—and their work is eagerly sought. Thousands of advertisers, periodicals and publishers buy millions of dollars' worth of designs and illustrations every year. If you like to draw, develop your talent into a high-salaried ability. Learn in your spare time by the "Federal" home-study method—a Course endorsed by artists and illustrators of national repute. Easy to learn, easy to apply. Write today for "Your Future," a beautifully illustrated 50-page book every ambitious young man and woman should read. Free for the asking. Federal School of Commercial Designing, 230 Warner Bldg., Minneapolis, Minn.



ENO'S "FRUIT SALT"

(DERIVATIVE COMPOUND)

A Very Agreeable Aperient

Cooling, refreshing, wholesome, ENO'S "FRUIT SALT" is a gentle, safe, effective laxative, and just the thing when traveling on land or sea. A teaspoonful in a glass of water makes a delightful drink as efficacious as it is pleasant to take.

A ready aid for carsickness, seasickness and travel fatigue, a glass of ENO'S "FRUIT SALT" will often change an otherwise unpleasant trip into an enjoyable one.

Over thirty-five years of unprecedented popularity and success have proven ENO'S "FRUIT SALT" to be the greatest benefit to little folks during their long journey through childhood as well as after they have reached maturity.

Sold by Druggists

Prepared only by J. C. Eno, Ltd., London, S. E., England
Agents for the Continent of America: Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Inc.
New York, U. S. A.—Toronto, Canada



The Saddest Thing in All the World

Out of her life forever
—disillusioned!

One more home wrecked!

And all because he and she missed
the true meaning of the marriage relation.

Could she have held him? What is the real secret
of married happiness?
No loftier discussion of sex relationship has ever been
published than

Personal Help For The Married

By Prof. Thos. W. Shannon, A. M.
and Other Noted Specialists

This book has meant the turning point to happiness—the fulfillment of wedded life—for hundreds of thousands of wives—and husbands. It has cheated the divorce courts innumerable times and brought complete harmony out of unbearable misery—it is the book you should have. There is no other book like it in the world.

THE S. A. MULLIKIN CO.,

Dept. 107, Marietta, Ohio

Responsible local sales representatives wanted "you will never be disappointed in a Mullikin book"



Special Price

—as long as the present edition lasts. "Personal Help For The Married" will be furnished cloth bound \$1.35 net—Morocco grain, \$1.90 net. Fifteen cents additional for postage.

ORDER NOW

Write for table of contents—Free on request.

SHANNON SEX SERIES

Personal Help for Parents
Personal Help for Men
Personal Help for Young Women
Personal Help for Boys
Personal Help for Girls
Personal Help for the Married

Single volumes—cloth bound \$1.35 net; Morocco grain, \$1.90 net. Fifteen cents additional for postage.

Any book returnable within 6 days.

did not know that, but you will find it in all the geography books. The world is round. Ever it turns over on itself, over and over and around and around. And the times and seasons of weather and life turn with it. What is, has been before. What has been, will be again. The time of the breadfruit and the mango ever recurs, and man and woman repeat themselves. The robins nest, and in the spring-time the plovers come from the north. Every spring is followed by another spring. The coco-palm rises into the air, ripens its fruit, and departs. But always are there more coco-palms. This is not all my own smart talk. Much of it my father told me. Proceed, honorable Mrs. Tai Fu, and beat your son, who is my third husband-to-be. But I shall laugh. I warn you I shall laugh."

Ah Kim dropped down on his knees so as to give his mother every advantage. And while she rained blows upon him with the bamboo stick, Li Faa smiled and giggled, and finally burst into laughter.

"Harder, O honorable Mrs. Tai Fu!" Li Faa urged, between paroxysms of mirth.

Mrs. Tai Fu did her best, which was notably weak, until she observed what made her drop the stick in amazement. Ah Kim was crying. Down both cheeks great round tears were coursing. Li Faa was amazed. So were the gaping clerks. Most amazed of all was Ah Kim; yet he could not help himself, and although no further blows fell, he cried steadily on.

"But why did you cry?" Li Faa demanded often of Ah Kim. "It was so perfectly foolish a thing to do. She was not even hurting you."

"Wait until we are married," was Ah Kim's invariable reply, "and then, O Moon-Lily, will I tell you."

Two years later, one afternoon, more like a watermelon seed in configuration than ever, Ah Kim returned home from a meeting of the Chinese Protective Association, to find his mother dead on her couch. Narrower and more unrelenting than ever were the forehead and the brushed-back hair. But on her face was a withered smile. The gods had been kind. She had passed without pain.

He telephoned first of all to Li Faa's number, but did not find her until he called up Mrs. Chang Lucy. The news given, the marriage was dated ahead with ten times the brevity of the old-line Chinese custom. And if there be anything analogous to a bridesmaid in a Chinese wedding, Mrs. Chang Lucy was just that.

"Why," Li Faa asked Ah Kim, when alone with him on their wedding-night, "Why did you cry when your mother beat you that day in the store? You were so foolish. She was not even hurting you."

"That is why I cried," answered Ah Kim.

Li Faa looked at him without understanding.

"I cried," he explained, "because I suddenly knew that my mother was nearing her end. There was no weight, no hurt in her blows. I cried because I knew she no longer had strength enough to hurt me. That is why I cried, my Flower of Serenity, my Perfect Rest. That is the only reason why I cried."

The next Jack London story, *The Water-Baby*, will appear in September Cosmopolitan.

The Maid of the Mill

(Continued from page 73)

much more thinking than he did talking—a smallish man who sat solidly as if he were a heavy man, and he had a thick mustache which was cropped so close that it was merely a pad on his upper lip; also, he had two keen blue eyes which estimated Mr. Wallingford through and through.

"I understand Binville holds the ten-year, near-due bonds of the village of Mill Center," observed the visitor, offering a big, thick, black cigar and lighting one for himself, and crossing his legs for a comfortable chat.

Mr. Dart considered carefully the cigar which Wallingford had given him. He turned it round and round, inspecting the wrapper along its entire spiral edge. Mill Center bonds, eh? Hunh! No man could ever tell when a dead one might have a breath left in it. He bit the tip from the cigar with nice care, and produced a nickel-plated cigar-lighter and snapped a light on it. As the light flared up, he took one swift but cursory glance at the big, round, pink face of his visitor, at the huge diamond in his cravat, at the one on his finger.

"Yes," said he.

"You'll probably foreclose."

"Can't say," was the acutely indifferent reply. "I don't hold any of the bonds myself. The aldermen will take such action as they see fit."

"They'll probably foreclose," speculated J. Rufus, with equally acute indifference. "Mill Center has defaulted in interest and will default in principal; so Binville will foreclose, and there'll be an auction, and the only bidder will be the railroad. Lucky railroad!"

Mr. Dart puffed at his cigar with profound satisfaction. He was a very good judge of cigars.

"Why?" he asked.

"There's a fortune in the boiling spring over there," suggested Mr. Wallingford, also smoking comfortably and watching the blue wreaths. "The railroad will doubtless build a cure."

Mr. Dart uncrossed his legs and let his tilting chair come gently forward.

"A boiling spring in Mill Center?"

"Nobody seems to have kept track of Mill Center," smiled Wallingford. "I just discovered the burg through a lucky accident to a second-hand automobile. I thought it my duty to put Binville wise. Your town might care to build the cure in place of the railroad. Such an enterprise would put a lot of money in your city treasury." Mr. Dart cast one quick glance at Mr. Wallingford. No man would come to him on the level with such a fool proposition as that! "Or," went on Mr. Wallingford, after a slight pause, "a private company might care to go into the game and give Mill Center enough for the spring to pay off the bonds."

The gentlemen smoked in silence for a moment or two; then said Mr. Dart,

"Or private interests might buy up the bonds at a very fine reduction and foreclose on Mill Center."

"Oh, no," returned J. Rufus easily; "that was anticipated. The town council of Mill Center yesterday voted the spring outside of the town corporation. The legality of that is fussed up by a conflict of recording-dates, so the best an unpopular

foreclosure would get would be a few years of litigation." The suspicion of a grin was hidden away somewhere in Dart. "The spring, however, is just now under private ownership, and the owner will guarantee to take up the village bonds on receipt of the proper price for the spring and its surrounding ground."

"Hunh," speculated Mr. Dart. "So the town council is crooked."

"Crooked as a dog's hind leg," agreed Wallingford briskly. "Weit till you meet 'em! I just bought a new car, Mr. Dart, and if you'd like to see the spring, I'll run you over."

More silence; then Mr. Dart suddenly wheeled on his visitor.

"What did you say your name is?"

"Wallingford," obliged that gentleman; "J. Rufus Wallingford."

"Well, Wallingford, where are you in on this? What's your graft?"

"Mine? Oh, I'm a mere philanthropist." And J. Rufus Wallingford began to chuckle. "I hold options on all the property in the village."

Nothing Mr. Wallingford could have said would have given his mission more weight and dignity in the eyes of the experienced Mr. Dart than this, for, if he knew men, and he did, this resplendent stranger would never put money on a lame horse.

"You must think well of that spring," he dryly commented.

"I do. It comes piping hot out of the ground, in a stream as thick as my middle, enough of it to run a mill-wheel, enough to furnish tanks and baths for all the rheumatics in the country."

"Then why don't you invest in a company yourself?"

"Because, my friend"—and J. Rufus dissipated any lingering doubt in Mr. Dart's mind as he leaned forward and tapped him confidentially on the knee—"because, my friend, if there's anything in this world I hate, it's an income. I want mine in a solid chunk. To get the chunk, I know that I have to show you value. By the way, Dart, if some wise person who had a better chance at a bargain than anybody else were to buy up those bonds at a low figure, they'd save that much on the dicker with Mill Center; for all Mill Center wants is those bonds."

Mr. Dart looked at his watch and rose.

"I think we'll stop and get a friend of mine," he observed.

IV

As Wallingford and Mr. Dart and another keen-visaged gentleman whizzed into Mill Center, they passed a roadside picnic, where a score or more of happy youngsters were playing hilarious games under the leadership of a lean, lank gentleman in a glove-fitting black frock coat and a stove-pipe hat. So it was that there were no prattling little children to tell inadvertently the strangers that the boiling spring had only started to boil overnight.

It was boiling very properly, too; huge bubbles broke from it as it rolled out into the pool, and dense clouds of steam hovered over it and followed all the way down to the mill-race, and rose, in a wraithlike mist, amid the weeping willows which hung over

"It Wears Well"

How much satisfaction do you get from a newspaper?

Do you put it down with a confident feeling you have learned the exact facts of the principal recent occurrences that have taken place throughout the world?

Do you find therein information of sufficient interest to warrant passing your newspaper along or cause you to save it to read again?

Do its statements speak with authority?

The readers of *The Christian Science Monitor* can answer these queries in the affirmative because this great international daily newspaper has its own reporters all over the world gathering true stories of daily events, which are published uncontaminated by personal opinion or biased conclusion.

The Christian Science Monitor, 3c a copy, is on general sale throughout the world at news stands, hotels and Christian Science reading-rooms. A monthly trial subscription by mail anywhere in the world for 75c, a sample copy on request.

THE CHRISTIAN SCIENCE
PUBLISHING SOCIETY

BOSTON

U. S. A.

Sole publishers of all authorized
Christian Science literature.

Your School Problem

will be solved if you will merely state your case to

THE CHICAGO DAILY NEWS
SCHOOL AND COLLEGE BUREAU

Write us (1) Kind of School, (2) Location preferred, (3) Amount you desire to spend. An expert, who has made personal investigation of the leading schools and colleges of this country, will help you choose the school best adapted to your needs. Our information is absolutely free.

THE CHICAGO DAILY NEWS
SCHOOL AND COLLEGE BUREAU
Chicago, Illinois

Has been healing
children's skin
25 years



Sykes
Comfort
POWDER

**Chafing
Scalding
Rashes and
Irritations**

quickly disappear under the healing and soothing influence of this medicated powder, because it contains antiseptic and healing ingredients not found in ordinary talcum powders.

Nurses insist on it after bathing children because it prevents skin soreness. For skin irritations of the sick, bed sores, and for chafing of fleshy people one box will prove its extraordinary healing power. 45c. at leading drug stores or by mail.

Send 3c. stamp to pay postage on
THIS TRIAL BOX FREE
THE COMFORT POWDER CO., Boston, Mass.



the big wheel. The grim-faced man turned out to be an expert. He knew all about it. He took the temperature of the water, and estimated the number of gallons per hour, and guessed exactly from what subterranean stratum it gushed up. He could figure how many baths it would supply and everything; so that much was settled. Dart, who knew places as he knew men, and commercial possibilities as Wallingford did, judged of the rest for himself—the scenic environment and the geographical location, and the transportation facilities, present and to come. Having picked out the site for the big new hotel and the baths, he next inquired about the ownership of the property on which the spring stood, and was led to Miss Abby. Wallingford stood by and grinned when he saw Dart wilting and withering under the influence of the little white-haired old lady, as he and Blackie had wilted and withered; but the negotiations were simple. Miss Abby agreed to exchange the spring for the village bonds and to have the bonds canceled.

"Now there's one thing left," said Dart, sighing with relief as he came out with Wallingford: "You. And I'll give you fair warning, Wallingford—if you start to hold us up, I won't consider the proposition attractive."

"I'm going to shock you stiff," returned Wallingford. "If I had told you over in Binville just why I framed this deal, you wouldn't have believed me; but now that you've seen this lady, I can tell you the truth. I framed this for the sole purpose of saving Miss Abby's property for her."

"I get you," said Dart promptly. "I think I'd do it myself. But, just the same, I have to be shown. Just where do you come in?"

"These options." Quite nonchalantly, and as one with a free mind, Mr. Wallingford turned over a sheaf of options covering every piece of property in the village. "Twenty-nine parcels, and all at reasonable prices. I paid from a hundred to five hundred apiece for these options, as you can see, and the prices on the properties are also easy, as you can also see. The bunch cost me six thousand. Pay me ten for my options and take them."

The businesslike Dart went over every option and gave them to his expert, one at a time, to verify locally and on the county records. When he came to the option on the mill, he whistled. A thousand-dollar option on that property, and the price a hundred thousand!

"Right!" chuckled J. Rufus, and slapped a heavy hand on Dart's shoulder. "Miss Abby doesn't want to sell the mill at all, but if you must buy it, her price is a hundred thousand. If you don't, she intends to use the thousand to doll up the place for a top-price café. Rather unique, don't you think, to dine in the big mill amid decorated grain-chutes and stuff?"

Dart looked back into the big dim mill, and across to where Miss Abby was feeding the chickens, and back to Wallingford.

"I may be a fool, to admit it for the first time in my life," said he, with something absurdly like sentiment on his face, "but I'm cursed if I don't think you're on the level about this. Just the same, I'll take up your options the minute I organize the company and before I do any other business."

V

THERE is nothing in the world so troublesome as conscience. It overtook Miss Abby at last, after everything had been settled and the improvements were under way, and it weighed down her soul so that she could hardly sleep. True, Messrs. Wallingford and Daw had invested their four thousand dollars in her café enterprise at an absurdly low share of the profits, and the old mill was undergoing such equipping as would make it one of the most famous in the country, and it was hers for life. But what could such material advantage do against the haunting vision of those secret heating-rods in the pool of the spring? Conscience weighed heavily on the nice little postmaster in the seersucker coat and on all the members of the town council, and their consciences were entirely unrelieved by the fact that they would be partakers in the inrush of wealth. But heaviest of all, conscience weighed on the soul of Blackie Daw and turned him all to gloom, for he had been in with it, by acquiescence and afterward by aid, when Jim Wallingford had led from the paths of upright principle that paragon of all the virtues, white-haired little Miss Abby. There was nothing he could do about it, however, except to follow the sad maid of the mill gloomily around like her shadow, and split her wood, and shell her peas, and smile cheerfully when she looked in his direction. He said nothing, however. It was not for him to criticize so saintly a woman as Miss Abby for her one mistake, so he suffered in silent misery until, one morning, when Miss Abby hurried down the bank to stop a familiar yellow runabout which was whizzing in from the direction of Binville; and by the light in her waxen-white face, Blackie Daw knew that the end had come. He hurled his ax into the chopping-block and followed.

"Mr. Dart, I have a confession to make," Miss Abby was primly telling the astonished business man. "You knew that the town council fraudulently voted the spring outside the corporate limits."

"Yes," grinned Dart.

"Well—I had guilty knowledge of it," returned Miss Abby, clasping and unclasping her hands. "That is not the worst, however." She drew a deep breath and plunged. "The spring is heated from the electric-light plant by electrically heated rods concealed in the hill."

For a moment, Mr. Dart looked at the waxen-faced little old lady in complete stupefaction; then he threw back his head and laughed heartily, loudly, and long.

"Immense!" he roared. "Why, that takes away the only worry I had, Miss Abby! My engineer was fretted about that spring, because if it had changed from a cold to a hot one, it might change back again sometime. Now we can regulate the heat to suit ourselves. So you were in on that cute little graft?"

"But—but the public!" faltered Miss Abby.

"Who gives a hoot for the public?" laughed Dart, then saw that he'd made a mistake, for the conscience of Miss Abby visibly smarted. "It's all right," he assured her. "The public wants hot water out of the ground. They'll flock here by thousands, and enjoy the scenery and the sports, and spend the money they were

anxious to spend, and go away with their rheumatism cured. Can you see where anybody's hurt?"

Miss Abby pondered that well; then she turned to her happy friend, Blackie Daw, and smiled. They smiled together.

"This is a queer world, isn't it?" mused the little old lady. "It's so difficult to tell right from wrong."

"Everything's right if it ends right," said Dart kindly, and made room for Blackie who, his troubled mind completely at rest, was climbing into the machine.

Dart laughed as they ran up the hill toward the spring.

"She'd have a fit if I told her my own motto," he grinned. "Everything's right if you can get away with it."

"That's me, so long as there isn't a woman in it," agreed Blackie heartily. "Hello, Jim! Is the new spring running?" "Strong," said Wallingford, whom they had met coming round the hill-path. "Good-morning, Dart." And he shook hands with the man from Binville.

Just then, the engineer came running down from the hill.

"The spring's gone dry!" he shouted, "She laid down! Quit! Not over an hour ago! I've been investigating, and—"

Dart held up his hand for silence, and turned a steady gaze on J. Rufus Wallingford.

"Well, loosen it," he invited. "What have you pulled?"

"Nothing I haven't a perfect right to do," stated Mr. Wallingford; then his eyes half closed and his round pink face turned pinker, and his shoulders began to heave in a chuckle. "I own the other side of the hill, and there's nothing to prevent me from boring into my own property to find water."

There was no violent upheaval on the part of Mr. Dart. He was even silent for a thoughtful moment or two.

"My mind is relieved," he finally confessed. "It's been keeping me awake like a bad conscience. I knew that a pair of tough old cormorants like you wouldn't let me get by without a heavy tap. But I knew that there was no use to fret because you wouldn't land it on me until I had the money in and everything cinched. How much do you want for that property?"

"Fifty thousand," said Wallingford pleasantly. "That includes stopping up my new spring with cement."

"No, you don't!" exclaimed Dart vigorously. "I'll stop that myself, and take no chances."

"Pretty sweet," observed Blackie Daw. "Everything's right if you can get away with it." But, say, Dart, do me a favor. Don't tell Miss Abby the inside of this."

"Sure not!" said he. "It wouldn't make her any happier. Say, Blackie, jump in the car and run it back to the mill, will you? I brought Miss Abby a Virginia ham and forgot to leave it with her."

"Fine!" And Blackie sprang in with alacrity. He began to whistle as he reached for the clutch. His conscience was perfectly clear now. The whistle reminded Wallingford of something, and he reached in his pocket.

"We'll get the quartet ready on this for to-night after dinner, Blackie. I think Dart and Billy will help on it."

Blackie opened the roll which Jim handed him, and shouted with delight. It was the quartet score for "The Maid of the Mill."

The next Wallingford story will appear in August Cosmopolitan.

The Golden Girl

(Continued from page 82)

They dined and danced in Jerry's world and hers. Sanine's mother, soft-voiced and hard-eyed, and aging unashamed under her daily allowance of cosmetics and dyes, liked Jerry. The broad-minded, narrow-chested young men, who hung about The Golden Girl after closing-time, making love to Sanine and the other waitresses and smoking their cigarettes, did not; but Jerry came and went there as freely as they did. He took Sanine to Ladies' Day at the Rabbits, and Sanine took him to Liberty Club costume balls, and to studio-dances, where the *l'le-à-tête* corners were dimly lit and nobody danced. These things were not new to Jerry, but Sanine was always new.

New to him—but that was all. He was not in love with her; he did not make love to her, and ahead of him, never lost sight of, was the hour that gave spice to the whole adventure—when he should tell the Golden Girl that she had lost her fight, and him.

"I'll beat you," Jerry whispered to her sometimes; "I can get away from Sanine and you. I'll beat you."

But the Girl only smiled as a good loser should, and Jerry was sorry for her. Jerry was sorry for the Girl until one evening in May.

It was the night of the last Liberty Club ball for that year, and Sanine, as Isis, Queen of the Gods, was to dance in a pageant directed by Gerard Tyler. It was Sanine's night, but it was also Smokers' Night at the Rabbits. Jerry, coming home from it with the glow of immortal talk and soul-soothing punch still warm within him, was thinking of Sanine—how she rang off without wasting words if you broke an engagement with her, as he had done to-night; what a good little sport she was; how crude and transparent in all her little tricks, and, in her own harmless way, how dear.

Jerry fitted the key from his neat ring into his neatly painted front door, and came quietly up-stairs, past the dark picture shop, to his own room above, which he had left also dark. In the door he stopped, breaking off the tune he had been whistling a key too high—Jerry remembered afterward that it was "*Sole Mio*." His door was wide open, and every light in the room flared high, reading-lamp, picture-lights, the altar-candles on the desk, and the full, unshaded glare of the chandelier. Under it, in the hot heart of all the light, and brighter than it all in her golden draperies, stood Sanine.

Sanine in her robes of Isis, glittering and tissue-thin, as if, clothed and veiled in gold, she had turned to gold. Sanine, crowned with dark jewels, impudent jewels of paste, that flashed, brighter than real jewels dare. Sanine, smiling a faint half-smile and—that was all Jerry really saw—holding out her hands to him, groping hands of a goddess who was a blind, graven image, too—hands that called to him as her dark eyes called. She stood there as Tyler had posed her among adoring slaves in the pageant, but posed now for Jerry and only for him, calling him proudly and openly, as the gods call their mates. Every straight, young line of her called to him. Then her golden arms dropped; but her dark eyes still held his.

"Don't you know you mustn't come here? You must go," Jerry managed to say. It was hard to speak or move.

"I wanted to see you," said Sanine, in a voice that trembled.

Jerry came stiffly forward and took her in his arms, shielding her face from the light. He groped awkwardly for the switch, found and turned it, and they were in candle-lit dark.

"You must go," he said.

And then Sanine's golden arms went round him and held him. He could not see her eyes, but he could feel, close to his cheek, stranger and sweeter than any perfume, Sanine's soft, scentless hair. The arms held him tighter; the small, straight mouth kissed him, and this time the kiss was not a dream-kiss—it was real.

"Sanine—Sanine!" Jerry said. It was the only word left in the world: "Sanine."

"I'll go," Sanine said; "I'll go now."

"No!" said Jerry. "No!"

But Sanine dropped, a golden weight, in his arms, then slipped out of them, silent and quick. Her arms, cool and hard like gold, pushed him away. Her gold draperies flashed through his door into the dark of the stairs; then, from half down the stairs, a laugh floated back through his open door to him—a laugh that was gold. Then Sanine was gone.

The high gods had cursed Jerry Hollister with a poet's heart, its divine blindness, its moments of sudden vision, terrible and clear. Jerry knew what had happened now—more than an indiscreet call here in his workroom, where few men and no women came; more than a kiss in the dark. Forces stronger than he was had gripped him for the first time in his nice little life with that one kiss of Sanine's. Dawn found him there on the edge of his lumpy couch, with his fair, tumbled head in his hands. His own face was strange to him, and so was the gentle face of Muggs, waiting on his well-ordered desk, and Jerry knew this:

The fight before him now with the Golden Girl was a fight to the finish, a fight in the dark, and it was a fight for the soul of Jerry Hollister.

For the next two weeks he did not see Sanine. At first, he did not read his mail or answer his telephone, but Sanine did not call him or write. She passed him one afternoon, on top of a Fifth Avenue coach, with Tyler. Jerry ran after that coach for two blocks. He then found the nearest telephone-booth and called Alice. But Alice could not dine with him, and nobody else could or would. Jerry dined alone at the Rabbits, became indecently rich at Kelly pool, then gave up and took a taxi to Quality Square. Sanine met him at her door and looked at Jerry, the taxi, and the world without surprise.

"Come in; the crowd's inside," she said. "You can stay"—she flashed him one dark glance of promise and laughter—"fifteen minutes after they go."

After that night, all nights led Jerry, sooner or later, to Sanine, and Jerry did not resist. By day, he was sane. He did his duty by Muggs; he did his duty by Alice. But by night, Jerry was not sane. He was in shaky hansoms, in chattering ferry-boats, in the chill desolation of newly

opened summer roof-gardens,—anywhere with Sanine. After unavoidable evening engagements without her, he would wait in her tiny tiled court in the dark and the dew of the small hours, until she came down from her bedroom over the shop and, for a few stolen minutes, let him in.

It was June now, a chill and backward New York June, and Sanine was like that June sometimes, absent and cold, with the strange little soul of her back in her dark little past perhaps, of which Jerry still knew nothing. Who was the man in that past? Tyler, or some mysterious stranger? Jerry did not care, for Sanine was not always kind, but she could be kind. The ghost of the child she was, the child that the square had taught to grow up too soon, looked sometimes out of her Gipsy eyes at Jerry, timid but strangely dear. And, kind or unkind, Sanine was the heart of Jerry's world.

But—and this was the strangest thing about the changed world where Jerry now moved—he did not make love to Sanine. Sometimes he stole a good-night kiss in the dark of the shop, which she forgave, but also forgot next day, and Jerry forgot it, too. The passionate goddess Isis never visited him again, and he could not see her in Sanine's shy eyes. He did not love Sanine. This was not love that swept him, possessed him, and passed, never fully satisfied, never denied. Jerry knew what it was. It was love in Quality Square.

Meantime, Jerry's best friends were, one by one, by new employers or old, or by direct interposition of Providence, being railroaded to the four corners of the earth for that summer, and when their exodus was nearly complete, Jerry's Alice went, too—asked for a raise, failed to get it, resigned from the *Planet*, and sublet her apartment, all in one week, which was quick action for Alice—the first week in July.


Jerry helped her to pack and start for a summer with an aunt in Maine. He started with her and spent a week-end there. Alice gave him tea upon shaded verandas, sailed him capably about a constricted but picturesque bay in a catboat, and drove him capably to the New York train in a flivver. And as she waved him good-by from the station platform, the sweet face of Jerry's Alice looked sweeter than ever before to Jerry, and in the train he leaned his tired head against the dusty cushions and closed his eyes, and little lines of hurt and strain about his mouth grew fainter. The clean salt wind had blown new thoughts into Jerry's mind.

He, Jerry Hollister was beating the Golden Girl.

Beating her, though he was going home alone and unprotected, to Sanine. For the Golden Girl had given him all she had—first, the laughter of the square, then the hot little loves of the square, and he was not beaten. He was fighting still. Now the Golden Girl had nothing left to give. He would soon win his fight and be through with the Girl and the square. Jerry was right. The end of his fight was near. Jerry did not know how near.

It was summer in the city when Jerry came home. All New York looked jaded and tired. But Jerry, appearing at the

VIVAUDOU'S
MAVIS
TALC
Irresistible!



The beauty of the package alone will make you want Mavis—but only when you know the wondrous fragrance, will you know why its appeal is irresistible! Send 15c to Vivaudou (Dept. T, Times Bldg., N. Y., or if you live in Canada, 89 St. Paul St. West, Montreal) for a generous sample of Mavis extract. Canadian Agents: Lyman, Ltd., Montreal, McLean, Benn & Nelson, Ltd., Montreal.

VIVAUDOU
 Paris-New York

Soldiers Soothe Skin Troubles with Cuticura



Soap, Ointment, Talcum 25c. each. Sample of "Cuticura, Dept. B, Boston"

Dr. Isaac Thompson's EYE WATER



strengthens weak, inflamed eyes, and is an ideal eye wash. Good since 1795. Keep your eyes well and they will help keep you.

35c
 At All Druggists or sent by mail upon receipt of price. Write for our Booklet. It is FREE.

JOHN L. THOMPSON SONS & CO.
 144 River St., Troy, N. Y.

You Can Have Beautiful Eyebrows and Lashes



by applying "Lash-Brow-Ine" nightly. It nourishes the eyebrows and lashes, making them long, thick and luxuriant, adding wonderfully to your beauty, charm and attractiveness. "Lash-Brow-Ine" is a guaranteed pure and harmless preparation, used successfully by thousands. Send 50c and we will mail you "Lash-Brow-Ine" and our Maybell beauty book "The Woman Beautiful" prepaid in plain cover.

Satisfaction Assured or Money Refunded.

Maybell Laboratories, 4385-11 Grand Blvd., Chicago

Delivered TO YOU FREE



Your choice of 44 styles, colors and sizes in the famous line of "RANGER" bicycles, shown in full color in the big new Free Catalog. We pay all the freight charges from Chicago to your town.

30 Days Free Trial allowed on the bicycle you select, actual riding test in your own town for a full month. Do not buy until you get our great new trial offer and low Factory-Direct-To-Rider terms and prices.

TIRES, LAMPS, HORNS, pedals, single wheels and repair parts for all makes of bicycles at half usual prices. No one else can offer such values and such terms.

SEND NO MONEY but write today for the big new Catalog. It's free.

MEAD CYCLE COMPANY
 Dept G-33 Chicago

hottest hour of a hot afternoon in the darkened furnace which was the Planet office, was trying unsuccessfully but cheerfully to sing the chorus of "Sole Mio." When they told him to take his glorious morning face away, he only laughed and attacked a week's accumulated mail, still wearing it. He left the office late, tubbed, shaved, and dressed elaborately in the expensive garments Muggs now enabled him to wear without and within, and dined late and alone by a window at Sherry's. He finished with a liqueur, sat over it long, and then, with the joy of approaching freedom singing in his blood, started down the avenue toward Quality Square and Sanine. He would break with Sanine soon, very soon—perhaps, even, to-night.

The little streets that led to the square were close and hot, as if they had caught all the spent heat of day in their tangled net, and it was no cooler in the open square. Jerry, fanning himself with his new Panama, stopped under Sanine's windows and looked up.

Sanine's gabled window was dark, and the shop windows below were dark—dark as on his first evening with her. Was he dreaming, living through that evening again? Out of the dark came the sound of a girl's voice, shaken with sobs. The voice and the sobs stopped together as Jerry pushed through the stiff summer border of flowers round the tiny house. And in the dark little room he now knew so well, Jerry saw Sanine.

One candle on the low mantel faintly lit the chimney-corner, and the battered settle where she was. She was crying—crying silently and trying not to cry; her thin shoulders and her whole little body tried. A man whose face Jerry could not see was holding her in his arms. The candle flared suddenly high; he moved, and Jerry saw his face.

Sanine's young man was not Gerard Tyler, not a mysterious stranger; he was one of The Golden Girl's nightly non-paying guests—those narrow-chested young gentlemen who did not like Jerry; the meanest of them all and the most insignificant one, always in the background, but always there. Jerry, at this dramatic moment, could not recall his name. Sanine was speaking to him again, and in a voice utterly strange to Jerry—the voice of a heart-broken child.

"Oh, my dear," Sanine said, "won't you even say that you're sorry? Oh, my God, won't you say it, my dear—my dear—my dear?"

"Don't be emotional," advised the young man. "Creative work," he added, "is not possible to a man who enters a union that hampers his spirit. He is living a lie."

Jerry had heard this current truth of Quality Square before, but he had never before, in the square or outside it, heard a voice like the young man's voice as he expounded it—so cruel, so jaded, so cold. Jerry got both his hands full of the big, scentless flowers round him and gripped them.

"Oh, Donny!" said Sanine. Jerry now recalled that the young man's name was Donald, but was still ignorant of his surname. "Oh, Donny—Donny!"

"When a thing is over, it is over," said Donald truthfully. "You are through with me, and I am through with you. We

got through a year ago, tried it out, and it didn't work. We were both to be perfectly free. Don't cry, Sanine."

"Oh, Donny!" said Sanine.

"Don't," said Donald nervously. "Think of your mother. You are all she's got." This was a strange description for Sanine's resourceful parent. "Think," Donald added, "of Pussyfoot. He is in Maine now with Alice, but he'll come back. You've got him. You've got him cinched."

"Don't call him 'Pussyfoot,'" said Sanine. "He's good. He's good to me."

"Feminine logic—mid-Victorian," said Donald, and he laughed. Donald's laugh was the kind people get murdered for, if they laugh it at the wrong time. "Now buck up and get this," he said, and paused impressively, then went on smoothly, the sound of his own voice making him eloquent. "Sanine, I didn't have to come here to-night and tell you my news. The square will know it to-morrow. I came out of the kindness of my heart, and much thanks I get for it. You've got no claim on me. Besides," Donald suggested generously, "there are others. Tyler's worth two of me; you could have him if you wanted him. And Pussyfoot—Hollister, —is worth ten of me. He'll go far. You had the right hunch when you went after him. You stick to him. I'm done. Good-by, Sanine." But Sanine did not say good-by. "Sanine, poor little girl," said Donald, with an oily gentleness more unpleasant than his laugh; "poor little Nina—Sanine."

"I want to die," said Sanine.

She said it simply, like a good little girl demanding a well-earned present. Then she was silent. And suddenly it was as if the night held itself silent, too, and waited and listened. Donald's eloquence was checked, and Jerry stood very straight and still among The Golden Girl's trampled flowers, and presently Sanine spoke. Sanine—was it Sanine? In her soft, far-away voice was all her own long-hidden pain—all the pain of Quality Square.

"What does it matter what you say or I said about being free?" said Sanine. "I loved you. You made me love you. You taught me love. You gave me love, and then you took it away. I want it back. I want to believe in love again. I want to believe in God again. I'm tired. I can't be brave any more. I can't be alone any more. I'm eighteen—eighteen—eighteen, and I want to be taken care of. Taken care of and loved. Oh, Donny, come back to me!"

She held out her hands with the gesture that Jerry knew; then her arms dropped, childishly limp, at her sides again. She and Donald were standing now very close, but not touching each other. Jerry could not see Donald's face, but as the dingy candle-light touched it, he could look straight into Sanine's—Sanine's poor, pale little face with marks of tears on the cheeks, but no tears in the hot, hopeless eyes; Sanine's face and her soul, and the soul of Quality Square.

Jerry saw the soul of the square, at last, as it was. Laughter and passion were there, the things that the Golden Girl had offered him, and something else; it called to him louder than laughter or passion called. It called as dragons called to the swords of knights, as all wrongs call to the sword of the strong to right them; when they call, the strong must hear. The thing

that called was the meanness, the dirt, the hidden poison of Quality Square.

Jerry Hollister heard, and knew now what he must do.

"Donny, you did love me," Sanine was saying, and you could hear old loves dying in her tear-choked voice. "Won't you even say that you did love me?"

"Love?" said Donald.

"Donny!" said Sanine, very softly and sadly. "Donny!"

"Love!" said Donald again, and this time he laughed.

But Donald's laugh broke off suddenly, echoing sharp and hard through the stillness of the little room. For the door was flung suddenly wide, and some one entered and stood there with the air of owning the room and being proud of it—some one with overelaborate clothes, which he wore like shining armor; some one with the glint of steel in his steady, blue eyes.

"It's you," Sanine whispered. The knight was Jerry Hollister.

"Pussyfoot," agreed Jerry, with the grave courtesy that rescued ladies win from knights. Then he said to Donald, in a voice that a knight might use to a rebellious serf upon whom he would not soil his sword, "Step outside." And Donald stepped.

Jerry followed him into The Golden Girl's tiny court, lit now by a rising thread of crescent moon.

"If you have anything to say for yourself, say it," said Jerry.

"Hollister, I don't want to quarrel with you," said Donald.

"Would you marry that girl in there, if I got you a job and gave you the chance?" said Jerry.

"I am engaged to be married," said Donald. "That's what I came to tell her."

"You would be. Marrying for money?"

"Well, yes," said Donald. "Listen, Hollister: Things never went very far with that girl in there. I have no real taste for squabs. I only—"

"Only filled her mind with mud and broke her heart?" Jerry suggested gently.

"Yes; that's all," said Donald, relieved.

"Well, that will be all from you," said Jerry. He struck Donald lightly across the mouth. "You are," said Jerry, "a worm, a coward, and the dirtiest thing in the dirty square."

"Hollister, you don't want to talk like that," said Donald.

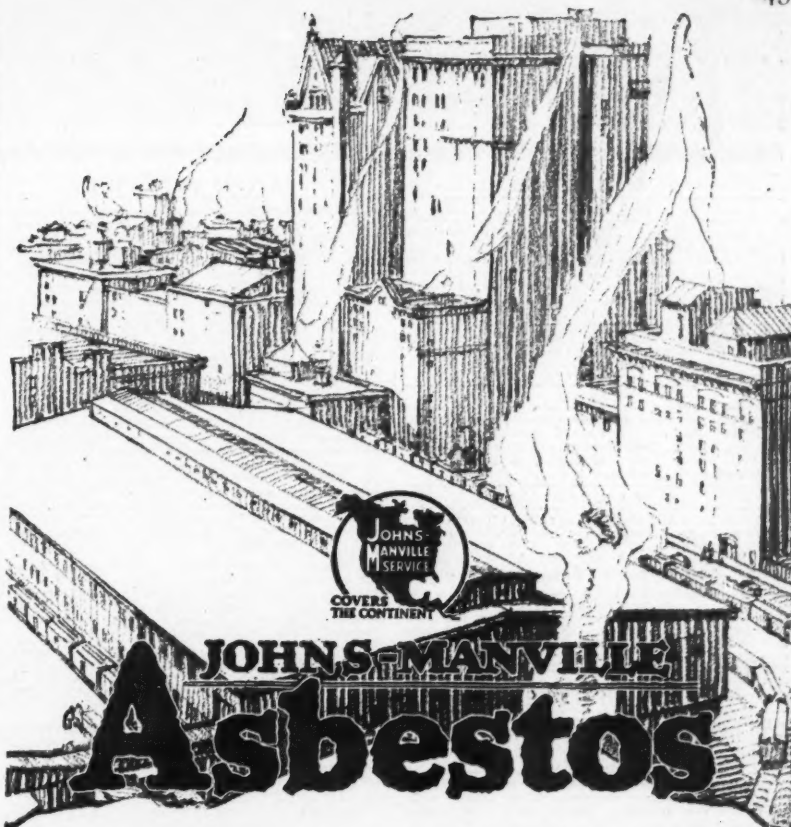
"Stand up," said Jerry.

Donald stood up. His knees were shaking as he stood in the pale patch of moonlight; his pallid face grew a yellower, waxier white, and Jerry's hand, which had struck him, began to feel soiled.

"I can't even beat you up," said Jerry wearily. "If I started, I couldn't stop. I'll have to kill you or let you go." Donald's thin lips moved, but no sound came from them. "Don't talk, or I very likely shall kill you. Just go," said Jerry. "Go now." And Donald went.

Jerry stood in the moonlit court, and watched him go. Donald was not his real enemy; there were too many Donalds in Quality Square. The unconquered, smiling face of Jerry's enemy swung above him, and Jerry saw it and hated it—the Golden Girl.

"You have beaten me," Jerry said to her. "You've got me." And he caught her as she swung, (Concluded on page 148)



—as roofing where the hazard is greatest

SPREAD of fire is most likely in city centers. Yet it is there the great railroad freight terminal must often locate. But on those topped with Johns-Manville Asbestos Roofings the chance of fire loss has been reduced to a minimum.

Roofing Service to repel fire and resist deterioration is only one of many services that Asbestos continually performs.

Asbestos is crushed and felted for insulations that conserve heat and bar out cold, moulded to forms that control tricky electric current. It is spun into thread for fabrics that allow work in and with high temperatures, turned into hundreds of problem-solving devices.

But in such forms Asbestos is different from the fibre in the mine. It has been a great work to apply the properties Nature gave her product to the practical use of man. And Johns-Manville has done just that—in a hundred ways—and more.

H. W. JOHNS-MANVILLE CO.
NEW YORK CITY
10 Factories—Branches in 61 Large Cities

When you think of Asbestos you think of
Johns-Manville

21 JEWEL
BURLINGTON
WATCH



250
PER
MONTH

The masterpiece of watch manufacture—adjusted to the second, position, temperature and inclination. Engineered at factory into your choice of the exquisite new watch cases. The great Burlington Watch sent on simple receipt. Pay at rate of \$2.50 a month. You get the watch at the same price that the wholesale jewellers must pay us.

Write Today! See color illustrations of all newest designs in watches that pay have to choose from. Name and address on a postcard is enough. Write today.
Burlington Watch Co.
Dept. B-104
19th & Marshall Sts.
Chicago

Short-Story Writing

A COURSE of forty lessons in the history, form, structure, and writing of the short story taught by Dr. J. Berg Esenwein, for years Editor of Lippincott's.



Dr. Esenwein

One student writes:—"Before completing the lessons, received over \$1,000 for manuscript sold to Woman's Home Companion, Pictorial Review, McCall's and other leading magazines."

Also courses in Photoplay Writing, Verification and Poetics, Journalism. In all over One Hundred Courses, under professors in Harvard, Brown, Cornell, and other leading colleges.

150-Page Catalog Free. Please Address
The Home Correspondence School
Dept. 25, Springfield, Mass.



Opportunity Adlets

There is much of value and interest to you in these pages



REAL ESTATE

CALIFORNIA

A Small California Farm will make you more money with less work. You will live longer and better. Delightful climate. Rich soil. Low prices. Easy terms. Sure profits. Hospitable neighbors. Good roads, schools, churches. New San Joaquin Valley Illustrated folder free. C. L. Seagraves, Industrial Comm'r., Santa Fe Ry., 1930 Ry. Exch., Chicago.

Stanislaus, The Dairy Country, Fruits and Nuts. Free booklet. Write Dept. "C," Stanislaus County Board of Trade, Modesto, Cal.

FLORIDA

Own your own orange grove in beautiful Fruitland Park. Let us tell you how melons, peaches, cotton, your first crops, should help pay for your grove. Board of Trade, 15 Trade Bldg., Fruitland Park, Florida.

VIRGINIA

\$15 an acre and up buys excellent little farms in Virginia and North Carolina. Fertile soil, fine climate, close to big markets. Write for copy of The Southern Homeseeker and full information today. F. H. LaBaume, Agri. Agt., 243 Arcade Bldg., Roanoke, Va.

MISCELLANEOUS

Money-making farms, 15 states, \$10 an acre up; stock, tools and crops often will sell quickly. Write for Big Illustrated Catalogue, Strout Farm Agency, Dept. 2720, New York.

FOR THE PHOTOGRAPHER

Do you take pictures? Write for free sample of our big magazine, showing how to make better pictures and earn money. American Photography, 844 Pope Bldg., Boston, Mass.

Films developed free. Prints (trial order), 2 cents each. Prompt service. Work guaranteed. We save you money. Remit with your order. Bennett Studio, Hyde Park, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Films Developed Free, High Class Work. Perfect prints at 3c to 7c. We do the best work in the Photo City. Remit with your order and get returns same day. Bryan's Drug House, Rochester, N. Y.

This department is always glad to hear from any one thinking of using classified advertising. Write us about it—we may be able to help you. A postal will do. Cosmopolitan Opportunity Adlets, 119 W. 40th St., New York City.

Wanted Amateur Photographers to send their film to us. We develop any size Roll 5c. Prints 3c each. Work returned same day. Photo Service Shop, 929 E. McMillan St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

Mail Us 10c With Any Size Film for Development and six velvet prints. Best material, skilled operators. Send name for details. Roanoke Photo Finishing Co., 225 Bell Ave., Roanoke, Va.

COINS, STAMPS & POST-CARDS

\$4.25 each paid for U. S. Eagle Cents dated 1856. Keep all money dated before 1895 and send ten cents at once for New Illustrated Coin Value Book, 4x7. It may mean your fortune. Clark & Co., Coin Dealers, Box 115, Le Roy, N. Y.

Will pay \$75.00 for 1884 Trade Dollar; 10 Cents for 1912 Nickels, 8c. Mint. We buy all rare coins and bills—all rare old cents to dollars. Send now 4c. Get our Large Coin Circular. Numismatic Bank, Dept. P, Fort Worth, Texas.

Over a million copies of this magazine are sold each month. A postal will bring you full particulars about this department. Cosmopolitan Opportunity Adlets, 119 W. 40th St., New York City.

BELGIAN HARES

Raise Belgian Hares for Us. We start you and buy all raised for \$3.00 each. Particulars 10c. Nothing free. American Food & Fur Association, 2421 Ogden, Denver, Colorado.

Immense Profits Raising Hares. We furnish stock and pay \$2.00 each and expressage when three months old. Contracts, booklet, etc., 10 cents. Thorson Rabbit Company, Aurora, Colorado.

TELEGRAPHY

Telegraphy—Both Morse and Wireless; Station Agency, taught quickly. Tremendous demand—greater than supply. Permanent Positions Secured—Big Salaries. Ideal Working Conditions. Great Opportunities for Advancement. Women Operators also needed. All expenses low—can earn living while attending. Oldest and largest school—established 44 years. Endorsed by Railway, Western Union and Marconi officials. Now offering special three months' Radio course for young men subject to draft, enabling them to enter Signal Corps—"Preferred Service." Large illustrated catalogue free. Correspondence courses also. Write today. Enroll Immediately. Dodge's Institute, 12th St., Valparaiso, Indiana.

PATENT ATTORNEYS

Patents, make your ideas pay. Hundreds inventions are sold yearly. We help market yours free. Book and advice free. Send sketch. A. M. Buck & Co., 500 7th St., Washington, D. C.

Patent Your Ideas. Books, "How to Obtain a Patent" and "What to Invent," sent free. Send rough sketch for free report regarding patentability. Manufacturers constantly writing us for patents. Patents advertised for sale free. Established 20 years. Address: Chandless & Chandless, Patent Attorneys, 405 7th St., Washington, D. C.

Patents that protect and pay. Advice and books free. Highest references. Test results. Promptness assured. Send sketch or model for search. Watson E. Coleman, 624 F St., Washington, D. C.

Patents Wanted. Write for list of patent buyers who wish to purchase patents and what to invent with List Inventions Wanted; \$1,000,000 in prizes offered for inventions. Send sketch for free opinion as to patentability. Write for our four Guide books sent free upon request. Patent advertised Free. We assist inventors to sell their inventions. Victor J. Evans & Co., Patent Attys., 753 9th, Washington, D. C.

Startling Patent Facts. Send postal for new 1918 90-page Patent Book Free. Your idea may mean a fortune if handled rightly. Learn how my service differs. Send sketch or model for actual search. George P. Kimmel, Patent Lawyer, 19-G Oriental Bldg., Washington, D. C.

Don't Lose Your Rights to Patent Protection. Before proceeding further send for our blank form "Evidence of Conception" to be signed and witnessed. Book, suggestions and advice free. Lancaster & Allwine, 251 Oursay Bldg., Washington, D. C.

Your idea wanted. Patent your invention. I'll help you market it. Send for 4 free books, list of patent buyers, hundreds of ideas wanted, etc. Advice free. Patents advertised free. Richard B. Owen, Patent Lawyer, 4 Owen Bldg., Washington, D. C., or 22760 Woolworth Bldg., New York.

Wanted—an idea—Inventors should write for list of "Needed Inventions," "Patent Buyers" and "How to Get Your Patent"; sent free. Randolph & Co., Dept. 33, Washington, D. C.

Invent Something. Your Ideas May Bring Wealth. Send Postal for Free book. Tells what to invent and how to obtain a patent through our credit system. Talbert & Talbert, 4290 Talbert Building, Washington, D. C.

INCORPORATING OR GOING TO

Incorporate in Arizona, Delaware, South Dakota or any State. Service guaranteed. Literature on request. Corporation Service Company, 111 Broadway, New York, or Box 277-C, Phoenix, Arizona.

Arizona Incorporation laws most liberal. Least cost. Stockholders exempt corporate liability. Serve as resident agents. Specialists corporate organization. Stoddard Incorporating Company, Box 8-P, Phoenix, Arizona. Branch Office, Van Nuys Bldg., Los Angeles, California.

INFORMATION FOR POLICY HOLDERS

Life Insurance Policies Bought. We can pay up to 50% more than issuing company can legally pay for Deferred Dividend policies maturing 1919 to 1922. Write for booklet. Chas. E. Shepard & Co., Inc., Est. 1886, 56 Liberty St., N. Y. City.

INVENTIONS

Cash for inventions and patents. Square deal assured. References. Established 1898. Send sketch, model or patent at once to Fisher Mfg. Co., 2052 Railway Exchange, St. Louis, Mo.

GOVERNMENT POSITIONS

Prepare for Coming Railway Mail, Post Office and other examinations under former U. S. Civil Service Sec'y-Examiner. You can qualify. Send at once for New Book Free. Patterson Civil Service School, Box J-115, Rochester, N. Y.

GRADUATE NURSES

Wanted Sup't of Nurses, Surgical Nurses, General Duty Nurses, etc. Send for free book if interested in a hospital position anywhere. Aznoe's Cent. Reg. for Nurses, 30 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago

OF INTEREST TO WOMEN

Women, Here's Your Opportunity to become our exclusive local representative, and make big cash profits, selling stylish "National" dress-goods, wash-fabrics, silks, waistings, etc. Splendid sample outfit brings quick, profitable orders. No experience needed. Spare-time work means a steady income for you. Write for generous selling plan. National Dress Goods Co., No. 53 Beach St., N. Y.

FOOD PRODUCTS

Dried Apricots—"Sunset Brand," Extra Fancy—clean and healthy. 5-lb. box \$2.50 charges prepaid. Remit with order to Henry Dried Fruit Co., Los Altos, Santa Clara County, California.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

Make \$125 to \$375 weekly erecting a chain of Giant Adv. Thermometers in public places. Work when and where you please. The big accurate thermometer tube on each is surrounded by 14 quick selling advertising spaces which net you \$125 immediately and yearly renewal profits of \$170. The Giant's handsome copper frame with its swinging glass front measures 6 ft. x 18" x 2 1/2". Is easily erected and resists weather for years. Write for booklet. Winslow Cabot Company, 91-2 Congress Bldg., Boston, Mass.

Splendid Opportunity for sales manager, capable of handling exclusive rights on new fast-selling \$7.50 adding Machines. Does work of expensive machines. Five-year guarantee. Dept. A, Calculator Corporation, Grand Rapids, Mich.

Every man and woman can get a good interest in a chain of stores for only \$20. Write at once for full particulars. Address: The Harrison Corporation, Lock Box 518, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

Gasoline Filling Stations—Have you ever considered their steady and increasing profitability? We have five doing a big business in a city of 250,000 population. We are securing new stations and expanding rapidly. Sales have increased 200% in two years and growing fast. Full particulars of

The Claude Sachs Investment Co.
7th Floor Gas & Electric Bldg., Denver, Colo.

HIGH GRADE HELP WANTED

U. S. Government wants thousands clerks at Washington, immediately, for war preparatory work. \$100 month. Quick increase. Men—women 18 or over. 7 hour day. 30 days' vacation. Easy clerical work. Common education sufficient. Your country needs you. Help her and live in Washington during these stirring war times. Write immediately for free list positions open. Franklin Institute Dept. P10, Rochester, N. Y.

Five bright, capable ladies, to travel, demonstrate and sell dealers. Good pay. Railroad fare paid. Goodrich Drug Company. Dept. 99, Omaha, Neb.

Clerks, bookkeepers and accountants wanted—Men, women. Hundreds of executive accounting positions open. Our graduates actually earning \$2,500 to \$10,000 yearly as Auditors and Certified Public Accountants. You can secure one of these preferred positions. Write today for free descriptive announcement giving full particulars of our system of individual instruction in High Accounting or Bookkeeping, C.P.A. Test Questions and special terms. National School of Accountancy, Room 566, Boyd Building, Portland, Maine.

Earn \$900 to \$1800 yearly in Government Service. Railway Mail and Post Office examinations coming. Prepare under former Civil Service Examiner. Book free. Patterson Civil Service School, Box 1421, Rochester, N. Y.

Write news items and short stories for pay in spare time. Copyright book and plans free. Press Reporting Syndicate, 428, St. Louis, Mo.

Write Photo-Plays Earn Big Money in Spare time. \$30 course condensed into complete treatise. All you need, sample scenario, list buyers, etc. Free details. Rex Pub., Box 175 L 24, Chicago.

Men—Women Wanted for Government war positions. Thousands needed immediately. Good salaries; permanent employment; liberal vacations; other advantages. We prepare you and you secure a position or we refund your money. Ask for booklet "Q.L." free to citizens. Washington Civil Service School, 2005 Marden Building, Washington, D. C.

Wanted—Bright men and women ambitious to make money writing Stories and Movie Plays. Send today for our wonderful Free Book, that tells how. Address Writer's Service, Dept. 23, Auburn, N. Y.

Many big advertisers first started with a little ad this size. The cost is so little and the results so big. We will gladly send you full particulars. Drop us a postal today. Cosmopolitan Opportunity Adlets, 119 W. 40th St., New York City.

AUTOMOBILE AND ACCESSORIES

Ford can Burn Half Coal Oil, or Cheapest Gasoline, using our 1918 carburetor; 34 miles per gallon guaranteed. Easy starting. Great power increase. Attach it yourself. Big profits selling for 30 days trial. Money-back Guarantee. Styles to fit any automobile. Air-Friction Carburetor Company, 410 Madison Street, Dayton, Ohio.

Free! "Motor Car Laws." This interesting book gives motor regulations of all States, and traffic laws. Sent free with 3 big colored numbers of The American Automobile Digest, latest magazine for the motor enthusiast published. Tells how to preserve tires, save repair bills, increase mileage, double efficiency. Send 25c for this special offer, today. American Automobile Digest, 317 Butler Bldg., Cincinnati, O.

AGENTS AND SALESMEN WANTED

\$1,000 per man per county—Strange invention starts world—agents amazed. Ten experienced men divide \$40,000. Korstad, a farmer, did \$2,200 in 14 days. Schleicher, a minister, \$195 first 12 hours. \$1,200 cold cash, made, paid, banked by Stoneham in 30 days; \$15,000 to date. A hot or cold running water bath equipment for any home at only \$6.50. Self heating. No plumbing or water works required. Investigate. Exclusive sale. Credit given. Send no money. Write letter or postal today.

Allen Mfg. Co., 431 Allen Bldg., Toledo, O.

Sell Insyde Tyres. Inner Armor for auto tires old or new. Prevent punctures and blowouts. Double tire mileage. Details free. American Accessories Co., Dept. C-2, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Letter owner's initials on autos for \$1.50; pays 800% profit. Outfit costs you \$2.50; no skill or experience required; great sales opportunities; write for particulars. American Monogram Co., Dept. T, 196 Market St., Newark, N. J.

Agents—Big Summer Seller. Something new—Concentrated Soft Drinks; just add water. Delicious drinks in a jiffy. Popular for the home, picnics, parties, socials, etc. Small packages; carry in pocket. Enormous demand. Agents making \$6 to \$12 a day. Outfit free to workers. Just a postal today. E. M. Feltman, 5914 3rd St., Cincinnati, O.

Decalcomania Transfer Letters and Flags applied to automobiles, trunks, bags, etc. Charge \$1.50, profit \$1.38. Free samples. Auto Monogram Supply Co., 78 Niagara Bldg., Newark, N. J.

Agents: New Automatic Chair Seat. Fits any broken chair. No nails, tacks or glue. Big seller. Clear \$10 a day. Free demonstrating samples. Automatic Seat Co., 3618 North St., Dayton, Ohio.

Large Profits. Manufacture "Barley Crisps," costs cent to make. Sells like hot cakes for 5c. Machine & Instructions, prepaid, \$7.50. Send 10c for sample. Barley Crisp Co., 1269 Broadway, S. E., Cal.

Agents—A Live Wire Accessory for Ford Cars. Sells on sight to dealers and car owners. Nothing else like it, no competition. Bill Manufacturing Company, 1304—55th Court, Cicero, Ill.

Side Line Salesmen—Selling Premium Assort- ments. Get our New Live Up-to-date Line at once. It pays from \$5 to \$15 commission per order. Write today. Canfield Mfg. Co., 208 Sigel St., Chicago.

Don't Scrape or Burn Carbon on out of auto- mobile motors. Dissolve it with Carbogon. Tremendous demand. Big sales. Details free. Carbogon Co., Dept. 24, Cincinnati, O.

A Parrot with your "Salesman's Talk" could sell "Carbonvoid." We desire distributors for counties and groups of counties. Territory protected. Ten dozen lots, your name on container. Salesmen make nine sales out of ten calls—good profits. \$1 sample post paid equals 50 gallons gasoline—eliminates carbon in motors—increases mileage—best selling product today. Every motorist on land or water needs it and has a dollar to pay for it—repeat orders wonderful. 3 years practical tests all parts of the world. Carbonvoid is not adulterated gas, moth ball or camphor tablet. "Carbonvoid" Box B, Bradley Beach, N. J. Note the name. (Mention this magazine.)

Exclusive Territory to Live Wire Salesmen on profitable line selling in big quantity to factories, hotels and offices. Very liberal commission on initial and repeat sales. Unusual as side line or spare time proposition. References required. Write at once for details. W. D. Carpenter Co., Desk E., Syracuse, N. Y.

Don't Wash Your Automobile. Dri-Kleanit does the job without water. Wonderful demand. Big profits. Details free. Dri-Kleanit Co., Dept. 24, Cincinnati, O.

This department is always glad to hear from any one thinking of using classified advertising. Write us about it—we may be able to help you. A postal will do. Cosmopolitan Opportunity Adlets, 119 W. 40th St., New York City.

Agents: Women and Men Wanted Every- where to sell "Koldpack" Individual Fruit Jar Holders. Sell at sight to housewives. Make cold packing easy and overcome scalds and broken jars. In two sizes. One fits quarts and pints, the other 2-quart jars. In attractive boxes. 1 dozen per box. Retail for \$1.20 doz. small size; \$1.50 large size. Send 25 cents for sample and agent's terms. E. F. Elmborg Co., Box B, Parkersburg, Iowa.

Some of the biggest advertisers today sometimes use a little ad like this. A postal will bring you full particulars about this department. Cosmopolitan Opportunity Adlets, 119 W. 40th St., New York City.

Service Photo Emblems—Sells on Sight to soldiers, their Relatives and Friends; over 100 per cent profit; a bonanza for agents. Sample 15c. O. Finch Company, Grand Rapids, Mich.

We start you in business, furnishing every- thing; men and women earning \$30 upward weekly operating our "New System Specialty Candy Factories" anywhere. Opportunity Lifetime booklet free. Hillier-Ragsdale Co., E. Orange, N. J.

Why not let the readers of this magazine do business with you? Your advertisement in these pages would give them the opportunity to do so. For particulars address Cosmopolitan Opportunity Adlets, 119 W. 40th St., N. Y. C.

Men and Women Make Big Money selling "Klozeavers" Laundry Tablets. Continual repeats. No risk. Sale guaranteed. Send no money. Investigate. Klozeavers Mfg. Co., 253E Church St., N. Y.

AGENTS AND SALESMEN WANTED

\$348 One Day in Sept. 1917—Ira Shook, of Flint, did it. Pearson, of Montgomery, started two stores since August. Higgins, of Poughkeepsie, started September 18, 2,900 packages first day. Studer wrote October 1, sold 990 one day. This is a big year for popcorn crispettes—Kellogg \$700 ahead end of second week. Meikner, Baltimore, \$250 in one day. Perrine, \$390 in one day. Baker, 3,000 packages a day. Eakins, \$1,500 profit in one month. We start you in business. No experience; little capital. We furnish everything; teach you secret formula; how to succeed. Build a business of your own. The demand for crispettes is enormous. Every nickel sale nets almost 4 cents profit. A delicious food confection made without sugar. High prices and war conditions help. Profits, \$1,000 a month easily possible. W. Z. Long Co., 302 High St., Springfield, O.

Wanted: Everywhere Representative. Ladies, middle-aged preferred, agreeable employment, no peddling, no investment, permanent income. Madeline Co., 313 West Warren Ave., Detroit, Mich.

Large manufacturer wants representatives to sell shirts, underwear, hosiery, dresses, waists, skirts direct to homes. Write for free samples. Madison Mills, 503 Broadway, New York City.

Let us start you in a permanent business of your own selling guaranteed Planto-Silk Hosiery and Underwear direct from factory to the homes; capital and experience not necessary; many of our representatives make \$3,000 to \$5,000 per year. Write for particulars to Malloch Knitting Mills, 187 Grant St., Grand Rapids, Mich.

Agents—\$30 to \$100 a week. Free samples. Gold Sign Letters for Stores and Office Windows. Anyone can put on. Liberal offer to general agents. Metallic Letter Co., 420 N. Clark, Chicago.

Men-Women—Take orders. 100 beautifully engraved cards and copper plate \$1.50. Agents make 50c. Cannot duplicate less than \$7.00. Write for territory. Milano Company, 1328 B'way, N. Y. City.

California Rosebuds, selling like hot cakes. Agents coining money. Absolutely new. Big profits. Catalog free. Mission Bead Company, R2819 West Pico, Los Angeles, Calif.

Get our plan for Monogramming automobiles, trunks, hand luggage and all similar articles by transfer method; experience unnecessary; exceptional profits. Motorists' Access. Co., Mansfield, O.

Salesmen, for Multipost Stamp Affixers and Parcel Post stamp machines. Every office a prospect. Well advertised; territory circumscribed. Whole, part time or as side line. Good commissions. Multipost Co., Dept. D, Rochester, N. Y.

Own an Automobile Supply Business. Tremendous sales and Dealers. Large profits. Small capital required. Write today. National Products Company, Dept. C, Owego, N. Y.

Salesmen—City or Traveling. Experience un- necessary. Send for list of openings and full particulars. Prepare in spare time to earn the big salaries—\$2,500 to \$10,000 a year. Employment service rendered Members. Address nearest office. Dept. 124 H. Natl. Salesmen's Tr. Ass'n, Chicago, San Francisco, New York.

Agents not earning \$900 yearly should let us show them how to make much more. We train the inexperienced. Write today. Novelty Cutlery Co., 7 Bar St., Canton, Ohio.

Agents: New high class phonographs. Easy to carry. Built right into a carrying case. Wonderful tone—low price. Easy seller. Plays all records. Write for demonstrating sample. Orchestra Co., 1118 North St., Dayton, Ohio.

Hosiery and Underwear Manufacturer offers permanent position supplying regular customers. \$50 to \$100 monthly. All or spare time. Credit. F. Parker Mills, 2733 No. 12th St., Phila., Pa.

Salesmen: Sell new Specialty to merchants. Retail \$25. Your profit \$12.50. Write Gayers Company 21 E. Jackson, Chicago, Ill.

Salesmen wanted. To sell Shindon Products to retailers and jobbers. All trades handle. Consumption big. Low prices; attractive deals. 18-year quality reputation. Big commission nets large income. All or part time. Shindon, Rochester, N. Y.

Huge Profits selling the Nibco Sanitary Brushes, Auto Washers, Brown Beauty Adjustable Floor Mops, Dustless Dusters, and other specialties. Big line. Fast sellers. Write today. Silver-Chamberlin Company, 1-5 Maple Street, Clayton, N. J.

Agents Make Big Profits selling our Auto Mon- ogram & Initials. Window Sign Letters, Changeable Signs & Show Cards. 1000 Varieties; enormous demand. Sullivan Co., 1123 Van Buren St., Chicago.

Agents: 100% profit. Three-in-one shoe brush, Polish, Dauber and Shiner. All in one. Costs only 1/4 of a cent a shoe. Write for territory and free pocket sample. Thomas Brush Co., 1418 North St., Dayton, Ohio.

Salesmen Wanted: Large investment house has opening for a number of high class salesmen between ages of 20 and 35. Prefer men of experience who have been successful in other lines. Splendid opportunity if you can qualify as to character and industry. Personal or written applications can be made to any of the following: W. F. Thurmond, 27 Pine St., New York; O. E. Jenkins, Room 425, 108 So. La Salle St., Chicago, Ill.; O. Fred Grundy, Merritt Bldg., Los Angeles, Cal.; W. J. Thurmond, 1520 Candler Bldg., Atlanta, Ga.

AGENTS AND SALESMEN WANTED

Liberty Policy, the very latest in Insurance, covers all accidents and sicknesses. Even occupation insurable, men and women, 16 to 70 years. \$5.00 death and \$25.00 weekly costs \$15.00 yearly. Thrift Policy, paying half benefits, costs \$7.50 yearly. Special benefits covering farmers. Policies also at \$1.00 and \$5.00 premiums to meet low-rate competition. Leather wallet enclosing \$100 Identification Certificate with each policy. Attractive agency openings with continuous renewal commission. Assets \$2,696,258.27. Founded 1907. Southern Surety Company, 308 Walnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Opportunity at once for enterprising men to earn unusual incomes selling the famous Todd line of checkwriters and checks. Men called into the army have given up profitable territories. Permanent connection assured. Rapid promotion. Highest references required. Todd Photocopy Co., Dept. B, Rochester, N. Y.

Agents—pair silk hose free. State size and color. Beautiful line direct from mill. Good profits. Agents wanted. Write today. Triplewear Mills, Dept. E, 1524 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Salesmen and Service Men—New Carburetor for Ford Cars. Simple, not a moving part, installed in thirty minutes, guaranteed to double your mileage and start in zero weather without heating or priming. 15 Day Free trial. Write U. & J. Carburetor Co., 601A Jackson Blvd., Chicago.

Yearly Income Assured from Renewals if you sell our new Accident and Sickness Policy. Premium \$10 yearly. Principal sum \$5000. Weekly benefit \$25. No capital or experience necessary. Everybody buys. Big Commissions. Deposit with State. Underwriters, Dept. A, Newark, N. J.

\$2.50 per day Salary Paid One Person in each town to distribute free circulars, and take orders for White Ribbon Concentrated Flavoring. J. S. Ziegler Co., 70 E. Harrison St., Chicago.

HIGH GRADE SALESMEN WANTED

Sell Insyde Tyres. Inner Armor for auto tires old or new. Prevent punctures and blowouts. Double tire mileage. Details free. American Accessories Co., Dept. C-3, Cincinnati, Ohio.

A Steadily Expanding National Organization offers high-grade salesmen a chance to establish themselves in fine, clean, profitable, permanent business yielding from three to ten thousand dollars annually; opportunity afforded to work into important executive positions. Experience in calling on grocers and butchers very desirable. Applicants must be now employed in a position which they have held for at least one year, and able to prove that they have been and are successful in their work; they must be between the ages of 25 and 45, and of such high character that they would have no difficulty in furnishing fidelity bond. Address for full particulars D. C. K., Toledo Scale Company, Toledo, Ohio.

ADDING MACHINES

Why Pay More? Wonderful new Calculator Adding Machine retails \$7.50. Does work of expensive machines. Adds, subtracts, multiplies, divides automatically. Five-Year Guarantee. Booklet free. Dept. E, Calculator Corporation, Grand Rapids, Mich.

DUPLICATOR DEVICES

"Modern" Duplicator—a Business Getter, \$1 up. 50 to 75 copies from pen, pencil, typewriter. No glue or gelatin. 35,000 firms use it. 30 days' trial. You need one. Booklet Free. J. S. Durkin & Reeves Company, Pittsburgh, Pa.

PRINTING

100 Cards, Business, Professional or Social, also imitation leather card case, for 60 cents. M. F. Devaney, Printing, Engraving, Rubber Stamps, 330 Washington St., Geneva, N. Y.

BOOKS—PERIODICALS

Learn about yourself and profit accordingly. A physician's plain, authoritative advice on life's most intimate relations; with marriage guide. 932 pages, profusely illustrated. \$2.60 postpaid. David McKay, Washington Square, Philadelphia, Pa.

Learn another man's language by the easy practical Hoesfeld Method for Spanish, French, German, Italian, Russian, Portuguese, Japanese. Over a million sold. Send for free circulars. Peter Reilly, Publisher, Dept. Co., Philadelphia.

SHORT STORY WRITERS

"How I Write My Stories," by T. Bell. An Autographed, limited edition booklet of practical advice for story writers. Price 50 cents. Money back if not entirely satisfied. T. Bell, 16 W. 23d St., N. Y.

Write news items and short stories for pay in spare time. Copyright book and plans free. Free Reporting Syndicate, 1005 St. Louis, Mo.

DIAMONDS, WATCHES & JEWELRY

Cash paid for old gold, silver, duplicate wed- ding gifts, discarded false teeth in any condition. I send cash day goods are received. Hold your shipment for 15 days, and if cash is unsatisfactory, will return your goods at my expense.

Alex. Loeb, Jeweler and Smelter, 11 Central Ave., Newark, N. J. Refer to Dun's Mercantile Agency.

INSECTS

Cash Paid for Butterflies, Insects. I buy 750 kinds. Some \$1, \$7. Write at once for Free prospectus. Sinclair, Box 415, D18, Los Angeles, Cal.

POULTRY

Raise poultry from baby chicks. Safe delivery guaranteed. Catalog showing 20 breeds chicks and ducklings with prices, free. Mammoth Hatchery, Box 655, Glen Ellyn, Ill.

Poultry Paper, up to date, tells all you want to know about care and management of poultry, rabbits and pet stock, for pleasure or profit; 50 cents per year, four months on trial for 10 cents. Poultry Advocate, Dept. 153, Syracuse, N. Y.

This department is always glad to hear from any one thinking of using classified advertising. Write us about it—we may be able to help you. A postal will do. Cosmopolitan Opportunity Adlets, 119 W. 40th St., New York City.

High School Course in Two Years

Here is complete and simplified high school course that you can finish in two years. Meets all college entrance requirements. Prepared by leading members of the faculties of universities and academies. This is your opportunity. Write for booklet and full particulars. No obligations whatever. Write today—**AMERICAN SCHOOL OF CORRESPONDENCE**, Dept. P-104B, Chicago, U. S. A.



GRAFLEX—KODAKS

Cameras, Lenses and supplies of every description. We can save you 25 to 60 per cent on slightly used outfits. Write at once for our free Bargain Book and Catalog. Listing hundreds of slightly used and new cameras and supplies at money-saving prices. All goods sold on ten days free trial. Money refunded in full if unsatisfactory. You take no chance by dealing with us. We have been established in the photographic business over 16 years. Central Camera Co., Dept. 377, 124 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago

LEARN LANGUAGES BY LISTENING ON YOUR OWN PHONOGRAPH



at home with Disc Cortina-phones. Language Records. Write to us for FREE booklet today; easy payment plan. Endorsed by leading universities. **CORTINA ACADEMY**, Suite 2048, 12 East 40th St., New York

Spanish-French-English-Italian-German

"The Baby" Double Action Revolver

A Handsome and Most Effective Weapon. Measures But 4 1/2 Inches Long. Takes Regular .38 Smith & Wesson Cartridge. The new Baby Double Action Hammerless Revolver has been produced to meet the exacting demand for a revolver that will combine small size and light weight with the essential features of efficiency and precision. It is small in size, yet has an effective and maneuverable hammerless action. Everyone should have a revolver and should know how to use it, and there is no safer or better one than this. A great feature is its safety action that guards against accidental discharge, making it quite safe for young men and women. The illustration shows its appearance, but it must be seen and used to be thoroughly appreciated. The ammunition works correctly, the operation of the firing mechanism is extremely rapid and absolutely reliable; all well known—hold on to this many seconds. The revolver is very well constructed, with finest metal plated fluted barrel of cylinder, and it weighs only 4 1/2 ounces. The price of the Baby Hammer is only \$25.00, and by cash, \$20.00, in any store. **JOHNSON SMITH & CO., Dept. 409, 54 W. Lake St., CHICAGO**



NEW VAMPING CARD

NO TEACHER NEEDED—SURPRISINGLY SIMPLE SYSTEM. Persons having neglected their Musical Education need not despair, for with the aid of our new Vamping Card, you can at once. Vamp away to thousands of Songs, Ballads, Waltzes, Rag Time, etc., etc., equal to a Professional Musician. No knowledge of Music required. After using it a few times, you will be able to dispense with the aid of the Vamping Card entirely. For full particulars, write to **JOHNSON SMITH & CO., Dept. 409, 54 W. Lake St., CHICAGO**



"BOW LEGS and KNOCK-KNEES" UNSIGHTLY

SEND FOR BOOKLET SHOWING PHOTOS OF MEN WITH AND WITHOUT THE PERFECT LEG FORMS. **PERFECT SALES CO., 140 N. Mayfield Ave., Dept. A, Chicago, Ill.**



An Excellent Tonic for Ladies' and Gentlemen's Hair

HONIC'S BALDPATE HAIR TONIC

NEVER FAILS

Nourishes and strengthens the follicles and thus promotes the growth of the hair. Relieves the scalp of unhealthy accumulations and secretions. Gives a rich gloss, is highly perfumed and free from oil. Makes the hair light and fluffy.

Send 10c for Trial Size. Applications obtained at the better Barber Shops.

BALDPATE CO., NEW YORK

407 West 34th Street, Dept. C.

Reg. in U. S. and Canada

B-14 by all druggists or send \$1.00

and held her, wrenched her free from her hooks, raised her above his head, and flung her down on the tiles, where she rattled, rolled, and lay still.

"You've got me," said Jerry, "for life."

Then he left her and went in, to the dark little room and Sanine, and the thing that was his to do. Sanine was waiting in the settle corner, but she shrank from Jerry.

"What are you going to do to me?" she whispered.

"Nothing," said Jerry; "nothing, dear."

"Then—what are you going to do with me?" said Sanine.

"Love you and take care of you."

"I don't love you," said Sanine.

"You will," said Jerry. "And I love you. I have never loved anyone but you."

"But I did—go after you. I did," said Sanine.

"I shall wait here while you pack," said Jerry, "and put you into the first hansom that wakes up in the morning to-morrow, and drive you to the Evert for breakfast, and then to wherever you have to go to

be married, at whatever hour it opens. You and I are going to be married to-morrow, Sanine."

"No," said Sanine.

"Yes," said Jerry.

The one candle had flickered out. Jerry sat still in the dark beside Sanine; very still, as we sit by dear, sleeping children, whose waking we must not hurry but who are soon to wake. Jerry did not have long to wait. Soon a little hand went out to him timidly and found him. It was cold. Jerry slipped to his knees beside Sanine, and kissed it.

And this is the end of the story of Jerry Hollister. Though details, like the development of Sanine as a helpmate, and Sanine's mamma as a mother-in-law, and the future of Jerry's Alice had still to adjust themselves, it is the end.

But out in the dark, face up on her hard bed of tiles, and smiling her changeless smile, and waiting for day to dawn upon Quality Square and other stories and loves, lay the Golden Girl.

At the Folies-Mondaines

(Continued from page 75)

Mrs.—or possibly Miss—Grundy occupied the throne of the cashier who rules in every café. She was as prim as my aunt in black, but a woman of the world. Nearly all the customers shook hands with her as they came in. An aged couple entered. They must have numbered quite a hundred and thirty years between them. The old gentleman demanded *La Presse*, and fell to reading it. The old lady demanded *Paris-Sport*, one of the principal sporting-dailies, and fell to reading it. Where else could you see such a phenomenon? Conversations were animated but in murmurs. The chief sound was the ring of counters, representing the price of drinks, thrown down onto the marble of the cashier's desk by the thin, mustached waiter, who wore his flowing white apron like a vestment in some elaborate ceremonial. At length, in the falling light, the waiter put checked table-cloths, and knives, and forks with three prongs upon certain empty tables. Those customers who chose to dine might. The cookery in these tranquil resorts is usually of the first order. I dined. I was regarded as a curiosity. Perhaps no one guessed that I was merely taking lessons in the great subject of Paris.

III

THE auditorium of the Folies-Mondaines was tiny and stuffy, and had an appearance of insecurity, but the walls were covered with frescoes. The orchestra was limited to five girls in once-white blouses, of whom the first violin was rather attractive; the 'cellist was a child, and stunted at that, with a very thin, flat body and very thin arms—all five of them together certainly did not earn as much as one musician in a modern moving-picture house. They were in poverty, and spirited, and their once-white blouses gave gaiety to the dingy hole in which fate had stuck them.

The audience, fairly numerous, consisted, in the main, of just such neat young women as the one I had seen at the box-office earlier in the day and their men. The women wore short skirts, when short

skirts were not fashionable outside Montmartre; their waist-lines were strongly accentuated by colored belts of imitation leather; they had long *chignons*. In their way they were stylish, *chic*—much more so than the men, who put forth no such pretension. Both sexes watched and appreciated the play with happy ingenuousness, just as though it was not trite throughout the whole world and practically as old as the hills. They laughed heartily and honestly at its humors, some of which Anglo-Saxons would call "risky"—and if you had talked to them of riskiness, either they would not have understood what you meant or they would have deemed you ripe for a lunatic asylum.

In the second interval I met an acquaintance, an English journalist, whose innocent illusion was that he knew Paris better than the Parisians. He died not long ago in that illusion. It would have been impossible for him to meet any acquaintance in any theater in Paris without saying: "I'm just 'going round.' Come with me." Thus I went round with him to the artists' entrance, and was introduced to the leading actress of the troupe.

Zola, in "Nana," has described the behind-the-scenes of one of the first theaters in Paris before the Franco-German war, and the simple, inexperienced reader, in his horrified repugnance, is apt to condemn the picture of sordidness and squalor as overdrawn. Well, in order myself to escape the charge of overdraw, I will simply not describe the back parts of the Folies-Mondaines. In the least impossible of the dressing-rooms, we met the leading actress, who shared it with two other actresses. She was young and, though not beautiful, attractive. She was supposed to be making a name; managers from the *grand boulevard* were said to have an eye on her. She was triumphant, for she had delighted her audience. She and her older colleagues smiled and quipped amid their frightful surroundings as if they had never heard of care. And she was wearing herself out. She was living at the rate of three years in one year.

For the program of the Folies-Mondaines was to produce a full-length fresh play each week. The play might be in three, four, or five acts. Anybody closely connected with the theater knows the strain of preparing a play even in three weeks, and even when the performers have nothing else to do but rehearse. The troupe of the Folies-Mondaines prepared its plays in six days, regularly, and the troupe acted every night and twice on Sundays. The leading actress was always the leading actress. She always had the chief female rôle. She appeared in a new long part every week for—to my knowledge, at any rate—many months. She memorized the new long part in the mornings, rehearsed it in the afternoons, and played the long part for the week at night. And she had to take every kind of leading rôle. Farce or emotional drama—she had to do whatever came. And she was hoping for glory and killing herself. Still, she was killing herself very amiably, lightly, and archly.

What a physique, what a brain, what resource, what presence of mind she had! Who could have guessed, as she agreeably and somewhat sardonically made mirth in her poor stage clothes and her thick stage paint, and in the terrible atmosphere of the room, that the multitudinous lines of two long parts were colliding with each other in her sprightly head?

And yet she was nobody at all. A minor member of the frivolous, idle world of the Paris theater!

The entire Folies-Mondaines was a mystery to me. It had a full troupe of perhaps a dozen. It had real scenery with real scene-shifters. It blazed with electric light. It had an orchestra. It had the usual quota of officials in evening dress, so notable in all Paris theaters. It had real posters and real advertisements in the newspaper. It had program-women with the classic ribbon-bows in their hair. It must have paid some real rent, and something to its actors and actresses. But the average weekly receipts could scarcely have exceeded six hundred dollars. I doubt if it would hold more than five or six hundred souls, and for little over twenty-five cents I was occupying one of the most expensive seats.

And it certainly did persist for years. It was a marvelous example of French industry, efficiency, and economy—ferocious economy. It worked roughly at times, but it worked; it kept going; it held together.

As we returned to the front of the house, a glimpse of the dwelling of the theater *concierge* gave some light on the enigma of this truly French miracle. The dwelling of the theater *concierge* apparently consisted of two small rooms, one opening into the other, and both blandly exposing themselves to the gaze of any inquisitive eye.

In the first room, a woman was working steadily at a sewing-machine and another woman was cutting out. (The hour was after eleven P. M.) The *concierge* leaned nonchalantly against the door-post, smoking a cigarette. The *concierge* was the same old gentleman who kept the box-office. He stood fully revealed now, not half seen through a little window, and I noticed that he wore a marvelous pair of checked trousers. He seemed to have no particular grievance against destiny, nor did the industrious women.



Ashamed of Corns

As People Should Be—They Are So Unnecessary

The instinct is to hide a corn. And to cover the pain with a smile. For people nowadays know that a corn is *passee*. And that naught but neglect can account for it.

It is like a torn gown which you fail to repair. Or a spot which you fail to remove. The fault lies in neglecting a few-minute duty—just as with a corn.

Any corn pain can be stopped in a moment, and stopped for good. Any corn can be ended quickly and completely.

All that is necessary is to apply a little Blue-jay plaster. It is done in a jiffy. It means no inconvenience.

Then a bit of scientific wax begins its gentle action. In two days, usually, the whole corn disappears. Some old, tough corns require a second application, but not often.

Blue-jay
For Corns

**Stops Pain Instantly
Ends Corns Completely**

**Large Package 25c at Druggists
Small package discontinued**

Can you think of a reason for paring corns and letting them continue? Or for using harsh or mussy applications? Or of clinging to any old-time method which is now taboo?

Or for suffering corns—for spoiling hours—when millions of others escape?

Can you think of a reason for not trying Blue-jay? It is a modern scientific treatment, invented by a famous chemist. It is made by a house of world-wide fame in the making of surgical dressings.

It has ended corns by the tens of millions—corns which are just like yours. It is easy and gentle and sure, as you can prove for yourself tonight.

Try Blue-jay on one corn. If it does as we say, keep it by you. On future corns apply it the moment they appear. That will mean perpetual freedom. A corn ache, after that, will be unknown to you.

BAUER & BLACK Makers of Surgical Dressings, etc. Chicago and New York

(925)

Chase BRIGHTENS the Sick Room

Many small, inexpensive remembrances to send those who are ill. For sale almost everywhere in Art, Stationery, and Gift Shops.

Send for Catalog Dealers wanted in small towns
ERNEST DUDLEY CHASE, 258 Causeway St., Boston, Mass.



**Beautifully
Curly, Wavy
Hair Like
"Nature's
Own"**

In three hours you can have just the prettiest curls and waves! And they remain a long time, when Liquid Silmerine is used before rolling the hair in curlers.

Liquid Silmerine

is applied at night with a clean tooth brush. Is neither sticky nor greasy. Perfectly harmless. Serves also as a splendid dressing for the hair. Directions with bottle. At your druggist's.

COPY THIS SKETCH

and let's see what you can do with it. Cartoonists and illustrators earn from \$20.00 to \$125.00 or more per week. My practical system of personal individual lessons by mail will develop your talent. Fifteen years' successful work for newspapers and magazines qualifies me to teach you. Send sketch of Uncle Sam with de in stamp for test lesson plate; also collection of drawings showing possibilities for YOU. State your age.

**The Landon School of Illustrating
1429 Rehefield Building, Cleveland, O.**



Nadine Face Powder

(In Green Boxes Only)

**Keeps the Complexion
Beautiful**

Soft and velvety. Money back if not entirely pleased. Nadine is pure and harmless. Adheres until washed off. Prevents sunburn and return of discolorations. A million delighted users prove its value. Popular tints: Flesh, Pink, Brunette, White. 50c. by toilet counters or mail. Dept. C. M.

National Toilet Company, Paris, Tenn., U.S.A.

"Mum"

(as easy to use as to say)

—makes dainty women
so much daintier

Yes—and more. For they *know* that nothing can mar the perfection of the toilette when they use "Mum". Ever so little "Mum" neutralizes all embarrassing odors, *without stopping* natural functions. Apply it after the bath and you will have no trouble all day or evening.

25c at drug- and department-stores. "Mum" is a trade mark registered in U. S. Patent Office.

"MUM" MFG CO 1106 Chestnut St Philadelphia

Sealpax


A Better Athletic Underwear


Sold in a Clean Way

"IF every man would investigate Sealpax, it would soon be the only athletic underwear sold."

Sold everywhere at popular prices. Each garment in a sanitary Sealpax container.

THE SEALPAX CO. (Also Makers of Lady Sealpax), Baltimore, Md.





Reduce Your Flesh

Exactly where desired by wearing

Dr. Walter's

Famous Medicated

Reducing Rubber Garments

For Men and Women

Cover the entire body or any part. Endorsed by leading physicians. Send for illustrated booklet.

Dr. Jeanne C. Walter
353 5th Ave., New York
Billings Bldg. (4th Floor)
Entrance on 34th St., 3rd Door East

Bust Reducer, \$5.50
Chin Reducer, \$2.00

WE WILL TEACH YOU
SUCCESSFUL SONG WRITING

MORRIS G. HELM AND ARTHUR LANGE
OF BIG HIT SONGS




Will teach you their infallible method. Learn from the men responsible for "America Here's My Boy," "Raging the Scale," "In the Sweet Long Ago," "My Little Girl," etc. How would YOU like to write a song hit? Profit by our experience. Ten wonderful lessons will teach you what would take you years to learn. Send no money—pay as you learn. When finished we send

ORIGINAL MELODY FREE

Write today for full information. Lesson Out line, Stories of Success—all FREE today.

The Helm & Lange School of Song Writing

Suite 1111 145 West 45th Street, New York City



This Car Rides EASY

because the Woodworth Spring Cover and Lubricator keeps every leaf automatically oiled giving riding efficiency of shock absorbers.

For \$2.10 up per car you can make yours 100% easy riding—can keep out dirt, rust; prevent squeaks and breaks. Requires only half hour's time once yearly.

Write for FREE Booklet giving name and model of your car to learn how low the cost.

WOODWORTH MFG. CORP., 2048 Whirlpool St., Niagara Falls, N. Y.

Camilla

(Continued from page 59)

"Where is this cave of yours? Come along and show us."

Pax rolled his eyes.

"I disremember."

"Oh, come on! Try and think!"

Roy and Linda were both at him.

"Well, tell us what the colonel said about it, anyhow."

"Ain't said nothin' much, 'cept dere wuz water at de bottom. Yassuh—a a river. Comin' out o' nowhar. An' goin' away underworl'. De colonel tol' medere's salt peter down dere, wuth a heap if we wuz t' git another war."

"We got another war all right," Roy said grimly. "You come and help us."

"Here's a funny place!" Linda called out of a hollow, and everyone saw by uncle Pax's face that the cave was rediscovered.

"You won't be gwine inside, Mr. Lee-roy? We ain't none of us never been nearer'n dis in forty year—" He stopped dead.

Just in front of the party the ground sank as symmetrically as though the shallow bowl had been hollowed out by man. Long ago, by whatever agency, the depression had been made, for it was not only weed-grown now but pine trees had come to maturity here, and had paid tribute, like the region all about, to turpentiners or to lumbermen or both. Several stumps, charred and split, told that part of the story. On the slope of the basin, near the center, as Paxton had said, a gum tree was growing. Beyond it, Linda, stooping down, and now rising to her full height, with excited gesture and exclamation, gathering the others round her in the hollow. She and Roy pulled away the brushwood that was piled under the gum tree in front of a cavity longer than it was wide, the shape of a gaping, half-open mouth.

"No trouble about getting in," Roy said. He dropped his legs down, and had nearly disappeared before uncle Pax came crashing through the brushwood.

"Wait, Mr. Lee-roy, suh! If yo' boun' t' go, wait till I get yo' a flambo!"

"A what?" Leroy said, sticking his head out. "Whew! It's hot in here." And he began to take off his coat. Uncle Paxton was feverishly hacking with his great clasp-knife at a billet of fat pine.

"Heah, suh, heah—if yo' boun' t' go. De colonel say he couldn't 'a' seen no mo'n a mole widout a flambo." Paxton also produced a match-box and had the match alight and the end of the pointed pine stick flaming by the time Mr. Lee-roy had thrown out his coat and handed his watch to Camilla.

Flambeau and man disappeared into the earth. Mr. Nancarrow had been making a torch for himself of the Paxton pattern. And now he took off his coat and followed Leroy. The two women leaned over and looked down. They could see Nancarrow plainly, bent nearly double and groping his way. Some distance on, Leroy, bending only his head, now under a roof gradually lifting. Most of Leroy's figure in shadow. One arm and a white-shirted shoulder gleamed intensely white.

Linda drew back and stood erect. She fiddled an instant with the buttons of her long coat. The narrow eyes were shining as she said, "I'm going in, too." The next

instant, the coat was off, and Linda, crouching, was sliding through the mouth of the cave, calling as she went:

"I'm coming! If I slip, what'll happen?" Nancarrow's answer, barely distinguishable,

"We'll all roll to the bottom, I suppose—into the river."

Suppose it were to happen like that? Suppose Roy never came back?

"Give me a flambeau too, quick! Don't you hear, Paxton?" Camilla looked round and saw him standing a little way off, his fixed eyes lifted, his lips moving. No sound. "It's for Leroy," she said to herself. "Let him pray." She picked up a piece of the fat wood, though she had no match to light it, and kept it in her hand as she let herself down.

The ground was horribly uneven. The loose stones tipped and turned under your feet; they threatened to go rolling along with you. The air was close, the heat intolerable—a horrible place. Camilla's heart failed her. Should she go back? She turned and looked over her shoulder. A dim luminosity, up there behind, barely hinted where the exit was. She turned on her heels, still in that crouching posture, and went on down, floundering, clutching at the bigger rocks by the way, though she hated doing this quite inexpressibly, because of the clamminess of the queer, yielding surface.

"Leroy!" She didn't say the name out loud, but to herself, with an obscure panic at her heart; though now, down there to the left, on a lower level, was a glimmer that must be Leroy's torch.

Suddenly something gave way beneath her feet, and by the time she had recovered herself, the glimmer was gone. Nothing now but the near-by flare of Nancarrow's light and, under it, Linda's altered face. Her very voice unnatural-sounding:

"Don't, don't go! Why should you?" And her lips almost on Nancarrow's cheek. "It isn't much to ask. Another week—two days; then—"

It was much clearer afterward than at the time. Camilla was hardly conscious of hearing or of seeing anything this side of that lower blackness which had swallowed—

"Leroy!" she called, and ghostly voices took it up. "Leroy! Leroy!" The cave was full of that crying and of Linda's startled scream, for a stone from under Camilla's foot had gone pelting down.

"It's only me," Camilla panted, as she pitched forward. "I'm sorry—I can't see Leroy." She found herself sitting in that crumbling blackness. Against the hot hand she had thrown out to break her fall, the unpleasant stuff felt clammy. It was like sitting in moldy curds. She shook it off her hand as she scrambled to her feet.

The light of Nancarrow's torch was in her eyes.

"What made you come? You must go back," he said.

"Leroy! Where is Leroy?"

"He's all right. We'll go back." He had hold of her arm. And that was well, for the intense heat gave one a giddy feeling. She steadied herself with an effort and looked round to take her bearings. Her eye fell on what looked like a gap to the right.

"Not that way. Mr. Trenholme's below, on a kind of level platform. Quite all

right. Come; we'll go back." Nancarrow said it soothingly.

"Yes; let us get Leroy and go back."

He hesitated a second.

"Then take off your jacket and give it to me." He threw it over his arm, and she went on down the black incline with Linda. They could see Leroy now.

"Are you all right?" said Nancarrow's voice, a little behind Camilla.

"Yes; he's all right," she answered.

Leroy stood on a projection of rock, his back to the advancing figures, calling Linda to "look." He flashed his light on the face of the wall. The rude bosses, fractures, and the faults showed like white rough-cast plaster that had been in an earthquake. But so long ago that it had lost the sharpness of disaster.

"Now!" He swung the flare to the right and round over his head, holding it as high as he could. They all looked up. Camilla felt dizziness seize her, for those walls that had been so low over their heads had drawn away from them. The party stood under a rude and ruinous dome.

"See these perfect shells!" Leroy was beckoning. "It's all like some deliberate piece of decoration. Coral, you know. We're in an old sea-cave. And mighty near the bed of the ocean."

Well, all Florida was that, the Englishman said, except the Charlton place. A great deal of the state was below sea-level.

"Look out!" Linda shrieked, and she was backing across the platform. "It's coming! Look! Water!"

It wasn't a moment anybody would forget—that instant when Leroy took his flare in the other hand and swung it to the left to find it flashing light out of the darkness two feet below where they stood. The shine of water!

"Well, what of it?" Nancarrow's voice in the sudden silence. "We were told—"

"Yes; but like that—at the edge, in the dark!" Linda leaned over fascinated.

It wasn't in the dark now. Two torches were held out over the narrow channel. It led away into impenetrable gloom.

Colonel Charlton, all those years ago, or some other, had built a fire on the rock ledge above the water to the left. Little fragments of burnt wood still lay near a heap of charcoal.

"Maybe the Indians left it," some one suggested.

"Why not prehistoric man? What a place to hide!" Roy said to Linda. "Hey?" Her eyes gleamed.

The high roof of the main chamber—if it was the main chamber—closed in again over the water-channel. A man in a boat couldn't have stood upright.

Linda was laboring still under intense excitement.

"Let me see!" She seized Nancarrow's torch and stepped out on a little projection of rock to peer along the channel.

"Look out! Don't do that!" Leroy had taken her by the arm.

"Stop! Don't jostle me, or I'll be in. How deep do you suppose it is?" She turned to ask Nancarrow.

"Haven't a notion—have you, Trenholme?"

"Oh, not deep."

"How do you know?"

"Doesn't know at all," Linda complained. "But I'm not going away till I've found out." She proposed one thing after another. Finally: "Lend me a knife,

Your Boy In Khaki

will find many occasions when he will appreciate having a bottle of Absorbine, Jr., handy. After a hard day's work or a long hike Absorbine, Jr., will give him the much needed relief. Of course he is too proud to respond to "sick call" with only a stiff shoulder or sore, aching arms and legs.

Absorbine Jr. THE ANTISEPTIC LINIMENT

acts quickly and effectively on tired, strained muscles. It is preferred by athletic trainers everywhere because it is so dependable in eliminating stiffness and reducing inflammation. If he has ever been in college athletics he knows Absorbine, Jr. It is the liniment that may be applied to cuts and wounds. It is an

Antiseptic and Germicide



and cleanses as well as heals. Absorbine, Jr., may be rubbed freely on all irritated parts—kneaded into that sore instep or applied to a shoulder chafed from carrying a gun.

It is highly concentrated and only a few drops are required at an application.

Send him a bottle today.

\$1.25 a bottle at druggists or mailed anywhere upon receipt of price.

A Liberal Trial Bottle will be sent postpaid upon receipt of 10c in stamps.

W. F. YOUNG, P. D. F.
66 Temple St. Springfield, Mass.

Diamonds \$250 On Credit 1 Month

We Guarantee Absolute Satisfaction or Your Money Back.

"DIAMONDS WIN HEARTS"

A diamond is the ideal gift for a loved one. It lasts forever, and every day reminds the wearer of your regard.

DIAMOND FREE Examination RINGS

There are over 2,000 illustrations of Diamonds, Watches, Jewelry, etc. Whatever you select will be sent, all shipping charges prepaid. You see and examine the article right in your own hands. If satisfied, pay one-fifth of purchase price and keep it; balance divided into eight equal amounts, payable monthly. Our Catalog shows all the new watches—15, 17, 19, 21, 23 Jewels, adjusted. Guaranteed by the factory and further guaranteed by us. Watches that pass railroad inspection as low as \$2.50 a month. Every article in our Catalog is specially selected and priced direct to you.

LOFTIS National Credit Jewelers
DEPT. 882 106 N. STATE ST.
CHICAGO, ILL.
BROS. & CO. 1888 Stores in Leading Cities

YOU can be beautiful if you only wish

It's wonderful, really wonderful what an improvement in looks massaging Lullian Nelson's daily with a little cold cream. It helps to remove wrinkles, pimples, blackheads, etc. Makes healthy, rosy, velvety cheeks, and helps to develop the bust, neck, arms, etc. This vacuum massager is operated by hand. It requires no electricity. The vacuum does all the work. Can be used anywhere by both men and women, young or old. Price \$2 Postpaid. Send your order today. I assure you that you won't be disappointed. Money back if not fully satisfied. Send for my free booklet "HOW I MADE MYSELF BEAUTIFUL."

Sent on 10 Days Free Trial 2123 5th Ave., N.Y. City

\$10,000 Reward!
No Questions Asked.

REWARD of \$10,000 and absolutely no questions asked for the return of a diamond necklace of seventy-one stones which disappeared from a house at Wilby Hall, Long Island, last Saturday or Sunday.

L. A. R. & Co., Inc.,
50th Avenue.



JUST a small advertisement, yet in it were bound up the reputation of a beautiful girl, the social career of a famous family, the love of a great inventor.

It is just one more of the mysteries so marvelously solved by Craig Kennedy—the master detective given to the world by

ARTHUR B. REEVE

The American Conan Doyle—
(Craig Kennedy)
America's Sherlock Holmes

He is the detective genius of our age. He has taken science—science that stands for this age—and allied it to the mystery and romance of detective fiction. Even to the smallest detail, every bit of the plot is worked out scientifically. For nearly ten years America has been watching his Craig Kennedy—marveling at the strange, new, startling things that detective-hero would unfold. Even under the stress of war, England is reading him as she never did before.

Such plots—such suspense—with real, vivid people moving through the maelstrom of life! Frenchmen have mastered the art of terror stories. English writers have thrilled whole nations by their artful heroes. Russian ingenuity has fashioned wild tales of mystery. But—all these seem old-fashioned—out-of-date—beside the infinite variety—the weird excitement of Arthur B. Reeve's tales.

FREE!

10 Volumes

Edgar Allan Poe's Works

To those who send the coupon promptly, we will give FREE a set of Edgar Allan Poe's works in 10 volumes.

When the police of Paris failed to solve one of the most fearful murder mysteries of the time, Edgar Allan Poe—far off here in New York—found the solution.

The story is in these volumes. He was a detective by instinct—he was a story teller by divine inspiration. Before or since—no one has ever had his power to make your hair stand on end—to send chills up your back—to hold you in terror—horror! To read breathlessly—to try to guess the ending—to enjoy the perfect, flawless style—to feel the power of the master—that is all you can do in each and all of Poe's uncying stories. In England and France, Edgar Allan Poe is held to be the greatest writer that America has produced—to them he is the great American classic.

This is a wonderful combination. Here are two of the greatest writers of mystery and scientific detective stories. You can get the Reeve at a remarkably low price and the Poe FREE.

Sign and Send the Coupon NOW!

HARPER & BROTHERS, Est. 1817 New York
HARPER & BROTHERS Cosmo. 7-18
2 Franklin Square, New York

Send me, all charges prepaid, a set of ARTHUR B. REEVE—in 12 volumes, maroon cloth. Also send me absolutely FREE the set of Edgar Allan Poe, in 10 volumes, green cloth. If the books are not satisfactory I will return both sets within 10 days at your expense. Otherwise I will send you \$1.50 at once and \$1.50 a month for 12 months.

Name.....
Address.....
Occupation.....

somebody. And I must have something to sit on. What's that on your arm?" she said to Nancarrow. She smiled maliciously as he answered,

"You can't sit on this—it's Mrs. Trenholme's coat."

"Sit here." Leroy kicked at a flat stone.

"On that filthy rock?"

He pulled out a handkerchief. With his one free hand he spread it over the stone. Linda sat down gingerly.

"It's all right." Leroy took a pinch of the gray-black substance from the nearest flat surface. "Say, Milla, did your grandfather own this forty?" he asked suddenly.

She thought not.

"Well, I expect some of us had better get hold of it. Wouldn't be a bit surprised if—" He came back to Linda. She was busy doing something to her silk petticoat. "Why are you pulling your clothes to pieces?"

"Well, nobody else will think of anything; I suppose I have to." She had got it started now. Yards on yards, she ripped and tore the knife-plaited frill off her silk petticoat. "A stone—somebody find me a little stone." Roy and she tied the stone to the long band of brown silk, and Linda lowered it into the water.

Wonderful Linda! Why couldn't Camilla have thought of that? Camilla had a frill to her petticoat, too. It was this kind of on-the-spotness that kept Leroy amused. Wonderful Linda!

The last of Roy's preoccupation vanished as he and the wonderful one hung over the water. The plummet struck a projection a couple of feet below the surface. Linda pulled up the dripping silk and swung it farther out.

"The thing is to get clear of the shelving place." She whispered something to Roy.

He laughed and "guessed not."

She turned round to Nancarrow.

"Don't you just long to know where this stream goes to—if it goes anywhere?"

Nancarrow's answer was to bend down and launch an envelop on the water. It lay there, becalmed. No current. Wait! It seemed to consider. It half turned about, then very, very slowly it moved along the channel. They watched it in breathless silence.

"It's gone! Where? Where?" Linda gave a little stamp of excitement. "I never knew such unenterprising men. You stand there like posts. Yes; like a couple of posts on fire. If I were a man—" She looked at Nancarrow. "I thought Englishmen were such splendid explorers."

"Oh, not all Englishmen." He laughed.

"Do you mean you can't swim?"

"Linda!" Camilla touched her arm. "You wouldn't want anybody to try to—"

She jerked her arm away.

"I'd do it myself, if I had a bathing-suit."

Leroy laughed.

"I'd rather like myself to see where it goes to."

He hung there an instant, as Nancarrow led the way back up the incline. Camilla glanced over her shoulder. Linda was looking at Roy, saying something too low for Camilla to catch. But dread seized hold of her—dread so potent as to kill all shyness. She slipped between Leroy and that face of Linda's—a face darkling and shining and full of bane, like the black

Cosmopolitan for July, 1918

water. Camilla took hold of Roy by the arm.

"You wouldn't dream, would you?"

"Why not?" he said, laughing.

"Because I ask you. Don't do it!"

"Oh—all right," he said.

Nancarrow a little way on in front, the three behind, they climbed the first half of the incline in silence. As he passed the place where Camilla had fallen, Nancarrow stopped and held his light toward the little opening that might be a wild beast's lair. Only Linda's narrow eyes followed the exploring light. She whispered something to Roy. He seemed to come out of his abstraction.

"What?"

"A stifling hole, this," Nancarrow was saying to Camilla. "I'll be glad of a little air. Won't you?" He helped her at a bad place. "If you'd hang on to me, we'll be out of this sooner. Oh—you're all right, are you?" He spoke of his plans. Bethune's yacht wasn't due at Tampa for a week. He would go down to Miami and perhaps across to—

"What are they stopping for?" The voices behind had been growing fainter. Now they were silent. "Surely they can't be going back!"

"I shouldn't think so. Never mind—" But the glow from Leroy's torch was very certainly growing fainter.

"They want to look at the hole there on the right. That won't keep them long. Let us get out of this."

"No," she said; "I can't go."

He understood instantly. She felt the hold on her arm relax. A prey to something she knew no name for, she looked back again. The dim light was going in the opposite direction. A mere point now.

"I wonder if you'd be very kind to me?" He'd "like to." What did she mean?

"I've dropped my piece of pine. Lend me your light."

"What for?"

"I'd like to go back—and you go on."

"That I most certainly couldn't do."

He talked in a somewhat deliberately cheerful voice as they turned and went down again, and he kept her elbow in his hand, steadying her. The echoes of his raised voice flew about like birds.

"Hello! You needn't walk over me."

There, in the pitchy dark, sat Linda on a stone.

"What's happened?"

"Nothing."

"Where is —"

"He's down there. He's going to call when he's ready."

Camilla didn't wait. Again that choking presentiment of disaster.

In a moment, Nancarrow followed her, but Camilla had a good start and she made the most of it. With quickened senses she recalled the obstacles along the twice-traveled way, and fled on, like a spirit, till that moment's pause beyond the boulder, where she stood rooted, saying to herself, "I've gone mad!" For what she seemed to see at the bottom of the cave was the apparition of a stark-naked giant with immense mustachios on fire.

The wink of an eye he stood there, and then, to prove her doubly mad, he wasn't there at all. Where he'd been was nothing—absolutely nothing, if you except a strange echoing call and a glow that wavered on the rock wall. Nancarrow passed, running. Linda, too, flew by.

And when Camilla, moving without volition on the plane of nightmare, caught up with them, they were both standing over the water. And down there, swimming away from them along the dark channel—Leroy! He had lighted the torch at each end and was holding it in his teeth. Linda, one moment shading her eyes and laughing uncertainly, the next crying out and clapping her hands.

"Be quiet!" Camilla said hoarsely. Linda, astonished, turned her excited face toward the other woman, to be met with, "How could you—oh, how could you?"

It wasn't Linda who answered, but Nancarrow.

"It's all right." He rose up from a stooping posture with a shoe in his hand. "And if it shouldn't be all right, the one thing I can do is—swim."

XXX

THE RATTLESNAKE

He could never have done what Leroy did. Nancarrow admitted that afterward.

Leroy had swum on till he found the channel closing in. He was in the act of turning back, when, on his right, he saw an opening, which he made for. When he found it to be a dry gallery, he scrambled up the sharply shelving side of the channel, and blowing out one end of his double torch for economy's sake, he started off, in a state of nature, to explore. He kept on till his stick had burned so low he saw he might soon be left groping in the dark. Not till then did he turn back.

The little waiting group had kept calling to him, and from time to time he answered. As soon as they caught sight of him again, Nancarrow handed what was left of his husbanded torch to Camilla, and he and Linda went on—Linda looking back and calling out her gay approval.

Mr. Nancarrow went away the next day.

Did Linda mind dreadfully? Did she mind at all?

The first answer to that question, in Camilla's mind, was, "Yes." That was after Linda had burst out in a passionate whisper,

"It's your fault!"

"My—fault?"

"Yes; why didn't you tell him to stay? You'd much better! And he'd have done it for you!" She leveled at Camilla a look so menacing that, after all these years, she shivered a little, remembering it.

With the second answer—an unpromising "No"—the mystery deepened. For how could Linda "mind;" how could she, in her most perverse mood, believe what she said about Camilla being in the smallest degree to blame, when all was well between her and Mr. Nancarrow? She quoted him gaily to Leroy. "Michael says—"

And Leroy's half-incredulous, half-panic-stricken, "Oh, you're corresponding?"

"Well, naturally." She laughed that malicious laugh of hers. "I'm joining him next week."

How was Leroy taking it? Camilla didn't dare lift her eyes. She walked away to the great cactus. While she stood staring down at its curved and saw-edged swords, Linda appeared at her side. Michael had explained, she said, why he went off in that sudden way.

The Right Camera for These Stirring Times

Picture opportunities are plentiful. Be ready for them with the Ansco V-P No. 2. It rests so lightly in your pocket, and gets into action so quickly, that you will want to carry it with you always. Its fast anastigmat lens, in exclusive combination with a simple micrometer focusing device, assures pictures sharp and clear in every detail.

ANSCO

CAMERAS & SPEEDEX FILM



The watch-case cover protecting the high grade lens, the genuine fine grain leather covering and the superb workmanship are in perfect harmony with the pictures it takes, and unite in making the Ansco V-P No. 2 a camera which you will be proud to own.

Write for specimen picture on Cyko Paper. Then ask the Ansco dealer for a demonstration.

ANSCO COMPANY
Binghamton, New York

Ansco Vest-Pocket No. 2 makes 2 1/4 x 3 3/4 inch pictures. Equipped with Modico Anastigmat lens, F7.5, \$20.00; with Ansco Anastigmat lens, F6.3, \$27.50; in Extraspeed Bionic shutter (maximum speed 1/200 second). Other Ansco Cameras \$2.75 up.

WHAT SCHOOL?

What these two words mean to your girl or boy?

Are you having difficulty in finding your wants amply supplied?

Would you like to know of a school which will meet the requirements of your boy or girl?

Why not write us? We can aid you in the selection of the right school.

We neither ask nor accept fees. This Service is free of expense to applicant and school alike.

In writing it is essential to give—age of pupil, location, tuition, and kind of school desired.

COSMOPOLITAN EDUCATIONAL CLUB, Room 1232, 119 W. 40th St., New York City

PICK YOURS QUICK!

Way Less Than Manufacturer's Price

Speak quick—for these rebuilt Underwoods are getting scarce. U. S. Govt. bought 100,000 Underwoods. Genuine Visible Underwoods at big saving. 5-Year Guarantee. Try it 10 DAYS FREE. Rent or buy. Write quick for Offer No. 14

Typewriter Emporium, 34-36 W. Lake St., Chicago



SHORTHAND IN 30 DAYS

Boyd Syllabic System—written with only nine characters. No "positions"—no "ruled lines"—no "shading"—no "word-signs"—no "cold notes." Speedy, practical system that can be learned in 30 days of home study, utilizing spare time. For full descriptive matter, free, address Chicago Correspondence School, 939 Unity Building, Chicago, Ill.

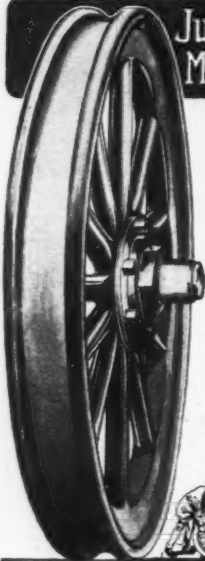


BANKING BY MAIL AT 4% INTEREST

WHEREVER you live you can open a Savings Account by mail at 4% compound interest with this strong, old-established bank. Thousands of people in all parts of the world are availing themselves of the safety and convenience we afford. Send today for our free booklet "W".

THE CITIZENS SAVINGS & TRUST CO.
CLEVELAND, OHIO. ASSETS OVER 65 MILLION DOLLARS. CAPITAL & SURPLUS \$5,000,000.00

Just a minute Mr. Ford-owner



That is all the time you need to change a tire with the Minute Demountable Wheel—the most convenient and quickest tire-changing device ever invented. Carry your tire this summer on a spare wheel for double protection against accidents to tire or wheel. Doctors, women, owners of Ford Delivery Fleets, every alert Ford Owner—you need this device. If your dealer has not yet secured his allotment, write us. We will send you full particulars. Equipment consists of extra wheel, interchangeable front or rear, four special hubs to replace Ford Hubs and Minute Wrench.

**One Nut To Unscrew,
That's All You Do.**

Write Department B.

Hill-Smith Metal Goods Co.,
82 Brookline Ave., Boston, Mass.

Licensed under patents of
the Wire Wheel Corporation
of America



Charming Faces

Your mirror reflects beauty's story. Be surprised with the unsurpassing loveliness Carmen Powder gives—and it does not show powder.

CARMEN COMPLEXION POWDER

has won it's way to so many beautiful faces because it stays on like none other can—it charms the user and admirer. Know this added charm. White, Cream, Flesh, Pink—50c Everywhere

You Can Be So Well

Do you know, ill health or chronic ailments, in nine out of ten cases, are due to improper food, poor circulation, insufficient exercise, incorrect breathing and incorrect posture? Remove those unnatural conditions and your ailments vanish.

This may surprise you, but I am doing it daily; I have done it for eighty thousand women.

Without Drugs

I will send you letters of endorsement from eminent physicians and tell you how I would treat you. Physicians endorse my work—their wives and daughters are my pupils. Don't let writing a letter stand between you and good health, sweetest, correct eating and a perfect figure. Write me now—today—while this subject is uppermost. If you will tell me in confidence your height, weight, and your ailments, I will tell you if I can help you.

Susanna Cocroft

Dept. 42, 624 Michigan Blvd. Chicago, Ill.



"I knew his feeling that, until I've got my divorce, we mustn't be forever together. He says 'the strain'—" She broke off with her laugh.

Lies! Camilla thought to herself. But, just so she goes, what does it matter why, or to whom?

Camilla's own part, as she saw it, was to "last out" the little time that remained. Only four or five days more would Linda be riding or motoring over, and the Sambournes coming for her and staying to supper. It was a relief now when the Sambournes were there. Camilla need not watch herself so mercilessly. She could retire behind that blur of bewilderment and almost be alone. The second evening after Nancarrow's departure, she came out of her fog to hear the whole party discussing Willis Sambourne's marital affairs. He was getting a divorce. Though they said it was "too bad," and talked about "the poor children," they didn't seem really to mind. They didn't seem to think anybody else minded particularly. They told one or two stories that made the others laugh.

The talk depressed Camilla quite unaccountably.

When they had gone and Leroy and she were left on the front veranda, she let slip some phrase of disgust at one of the stories told about Willis's ex-wife. "How they all seemed to adore her a little while ago!" She had not expected a response. It surprised her to find that she had hit upon a theme which didn't bore Leroy to discuss with her. First, divorce as it applied to Willis, and represented as the "happy solution." Second, divorce in general, as the "savior of honesty." The good physician of moral and physical health. Divorce, the high priest in the temple of Civilization. "Society can't go on without it."

She couldn't remember when Leroy had talked so well with only her for audience. His earnestness stirred hers. His eloquence loosened her tongue. They actually argued. Roy went back to Willis Sambourne and told things he couldn't tell before Willis's father and stepmother. Very ugly things, Camilla agreed. Roy's cure: "They ought to have gone their several ways years ago."

He sat there talking to her as he hadn't talked for a very long time. With attention, with conviction, with a positive desire to convince her. "Why, he cares about what I think!" she said to herself, with a momentary glow, as he cited this case and that in illustration of the rationality, the beneficence of divorce. Roy produced an aunt—his mother's sister, uncle Granger Sambourne's first wife. "She hadn't been married a month before she found out it wouldn't do."

"But you know why," Camilla threw in.

"Yes, yes; found out why uncle Granger had business in Brooklyn." He laughed.

"Yes—an unmarried woman with a family!"

"Surreptitious progeny." He laughed again. "That there were five of 'em argued, I'm told, for a kind of constancy. Aunt Louise forgave him. Woman's arithmetic! One—a disgrace. Five almost legitimized 'em. She forgave him, and they tried to pick it up again. Was it any mortal good?"

"How could it be," she interrupted, in her dull tone, "when your uncle went on in a new place in the old way."

Cosmopolitan for July, 1918

Leroy pulled up a moment.

"Who told you that?"

"Your father. He doesn't see how any woman could get on with Mr. Sambourne."

"Well, aunt Louise couldn't, and aunt Rosamond can. I can't—on my honor, Milla—I can't at the moment recall a happier marriage except one. And that's aunt Louise's second venture. She's having the time of her life with her dry-as-dust Italian. It wouldn't, I admit, mean happiness to most people. But there you are—and there they are!" Camilla shook her head. "I tell you I saw 'em—both of 'em grubbing away at the Laurentian Library, taking ten years between 'em to write a book that would take most people more'n ten years to read. *Suits 'em*. See? They're happy." Camilla stared at the winking fireflies. "She told me herself," the voice went on, "she'd never known what happiness meant till she married her bookworm."

"I think I'll go to bed," said Camilla.

"Now, suppose she'd wasted all that?" Roy was on his feet. "Suppose she'd gone on with her first mistake? Wouldn't four people have missed happiness?"

"Perhaps. Good-night, dear."

"Why should people," he threw out his hands, arresting her, "why *should* they go on living together when— Well, I call it disgusting!"

"They needn't 'live together,' the way you're thinking of. They may have to give up their happiness. But they needn't give up everything."

"What do you mean?" he jerked out.

"They"—she spoke in that slow way that had come so to irritate him—"they needn't break faith."

He came toward her a step and stood there on wide-apart legs, like a man braced.

"What do you propose they should do?"

"Just the best they can." Still he waited. "Almost anything—so they don't break faith."

"Break faith!" He turned away with an exclamation of contempt. "It's the kind of *cliché* you get by heart. Instead of thinking, of reasoning, of learning anything, you just go on repeating a phrase like that that's caught your fancy. It doesn't mean anything. You say it, as people say on Sunday, 'Lord have mercy upon us, miserable sinners.' You don't think you're a miserable sinner. You think your neighbor is. 'Break faith!' Again he blew out his breath. "It's got a sound that pleases you, I suppose."

He took a turn up the veranda and down. Each time he passed her, he glanced at her as if he meant to say more. And each time he went on with the word unspoken.

The next morning, Camilla knocked at his door when she was dressed, and opened it to find him standing by the bureau, buttoning his collar at the glass. She spoke of uncle Pax's dog, Luce. He was lost. Roy couldn't realize what losing Luce would mean to uncle Paxton. And last night one of the cows had been found dead down by the Stillwell prairie. Aunt Keziah had just brought the news. "The body all swoll," she'd said. "That there rattler was havin' a fine ole time. He'd be toppin' off wid one of us humans if nothin' ain't done to warn him."

Roy grinned at the idea of warning the rattlesnake. But a cow! Something had

better be done. He would organize a search that very evening.

Evening! He took the matter over lightly. The search might easily fill an entire day and then fail.

"I told Keziah you'd see about it this morning, I thought."

"Can't." He had folded the soft collar of the white shirt over the brown cravat and was pulling down the ends before making the slip-knot.

"Why can't you?"

"We're going over to—" He became absorbed in the knot.

No need to ask who 'we' were. She sat with her fingers locked round the brass ball of the bedstead.

"Roy, I'll ask you now what I was going to ask you days and days ago. Let us go away from here."

"Go away?"

Her heart was overfull for fencing or for preparation.

"I'm too unhappy here now."

She was amazed, she was cut to the quick that he didn't ask why she was unhappy. He took it as a matter of course.

"What prevented your saying this 'days and days ago?'"

"Things Linda said."

"What things?"

She shook her head.

"They weren't true."

"You wouldn't be happier if we went away. Nor I, either. There's no use in mincing matters. You—you haven't the gift of happiness."

In the silence she seemed to accept her place with the predestined joyless. "There are people like that. The best thing they can do," the ruthless voice went on, "is not to spoil the happiness of other people."

Into the look that he kept for strangers came the look that he kept for enemies. That look for her! No word and what deed could hurt like that? "You won't face things!" he cried, before her lowered eyes. And he kept saying that at intervals. "There's a constitutional timidity in you that hides under 'gentleness,' 'good manners,' all sorts of pretty masks. But what is it?"

Camilla had "faced it" at last. She looked at him, wide-eyed. But before that question she could only shake her head. "Cowardice. That's what it is. I don't blame you."

He took his cap and riding-crop from the table. "Largely it's lack of vitality. And when you stand like that and say everything in saying nothing, what's that—if it isn't caution?"

"Roy! Roy!" she cried to him.

"Yes," he said, making a merit of flinging out the first epithet he found ready; "a mean caution."

When he reached the door, he looked back—still with that "enemy" look—but his words seemed to show relenting. Even a belated, uneasy compunction.

"I've often told you you are, too self-centered. You ought to make friends. You don't even read any more that I can see. You've never thought. You—What's the use?"

He was running down-stairs.

When she went down, she saw he had gone with no breakfast but a cup of coffee.

An hour or so before sunset, he was back with a party. The automobile had been sent on first. Mr. Sambourne in high spirits, waving a hand and calling out from the gate. The unexpected figure be-



Remove superfluous hair —harmlessly

It takes only a few minutes to remove superfluous hair from the underarms, face or arms.

Evans's Depilatory is harmless and keeps the skin hair-free for a considerable time.

Nothing will permanently remove hair without harm.

Get an outfit today. 75c at your druggist's or department store—or send direct, enclosing price, to George B. Evans, 1109 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

Evans's Depilatory
Outfit—75c



"Here's Where We Got Our Start"

"Look, Nell—this coupon! Remember the night you urged me to send it in to Scranton? Then how happy we were when I came home with the news of my first promotion? We owe it all, Nell, my place as Manager, our home, our comforts—to this coupon."

Thousands upon thousands of men now know the joy of happy, prosperous homes because they let the International Correspondence Schools prepare them in their spare time for bigger work. You will find them in city, town and country—in office, factory, shop, store, mine and mill, on farms and on railroads. There are clerks who became Advertising Managers, Salesmen and Executives; carpenters who became Architects and Contractors; mechanics who became Engineers and Electrical Experts; men and boys who rose from nothing at all to splendid responsible positions.

More than a million men and women in the last 26 years have advanced themselves in position and salary through I. C. S. help. Over 100,000 are studying right now. You can join them and get in line for promotion.

The first step to success in the I. C. S. way is to choose your career from this list and mark and mail this coupon here and now.

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS BOX 2539, SCRANTON, PA.

Explain, without obligating me, how I can qualify for the position, or in the subject, before which I mark X.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <input type="checkbox"/> ELECTRICAL ENGINEER | <input type="checkbox"/> SALESMANSHIP |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Electric Lighting and Sys. | <input type="checkbox"/> ADVERTISING |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Electric Wiring | <input type="checkbox"/> Window Trimmer |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Telegraph Engineer | <input type="checkbox"/> Show Card Writer |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Telephone Work | <input type="checkbox"/> Sign Painter |
| <input type="checkbox"/> MECHANICAL ENGINEER | <input type="checkbox"/> Railroad Trainman |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Mechanical Draftsman | <input type="checkbox"/> ILLUSTRATING |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Machine Shop Practice | <input type="checkbox"/> Cartooning |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Gas Engine Operating | <input type="checkbox"/> BOOKKEEPER |
| <input type="checkbox"/> CIVIL ENGINEER | <input type="checkbox"/> Stenographer and Typist |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Surveying and Mapping | <input type="checkbox"/> Cert. Pub. Accountant |
| <input type="checkbox"/> MINE FOREMAN or ENGR | <input type="checkbox"/> TRAFFIC MANAGER |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Metallurgist or Prospector | <input type="checkbox"/> Railway Accountant |
| <input type="checkbox"/> STATIONARY ENGINEER | <input type="checkbox"/> Commercial Law |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Marine Engineer | <input type="checkbox"/> GOOD ENGLISH |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Ship Draftsman | <input type="checkbox"/> Teaching |
| <input type="checkbox"/> ARCHITECT | <input type="checkbox"/> Common School Subjects |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Contractor and Builder | <input type="checkbox"/> Mathematics |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Architectural Draftsman | <input type="checkbox"/> CIVIL SERVICE |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Concrete Builder | <input type="checkbox"/> Railway Mail Clerk |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Structural Engineer | <input type="checkbox"/> AUTOMOBILE OPERATING |
| <input type="checkbox"/> PLUMBING and HEATING | <input type="checkbox"/> Auto Repairing |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Sheet Metal Worker | <input type="checkbox"/> Navigation |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Textile Overseer or Supt. | <input type="checkbox"/> AGRICULTURE <input type="checkbox"/> Spanish |
| <input type="checkbox"/> CHEMIST | <input type="checkbox"/> Poultry Raising <input type="checkbox"/> Italian |

Name _____
Present Occupation _____
Street and No. _____
City _____ State _____

Ten Years' Promotion In One

This Book Free To Ambitious Men

Hundreds of thousands of men with clear brains, good health and plenty of ambition who ought to succeed, are regularly "fired," "kicked out" or "held down." WHY? Read the answer in this book, "Ten Years' Promotion In One." It will open your eyes to some plain, common-sense success facts.

Do you want an important, high-salaried position? You can have one if you can do the work. LaSalle experts will show you how, guide you step by step to success and help solve your personal business problems. Our low cost, monthly payment plan enables you to train during spare hours without interference with your regular duties.

Write your name, address and mark with X below the kind of position you wish to fill. We will send the book, our catalog and full particulars regarding the course, free and postpaid. Let us prove to you how this step has helped thousands of ambitious men to real success. Mark and mail the coupon now.

—Coupon—

- ☐ **BUSINESS ADMINISTRATION.** Training for Official, Managerial, Sales and Executive positions in Business.
- ☐ **HIGHER ACCOUNTANCY.** Training for positions as Auditors, Comptrollers, Certified Public Accountants, Cost Accountants, etc.
- ☐ **INTERSTATE COMMERCE AND RAILWAY TRAFFIC.** Training for positions as Railroad and Industrial Traffic Managers, Traffic Experts, etc.
- ☐ **LAW.** Training for admission to bar and executive-business positions requiring legally-trained men. Degree of LL. B. conferred.
- ☐ **BANKING AND FINANCE.** Training for Executive positions in Banks and Financial Institutions, Tellers, Cashiers, Trust Officers, Financial Managers, etc.
- ☐ **BUSINESS ENGLISH.** Training for positions as Business Correspondents, Business Literature and Copy Writers.
- ☐ **COMMERCIAL SPANISH.** Training for positions as Foreign Correspondents with Spanish-Speaking Countries.
- ☐ **EFFECTIVE PUBLIC SPEAKING.** Training in the art of forceful, effective speech—Ministers, Salesmen, Fraternal Leaders, Politicians, etc.
- ☐ **BOOKKEEPING.** Training for Expert Bookkeeping Positions.

LaSalle Extension University
"The World's Greatest Extension University"
Dept. 755R Chicago, Illinois

Send Free Book "Ten Years' Promotion In One"; also catalog and particulars about course checked above.

Name.....

Present Position.....

Address.....



Send Your Name and We'll Send You a Lachnite

Write Today Send your name now. Be sure to tell us which of the solid gold rings illustrated above you wish (ladies or men's)—give us the size of your finger.

Harold Lachman Co., 12 N. Michigan Ave., Dept. 7-10 Chicago

side him—was that Nancarrow come again?

No; the level rays of coppery sunlight struck sharp gleams out of spectacles. Mr. Marriott! And he was happy, too. He flourished his hat. Everybody happy—except the one who hadn't "the gift." She was first made aware of her own unwelcoming aspect by the quick disappearance of that smiling regard. The eyes through the black-rimmed glasses asked many questions, and one of them was answered before Camilla spoke.

"You don't approve my invading your fastness?"

"Willis brought him down," Mr. Sambourne said, as though that fact must make anyone acceptable. "Roy," he went on, as the automobile stopped and the two occupants proceeded to alight, "Roy wanted somebody to come in advance."

What he more explicitly wanted was a mount for Mr. Sambourne. Willis was all agog at the notion of a rattlesnake-hunt—"quite ready to sacrifice his aged parent." All very well for Willis, on his own hunter. Mr. Sambourne had relinquished his to his wife, and Bonnie, the only other available mount, had been given to Linda. Mr. Sambourne didn't approve of ladies coming on such an expedition—"but you know what Linda is. Our friend Marriott and you, my dear, will keep house till we get back—if we do get back."

"You never ride?" Camilla asked, as she led the way indoors.

Marriott waited a moment before he answered.

She picked up the admission eagerly. "Sometimes?" Then let this be one of the times." She hurried away to order the horses and change into a habit.

Twenty minutes later, all seven white people were "ridin' de woods." And uncle Paxton, on the old bone-shaker he called his, was showing them the short cut to "the Stillwell pa-ra-rie."

Camilla had not been in the saddle a quarter of an hour before the motion, the aromatic air, the level golden light had brought her what she sought for.

No gift for happiness? What, then, was this?

Mr. and Mrs. Sambourne halted on the bridle-path this side of the hammock. They looked to rearward through the clear, open reaches of the pine wood, toward their boy and Mrs. Carey—Linda riding slowly for once and compelling Willis to do the same. As for Leroy and uncle Pax, the hammock had swallowed them. Under the moss-hung live-oaks and magnolias, all threaded through and interlaced by wild grape-vine and creepers, Camilla rode with recovered spirits.

There must be some mistake. Or was that evil memory of the morning the mistake? She had begun to pretend as much the moment Roy rode up with Willis and Linda and Mrs. Sambourne. Linda was in the full tide of a flirtation with Willis. The boy looked flushed, excited. His father waited till Willis and Linda came up, and afterward kept on at his son's side. Madam Linda bent over in the saddle to flash an impudent, smiling look into the face of the older man, and then gave Bonnie the whip. She rode, now with Camilla—Marriott behind—till all the copper and the gold went out of the light, and the woods turned as gray as the moss

Cosmopolitan for July, 1918

they were hung with. It was out of that grayness that Leroy came to meet them. He and Paxton had been to the far side of the hammock. "No luck."

Linda promptly pushed her horse in between Camilla's and Leroy's.

"I've been the most horrid marplot—broke up a tête-à-tête between Spectacles and your wife. Ruthless, I am!" Camilla stared. But Linda kept on in her laughing, headlong way, about the great man being quite pitifully bowled over. "At last!"

"He isn't a bit bowled over." Camilla defended Marriott with unwonted energy.

"Bless us and save us! Don't say you're bowled over, too!"

Leroy doubled with laughter.

"Oh, hush!" Camilla prayed, in misery. "He'll hear."

"It's a shame to tease her," Linda admitted, with a patronizing air. "We've all had a lovely ride." She raised her voice as they turned into another bridle-path. "But what I don't like about this expedition is not finding the snake." She reined in her horse. "Now, *that!* Look, Roy, at that belt of palmetto scrub down there. I should say *that's* the kind of place—"

As if Linda knew! But Roy agreed it was a likely place. They might go down there to-morrow.

"Why put it off?" demanded Linda.

"She is planning to stay with us to-night," Camilla thought, with a sense that she herself was growing very astute. But Linda shouldn't stay. No; she would prevent that.

"There's a moon," Linda insisted.

"Not till late," Roy answered, "or I'd make some of you come back and go on with this after supper."

Paxton, at that point, suddenly materialized out of the grayness, mumbling, "Nobuddy what knowed 'em ever went huntin' rattlesnakes lessen dere was a right good light—"

Again it was Linda's voice that drowned the others.

"Why, mercy me! What's growing in great black blobs on that tree?"

Everyone looked across to the far side of the palmetto belt, where a single gaunt tree stood out like a sentinel. It was stripped clean of bark. Rags of moss hung limp, forlorn, from boughs that were as bleached as bone. A tree palpably dead, yet bearing an amazing harvest of swollen and coal-black fruits. Uncle Pax drew his breath through his nostrils.

"Don't smell nothin' neither," he observed to himself, as he turned about and rode down to the palmetto.

Leroy had dropped the reins on his horse's neck. He gripped his gun under his arm and clapped his hands and hallooed. The sodden black fruit on the dead tree came alive. But reluctantly. A torpid stir, a spread of wings, and a slow, heavy flight.

"There's dead flesh of one sort or another down there!" Roy called out. "And a live rattlesnake—maybe a nest of 'em—somewhere in these woods." He was out of the saddle and tethering his horse to a tree while Camilla protested:

"Do ride! A horse is such a help. They know long before we do—"

But Roy was gone. Willis Sambourne dismounted, too, and followed, gun in hand.

Mr. Sambourne reassured the ladies.

"The horses would never stand like this if there was a snake anywhere near. And the best of the rattler is, he always gives the kind of warning even a stupid human can understand."

Camilla knew better. But she let the dictum stand, absorbed as she was in watching for the men's caps, which showed now and then, as the wearers moved about in the palmetto scrub. She saw them gather presently round uncle Paxton's old brown "slouch." Then she knew he had been right about the fate of his dog. By the light of similar scenes, she saw, without looking, the swollen, half-devoured body, saw Leroy helping Paxton, in the gathering dusk, to pile brushwood over poor Luce, and even to drag a fallen tree across so that the branches over the brushwood made an impenetrable network over the pyre.

Linda grew impatient.

"Why are they taking all that trouble?"

Too late, Camilla regretted that she didn't explain that uncle Pax couldn't bear to leave what remained of his beloved Luce to the buzzards. He would come back at dawn with a spade and give his friend burial. It was like Roy to understand and lend a helping hand. They had not the smallest need of Linda, but she had ridden down. By straining your eyes, you could make out that she sat holding her handkerchief to her nose. That would offend uncle Pax. She wasn't wanted—had no earthly business there. Even Roy felt that. He was urging her to go on. He raised his voice.

"Don't any of you wait. I'll catch you up at the bridge. Say, Milla, let's go with them as far as the bridge."

She suppressed her desire to linger behind the others. She must go on, she told herself, riding at Mr. Marriott's side, through the gray wood. She mustn't even look back. Long before they reached the bridge, she knew what she would see when she should give herself leave to turn round. Only the three Sambournes. Linda had waited for Roy.

Mrs. Sambourne declared, with decision, that she wasn't going to wait for Linda. Already they were benighted, and all that long ride before them! Mrs. Sambourne arranged with "dear Mr. Marriott" to bring Mrs. Carey with him in the car.

When Camilla and he had waited at the bridge for over half an hour, they went back to the palmettoes. No human sign.

"You were right," Camilla confessed. "We ought to have gone straight home. That's where they are."

Uncle Paxton was waiting, invisible in the darkness, at the gate.

"Yes'm; dey been home."

They had turned the horses over to the stablemen for half an hour, and then gone off again.

"I don't know 'bout de lady," Paxton said, with delicately conveyed suspicion, "but Mr. Lee-roy, he ain't gwine fur, Miss Camilla."

"Why do you think that?"

"Cos Mr. Lee-roy ain't gwine t' wear out one o' de colonel's best hawses."

"Of course not," she agreed quickly; "they won't be long."

The next instalment of *Camilla* will appear in *August Cosmopolitan*.



They never have the slightest perspiration annoyance!

THOUSANDS and thousands of women—busier now with this war than they have ever been before—have found that they can be as sweet and dainty, as free from the annoyance of perspiration at the end of the most hurried day, as when they stepped fresh from their morning baths.

Profuse perspiration in any one part of the body is not healthy, and Odorono, a toilet water formulated by a physician, corrects it completely.

So easy to use!—so lasting in result!

Odorono is easy and quick to use, and you are rid of all perspiration troubles for days! The usual deodorant merely covers perspiration odor for a few hours at best, but Odorono—applied once—removes odor for three days! And daily bathing does not interfere with it at all.

It leaves the skin where it is applied clean and dry, perfectly soft and smooth. The most scrupulous care—all the fastidiousness in the world—could not do for us what Odorono does.

Use Odorono tonight. Have your underarms naturally sweet and dry, your feet comfortable, your hands cool and smooth.

At all toilet counters in the United States and Canada, 50c and \$1.00. Trial size, 30c. By mail, postpaid, if your dealer hasn't it. Address The Odorono Co., 911 Blair Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio.

If you live in Canada, Address mail orders or requests for booklets to The Arthur Sales Co., 29 Colborne St., Toronto, Ont.

ODO-RO-NO

The toilet water for excessive perspiration

Dr. Allyn endorses Odorono

"We do not believe that any harm can come from stopping the excretion of perspiration in limited areas, such as under the arms, feet, forehead, etc."

"Experimental and practical tests show that Odorono is harmless, economical and effective when employed as directed, and will injure neither the skin nor the health."

LEWIS B. ALLYN,
Westfield, Mass.

Write for our booklet, "The Appealing Charm of Daintiness"—to know more about perspiration and how to relieve it. If you are troubled in any unusual way, or have had any difficulty in finding relief, won't you write us? We will gladly answer any special questions you wish to ask. Suggest to the men in your family that they write for "The Assurance of Perfect Grooming."



B&B

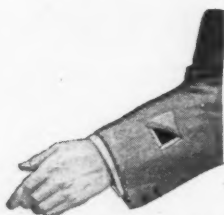
Adhesive Plaster Tape

Strong — Rubber Coated
Almost Waterproof

Sticks Instantly
to Anything Dry
and Stays Strong



The Every Day First Aid



Attach It Beneath a Tear

Every druggist sells a strong and clinging rubber-coated tape, called B&B Adhesive Plaster Tape. It sticks instantly to anything that's dry. And it forms a firm and lasting binding which is practically waterproof.

On rubber, metal, wood, cloth, glass or anything, it becomes a part of the article itself.

Every home has uses for it. Every home without it wastes things which could easily be mended.

Get it and see how often you require it. A hundred times you'll wonder what you ever did without it.



Grips for Golf Clubs and Tennis Rackets

Some of the Countless Uses



Mends Rubber

Mends lawn hose.
Mends umbrellas.
Mends broken handles.
Makes temporary repairs to inner tubes and tires.
Mends leaky pipes

Mends rubber articles of any sort.
Makes firm grips for golf clubs and tennis rackets.
Mends torn cloth. Attach on the under side.
Insulates electric wires.
Seals fruit jars.
Prevents chafing of the hands and heels.

B&B Adhesive is a strong, firm tape, with an ever-sticky rubber coating on one side. So it is always ready to apply, and it needs no wetting.

It is made by experts who have spent 25 years in perfecting Adhesive Plasters. It is made for surgeons, largely. You will find it perfect for home uses if you get the B&B.

Get it today. You can probably count a dozen needs you have for it tonight. And nearly every day brings new ones. Have an extra spool to carry when you go away from home.



Mends Wood

Sold by Druggists
On Spools of All Sizes
Buy 5 Yard Spools
for Economy

FREE BOOK picturing many
uses and filled with good
suggestions. Write us for it.

An Economical Size



**B&B Double-Sure
Products**

B&B Absorbent Cotton
B&B Bandages and Gauze
B&B Fumigators
B&B First Aid Outfits

All made under ideal conditions. All put
up in protective packages. For safety's sake,
in all these lines, ask for B&B.

BAUER & BLACK, Makers of Surgical Dressings, etc. Chicago and New York

Ten Years' Promotion In One

This Book

Free To Ambitious Men

Hundreds of thousands of men with clear brains, good health and plenty of ambition who ought to succeed, are regularly "fired," "kicked out" or "held down." WHY? Read the answer in this book, "Ten Years' Promotion In One." It will open your eyes to some plain, common-sense success facts.

Do you want an important, high salaried position? You can have one if you can do the work. LaSalle experts will show you how, guide you step by step to success and help solve your personal business problems. Our low cost, monthly payment plan enables you to train during spare hours without interference with your regular duties.

Write your name, address and mark with X below the kind of position you wish to fill. We will send the book, our catalog and full particulars regarding the course, free and postpaid. Let us prove to you how this step has helped thousands of ambitious men to real success. Mark and mail the coupon now.

—Coupon—

☐ **BUSINESS ADMINISTRATION.** Training for positions as Auditors, Sales and Executive positions in Business.

☐ **HIGHER ACCOUNTANCY:** Training for positions as Auditors, Controllers, Certified Public Accountants, Cost Accountants, etc.

☐ **INTERSTATE COMMERCE AND RAILWAY TRAFFIC:** Training for positions as Railroad and Industrial Traffic Managers, Traffic Experts, etc.

☐ **LAW:** Training for admission to bar and executive-business positions requiring legally-trained men. Degree of LL. B. conferred.

☐ **BANKING AND FINANCE:** Training for Executive positions in Banks and Financial Institutions, Tellers, Cashiers, Trust Officers, Financial Managers, etc.

☐ **BUSINESS ENGLISH:** Training for positions as Business Correspondents, Business Literature and Copy Writers.

☐ **COMMERCIAL SPANISH:** Training for positions as Foreign Correspondents with Spanish-Speaking Countries.

☐ **EFFECTIVE PUBLIC SPEAKING:** Training in the art of forceful, effective speech—Ministers, Salesmen, Fraternal Leaders, Politicians, etc.

☐ **BOOKKEEPING:** Training for Expert Bookkeeping Positions.

LaSalle Extension University
"The World's Greatest Extension University"
Dept. 755R Chicago, Illinois
Send Free Book "Ten Years' Promotion In One"; also catalog and particulars about course checked above.

Name.....

Present Position.....

Address.....

Send Your Name and We'll Send You a Lachnite

DON'T send a penny. Just send your name and say, "Send me a Lachnite pendant in a solid gold ring on 10 days' free trial." We will send it prepaid right to your home. When it comes merely deposit \$5.75 with the post man and then wear the ring for 10 full days. If you, or if any of your friends can tell it from a diamond, send it back. But if you decide to buy it—send us \$2 a month until \$15.75 has been paid.

Write Today Send your name now. Be sure to tell us which of the solid gold rings illustrated above you wish (ladies or men's)—give us the size of your finger.

Harold Lechman Co., 11 N. Michigan Av., Dept. R-104 Chicago

side him—was that Nancarrow come again?

No; the level rays of coppery sunlight struck sharp gleams out of spectacles. Mr. Marriott! And he was happy, too. He flourished his hat. Everybody happy—except the one who hadn't "the gift." She was first made aware of her own unwelcoming aspect by the quick disappearance of that smiling regard. The eyes through the black-rimmed glasses asked many questions, and one of them was answered before Camilla spoke.

"You don't approve my invading your fastness?"

"Willis brought him down," Mr. Sambourne said, as though that fact must make anyone acceptable. "Roy," he went on, as the automobile stopped and the two occupants proceeded to alight, "Roy wanted somebody to come in advance."

What he more explicitly wanted was a mount for Mr. Sambourne. Willis was all agog at the notion of a rattlesnake-hunt—"quite ready to sacrifice his aged parent." All very well for Willis, on his own hunter. Mr. Sambourne had relinquished his to his wife, and Bonnie, the only other available mount, had been given to Linda. Mr. Sambourne didn't approve of ladies coming on such an expedition—"but you know what Linda is. Our friend Marriott and you, my dear, will keep house till we get back—if we do get back."

"You never ride?" Camilla asked, as she led the way indoors.

Marriott waited a moment before he answered.

She picked up the admission eagerly.

"Sometimes?" Then let this be one of the times." She hurried away to order the horses and change into a habit.

Twenty minutes later, all seven white people were "ridin' de woods." And uncle Paxton, on the old bone-shaker he called his, was showing them the short cut to "the Stillwell pa-ra-rie."

Camilla had not been in the saddle a quarter of an hour before the motion, the aromatic air, the level golden light had brought her what she sought for.

No gift for happiness? What, then, was this?

Mr. and Mrs. Sambourne halted on the bridle-path this side of the hammock. They looked to rearward through the clear, open reaches of the pine wood, toward their boy and Mrs. Carey—Linda riding slowly for once and compelling Willis to do the same. As for Leroy and uncle Pax, the hammock had swallowed them. Under the moss-hung live-oaks and magnolias, all threaded through and interlaced by wild grape-vine and creepers, Camilla rode with recovered spirits.

There must be some mistake. Or was that evil memory of the morning the mistake? She had begun to pretend as much the moment Roy rode up with Willis and Linda and Mrs. Sambourne. Linda was in the full tide of a flirtation with Willis. The boy looked flushed, excited. His father waited till Willis and Linda came up, and afterward kept on at his son's side. Madam Linda bent over in the saddle to flash an impudent, smiling look into the face of the older man, and then gave Bonnie the whip. She rode, now with Camilla—Marriott behind—till all the copper and the gold went out of the light, and the woods turned as gray as the moss

they were hung with. It was out of that grayness that Leroy came to meet them. He and Paxton had been to the far side of the hammock. "No luck."

Linda promptly pushed her horse in between Camilla's and Leroy's.

"I've been the most horrid marplot—broke up a *tête-à-tête* between Spectacles and your wife. Ruthless, I am!" Camilla stared. But Linda kept on in her laughing, headlong way, about the great man being quite pitifully bowled over. "At last!"

"He isn't a bit bowled over." Camilla defended Marriott with unwonted energy. "Bless us and save us! Don't say you're bowled over, too!"

Leroy doubled with laughter.

"Oh, hush!" Camilla prayed, in misery. "He'll hear."

"It's a shame to tease her," Linda admitted, with a patronizing air. "We've all had a lovely ride." She raised her voice as they turned into another bridle-path. "But what I don't like about this expedition is not finding the snake." She reined in her horse. "Now, *that!* Look, Roy, at that belt of palmetto scrub down there. I should say *that's* the kind of place—"

As if Linda knew! But Roy agreed it was a likely place. They might go down there to-morrow.

"Why put it off?" demanded Linda

"She is planning to stay with us to-night," Camilla thought, with a sense that she herself was growing very astute. But Linda shouldn't stay. No; she would prevent that.

"There's a moon," Linda insisted.

"Not till late," Roy answered, "or I'd make some of you come back and go on with this after supper."

Paxton, at that point, suddenly materialized out of the grayness, mumbling, "Nobuddy what knowed 'em ever went huntin' rattlesnakes lessen dere wus a right good light—"

Again it was Linda's voice that drowned the others.

"Why, mercy me! What's growing in great black blobs on that tree?"

Everyone looked across to the far side of the palmetto belt, where a single gaunt tree stood out like a sentinel. It was stripped clean of bark. Rags of moss hung limp, forlorn, from boughs that were as bleached as bone. A tree palpably dead, yet bearing an amazing harvest of swollen and coal-black fruits. Uncle Pax drew his breath through his nostrils.

"Don't smell nothin' neither," he observed to himself, as he turned about and rode down to the palmetto.

Leroy had dropped the reins on his horse's neck. He gripped his gun under his arm and clapped his hands and hallooed. The sudden black fruit on the dead tree came alive. But reluctantly. A torpid stir, a spread of wings, and a slow, heavy flight.

"There's dead flesh of one sort or another down there!" Roy called out. "And a live rattlesnake—maybe a nest of 'em—somewhere in these woods." He was out of the saddle and tethering his horse to a tree while Camilla protested:

"Do ride! A horse is such a help. They know long before we do—"

But Roy was gone. Willis Sambourne dismounted, too, and followed, gun in hand.

Mr. Sambourne reassured the ladies.

"The horses would never stand like this if there was a snake anywhere near. And the best of the rattler is, he always gives the kind of warning even a stupid human can understand."

Camilla knew better. But she let the dictum stand, absorbed as she was in watching for the men's caps, which showed now and then, as the wearers moved about in the palmetto scrub. She saw them gather presently round uncle Paxton's old brown "slouch." Then she knew he had been right about the fate of his dog. By the light of similar scenes, she saw, without looking, the swollen, half-devoured body, saw Leroy helping Paxton, in the gathering dusk, to pile brushwood over poor Luce, and even to drag a fallen tree across so that the branches over the brushwood made an impenetrable network over the pyre.

Linda grew impatient.

"Why are they taking all that trouble?"

Too late, Camilla regretted that she didn't explain that uncle Pax couldn't bear to leave what remained of his beloved Luce to the buzzards. He would come back at dawn with a spade and give his friend burial. It was like Roy to understand and lend a helping hand. They had not the smallest need of Linda, but she had ridden down. By straining your eyes, you could make out that she sat holding her handkerchief to her nose. That would offend uncle Pax. She wasn't wanted—had no earthly business there. Even Roy felt that. He was urging her to go on. He raised his voice.

"Don't any of you wait. I'll catch you up at the bridge. Say, Milla, let's go with them as far as the bridge."

She suppressed her desire to linger behind the others. She must go on, she told herself, riding at Mr. Marriott's side, through the gray wood. She mustn't even look back. Long before they reached the bridge, she knew what she would see when she should give herself leave to turn round. Only the three Sambournes. Linda had waited for Roy.

Mrs. Sambourne declared, with decision, that she wasn't going to wait for Linda. Already they were benighted, and all that long ride before them! Mrs. Sambourne arranged with "dear Mr. Marriott" to bring Mrs. Carey with him in the car.

When Camilla and he had waited at the bridge for over half an hour, they went back to the palmettoes. No human sign. "You were right," Camilla confessed. "We ought to have gone straight home. That's where they are."

Uncle Paxton was waiting, invisible in the darkness, at the gate.

"Yes'm; dey been home."

They had turned the horses over to the stablemen for half an hour, and then gone off again.

"I don't know 'bout de lady," Paxton said, with delicately conveyed suspicion, "but Mr. Lee-roy, he ain't gwine fur, Miss Camilla."

"Why do you think that?"

"Cos Mr. Lee-roy ain't gwine t' wear out one o' de colonel's best hawses."

"Of course not," she agreed quickly; "they won't be long."

The next instalment of *Camilla* will appear in *August Cosmopolitan*.



They never have the slightest perspiration annoyance!

THOUSANDS and thousands of women—busier now with this war than they have ever been before—have found that they can be as sweet and dainty, as free from the annoyance of perspiration at the end of the most hurried day, as when they stepped fresh from their morning baths.

Profuse perspiration in any one part of the body is not healthy, and Odorono, a toilet water formulated by a physician, corrects it completely.

So easy to use!—so lasting in result!

Odorono is easy and quick to use, and you are rid of all perspiration troubles for days! The usual deodorant merely covers perspiration odor for a few hours at best, but Odorono—applied once—removes odor for three days! And daily bathing does not interfere with it at all.

It leaves the skin where it is applied clean and dry, perfectly soft and smooth. The most scrupulous care—all the fastidiousness in the world—could not do for us what Odorono does.

Use Odorono tonight. Have your underarms naturally sweet and dry, your feet comfortable, your hands cool and smooth.

At all toilet counters in the United States and Canada. 50c and \$1.00. Trial size, 30c. By mail, postpaid, if your dealer hasn't it, Address The Odorono Co., 911 Blair Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio.

If you live in Canada, Address mail orders or requests for booklets to The Arthur Sales Co., 29 Colborne St., Toronto, Ont.

ODO-RO-NO

The toilet water for excessive perspiration

Dr. Allyn endorses Odorono

"We do not believe that any harm can come from stopping the excretion of perspiration in limited areas, such as under the arms, feet, forehead, etc. Experimental and practical tests show that Odorono is harmless, economical and effective when employed as directed, and will injure neither the skin nor the health."

LEWIS B. ALLYN,
Westfield, Mass.

Write for our booklet, "The Appealing Charm of Daintiness"—to know more about perspiration and how to relieve it. If you are troubled in any unusual way, or have had any difficulty in finding relief, won't you write us! We will gladly answer any special questions you wish to ask. Suggest to the men in your family that they write for "The Assurance of Perfect Grooming."



B&B

Adhesive Plaster Tape

**Strong—Rubber Coated
Almost Waterproof**

**Sticks Instantly
to Anything Dry
and Stays Stuck**



The Every Day First Aid



Attach It Beneath a Tear

Every druggist sells a strong and clinging rubber-coated tape, called B&B Adhesive Plaster Tape. It sticks instantly to anything that's dry. And it forms a firm and lasting binding which is practically waterproof.

On rubber, metal, wood, cloth, glass or anything, it becomes a part of the article itself.

Every home has uses for it. Every home without it wastes things which could easily be mended.

Get it and see how often you require it. A hundred times you'll wonder what you ever did without it.



Grips for Golf Clubs and Tennis Rackets

Some of the Countless Uses



Mends Rubber

Mends lawn hose.
Mends umbrellas.
Mends broken handles.
Makes temporary repairs to inner tubes and tires.
Mends leaky pipes

Mends rubber articles of any sort.
Makes firm grips for golf clubs and tennis rackets.
Mends torn cloth. Attach on the under side.
Insulates electric wires.
Seals fruit jars.
Prevents chafing of the hands and heels.

B&B Adhesive is a strong, firm tape, with an ever-sticky rubber coating on one side. So it is always ready to apply, and it needs no wetting.

It is made by experts who have spent 25 years in perfecting Adhesive Plasters. It is made for surgeons, largely. You will find it perfect for home uses if you get the B&B.

Get it today. You can probably count a dozen needs you have for it tonight. And nearly every day brings new ones. Have an extra spool to carry when you go away from home.



Mends Wood

**Sold by Druggists
On Spools of All Sizes**

**Buy 5 Yard Spools
for Economy**

FREE BOOK picturing many uses and filled with good suggestions. Write us for it.

An Economical Size



B&B Double-Sure Products

**B&B Absorbent Cotton
B&B Bandages and Gauze
B&B Fumigators
B&B First Aid Outfits**

All made under ideal conditions. All put up in protective packages. For safety's sake, in all these lines, ask for B&B.

BAUER & BLACK, Makers of Surgical Dressings, etc. Chicago and New York

(913)

